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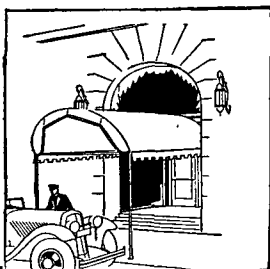
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XXXVII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
146

February, 1936

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CONGRESS?	Lester J. Dickinson	129
O MY GENERATION. <i>Verse</i>	Helene Mullins	136
JIM CURLEY, BOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS	Ray Kierman	137
TOES. <i>A Story</i>	Jesse Stuart	152
ROGER CASEMENT	Seán O'Faoláin	160
PROGRESS TOWARD COLLECTIVISM	Albert Jay Nock	168
PORTRAIT OF A LIFER	No. 77260	175
RENO THE NAUGHTY	Anthony M. Turano	183
GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS. <i>Verse</i>	Margaret Tynes Fairley	189
MINORITY RULE IN AMERICA	Charles A. Beard	190
FALL OF RAIN. <i>Verse</i>	Daniel W. Smythe	196
HOMECOMING. <i>A Story</i>	Edward Harris Heth	197
AMERICANA		207
KING OF THE LOBBY	Lewis and Smith	211
A YANKEE LOOKS AT DIXIE	Katharine F. Gerould	217
THE FIRST LIBERAL	S. K. Padover	221
THE CLINIC:		
The New Deal in Stamps	Ralph A. Barry	229
The Walking Laboratory of Dr. Beaumont	John Kobler	232
The Truth About Shaving	Jerome W. Ephraim	236
SWEET GRASS. <i>Verse</i>	Robert P. Tristram Coffin	240
THE LIBRARY:		
How to Debunk Abraham Lincoln	Edgar Lee Masters	241
An American Sits in Judgment	Ralph Adams Cram	244
The Gay 'Twenties	Ernest Boyd	247
Concealed Savages of Tudor England	Arthur Machen	250
Briefer Mention		252
THE CONTRIBUTORS		255
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS		iv
RECORDED MUSIC	Irving Kolodin	xiv

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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

WITH NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.

The Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt.

Edited by Jean Hanoteau. William Morrow
\$3.75 6½ x 9½; 422 pp. New York

Caulaincourt, Napoleon's Master of Horse and Ambassador to Russia, was also a painstaking and thorough Boswell to the Emperor of the French. In these memoirs, published after a lapse of more than 100 years, a new voice speaks for the cause of history, completing the record of the haggard days when Napoleon, having met his first Waterloo on the steppes of Russia, turned his back on the Grand Army and took secret flight for Paris. It is an amazing and extraordinary story, a unique biography, covering the diplomatic events leading to the invasion of Russia, the early progress of the French spearhead, the occupation of Moscow, the ultimate retreat of a disorganized army, and Napoleon's frantic dash by sled and coach for security. For thirteen days and thirteen nights, Caulaincourt was Napoleon's confidant on this ride, and he listened as the Emperor talked. His book brings back to life the moods, the emotions, the fears, the hopes, the philosophy of a great dictator. It is the most important recent contribution to Napoleonic history; it answers a thousand questions which have, for more than a century, gone unanswered.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By Stephen Gwynn. Henry Holt
\$3 5¾ x 8½; 326 pp. New York

"No man was wiser when he had a pen in his hand," said Dr. Johnson of Oliver Goldsmith. Yet few English writers have been more pathetic and helpless in their private lives. Goldsmith was ugly, vain, ridiculous in dress, and out of place in the brilliant literary group of his day. He was a constant butt for such men as Garrick, Burke, Walpole, and Johnson himself. Yet, for all his shortcomings, he was essentially lovable. Today, even the hint of frail-

ties in him is resented by many of his spiritual admirers. The incongruity between artist and man, so startling to his contemporaries, has been forgotten. Mr. Gwynn's biography has been written not for scholars but for the well-informed general reader. Its purpose is not to throw new light on any of the numerous problems connected with Goldsmith's life, but rather to "follow a very lovable man through the ups and downs of a life in which his chief desire was to give pleasure—in his own phrase, to amuse". As such, it is a highly successful achievement. There are illustrations and an index.



SAMUEL PEPYS: *The Years of Peril.*

By Arthur Bryant. Macmillan
\$3.50 6 x 8¾; 466 pp. New York

This is the second volume of Mr. Bryant's excellent biography of Pepys. It covers the period between the close of the first published Diary in 1669 and the start of the second in 1683. The concluding volume is scheduled to appear sometime next fall. With the death of Pepys' wife in 1669, life in the British Navy Office became very parlous for the little man. He was forced to defend his public affairs against widespread charges of corruption; people were beginning to suspect that he had grown prosperous not alone through upright conduct in office. He was soon the butt of an angry Parliament, which he courageously defied. He was accused of Piracy, Popery, and Treachery by his political enemies who, by opposing him, were to reveal to all England his truly great ability both as orator and statesman. Yet, through it all, he preserved that illusive, intangible quality which Mr. Bryant calls, simply, character. The volume closes with Pepys off to Tangier in the service of Charles II. In preparing this portion of the biography, the author has made use of recent discoveries in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, which throw new light on King Charles' investigations into the affairs of the British Navy Office.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

DIAGHILEFF: *His Artistic and Private Life.*

By Arnold L. Haskell. Simon and Schuster
\$3.75 6 1/4 x 9 1/2; 359 pp. New York

Working in close collaboration with Walter Nouvel, who was Diaghileff's life-long friend, Mr. Haskell has produced what will probably be regarded as the definitive biography of the greatest impresario of the age. Diaghileff, despite his widely-publicized sexual abnormalities, was a man of incredible strength and relentless self-control. From his birth in Perm to his death in Venice, the direction of his life was straightforward and consistent, although its pattern betrayed many flaws. "It is so painfully easy," says the author, "to add Nijinsky's Trilby to Diaghileff's Svengali, and so to make up a pretty story. It is far more difficult to probe into the mind of a master painter who never painted, a master musician who never wrote or played, the master dancer who never danced or devised the steps of a ballet. Yet, in a sense, he was all these things at times." There are thirty-nine photogravure illustrations, a bibliography, an index, and a note on the composition of the Ballet Russe. Altogether a fascinating volume.



TIME PAST.

By Marie Sheikévitch. Houghton Mifflin
\$3 5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 321 pp. Boston

Although Russian by birth, the author of this gossip book of reminiscences has spent most of her mature life in Paris. Following the break-up of her marriage, she fought against loneliness by gathering within the walls of her shattered home many of the most talented people of Europe, including writers, artists, and a few carefully selected politicians. *Time Past* is a literary picture-album of the men and women who frequented her popular salon. There is Oscar Wilde, seated floppily at a table, "his flabby and ravaged face bearing an expression of unspeakable sadness"; Sarah Bernhardt, hot-tempered, charming, and loving, the radiant center of her own world; Anatole France, Mme. Arman de Caillavet, and Marcel Proust, whose personal charm and pathological character are revealed with sympathy and understanding. There are also numerous hastily-sketched portraits of such celebrated artists as Saint-Saëns, D'Annunzio,

(Continued on page vi)



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page v)

Paul Valery, Debussy, and Rodin. Only in the more personal, autobiographic passages does the author become tedious.



MONUMENTS AND MEN OF ANCIENT ROME.

By Grant Showerman. Appleton-Century
\$5 6½ x 9½; 344 pp. New York

In this book, Professor Showerman makes a study of Roman monuments as a background to great Roman figures. He presents his historic personages in their physical setting, and views with them the scene their eyes once looked upon, in an effort to bring them to life for the modern reader. Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Augustus, Aurelius—these and others move once more through city streets and over country lanes. The one hundred and fifty-nine photographic illustrations, many of them fresh views taken by the author himself, help to make the literary setting more real. And the numerous quotations included in the text serve to bring out the salient characteristics of the men themselves. A genuinely nourishing book. There is an index.



THE MIND OF PAUL.

By Irwin Edman. Henry Holt
\$1.75 5½ x 8¼; 187 pp. New York

Although the library of Pauline literature is already gigantic, there have been very few attempts in the past to interpret critically the complex mind of Paul himself. Such is the task which Professor Edman has performed, with distinguished success, in this little book. Paul, he reminds us at the outset, represented a trinity in himself: he was a Roman citizen, a Greek by virtue of his education, and a Jew. Jesus was not the father of Paul's Christianity. His real inspiration was the vision of Christ, and it was upon this vision that he built his religion. If Christianity, says Professor Edman, be the vision of Paul and Paulinism, then Paul was clearly its founder. It was Paul, furthermore, who gave his mystical belief a cosmological setting which dates back to the Book of Genesis. What might have perished with Jesus as an unsuccessful cult in Galilee was destined, by becoming a mystery, to sweep the world. A clear, philosophical treatment of a difficult and invariably muddled subject. There is an index.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

I LIVE IN VIRGINIA.

By Julian Meade. Longmans, Green
\$2.50 5 3/4 x 8 1/2; 310 pp. New York

In this gossip, informal autobiography, Mr. Meade presents a composite picture of his native Virginia—its institutions and its important inhabitants. Life among the strikers and discontented mill-workers is also faithfully portrayed. The less depressing pages of the book are, however, the more interesting: descriptions of Bishop Cannon, Princess Troubetzsky, Branch Cabell, Thomas Wolfe, and other celebrities, together with entertaining accounts of college life at the University of Virginia and V. M. I.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

LAND OF THE FREE.

By Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin
\$3.50 5 3/4 x 8 3/4; 305 pp. Boston

Mr. Agar, one of our most promising historians, attempts in this book to diagnose the current ills of American social and economic life. His main thesis may be stated as follows: In America we have a Culture and also a Civilization. The former, typified by life in the Mississippi Valley, is our own. The latter, represented by the kind of existence that is known to the inhabitants of New York City, is somebody else's Culture grown old. At present, the story of America is the story of the struggle between these two forces. The author cites Jefferson and Lincoln as examples of true American heroes: men who fought for small-scale capitalism. Opposed to them, he says, are the Rockefellers and the Jay Goulds, who fought for economic oligarchy. But finance-capitalism cannot survive in a semi-democratic country. Therefore, according to Mr. Agar, by trying to save it we sell ourselves to fascism or to communism. If the capitalist system is to be preserved, we must save historic America which, although we have betrayed it of late, is still a live issue. And to do this, we must have a real leader: not a messiah or a demagogue. No finer indictment of the faults of capitalism has come from the pen of a capitalist historian. Mr. Agar, one feels, is cruel only to be kind. That he loves America and respects her traditions are conclusions which, to the careful reader of this brilliant analysis, must seem inevitable. There is an index.

(Continued in back advertising section, p. x)

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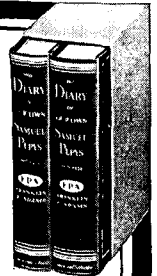
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The American MERCURY

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CONGRESS?

BY LESTER J. DICKINSON

United States Senator from Iowa

TO THE future historian the record of the first session of the Seventy-Fourth Congress will make strange reading. For that record will reveal that more legislation of far-reaching social and economic consequence was enacted last year than during any preceding session—and yet every one of the extraordinary new laws was passed by a Congress which operated for the most part in a complete fog and without any understanding of the ultimate meaning of its own actions. The chief distinction of the Congress was the docility with which it played the rubber stamp to Franklin D. Roosevelt, a performance never equalled in the history of legislatures since those rump Parliaments which, under the Stuarts, so seriously jeopardized English liberty in the seventeenth century. Bills clearly revolutionary in their effect upon future national welfare were brought before congressional committees for hearings which were casual and perfunctory. The Senate frequently adopted House reports as its own, thus omitting even the pretense of consideration for vital legislation. Debate was limited in the lower chamber by gag

rules reminiscent of the worst days of Czar Tom Reed and Uncle Joe Cannon, without evoking protests from the supposed representatives of Democracy. An attitude of complete apathy and servility possessed the Congress. The duty of national legislation was neglected and forgotten.

The exultation which had ushered in the New Deal less than two years previously, expired before the manipulations of a Dictator-President. Instead of the early evangelistic fervor for the More Abundant Life, the atmosphere at the Capitol came to reflect a cynical indifference. Among the veterans of politics, the crusading spirit gave place to an almost sullen resentment against the “must” program of socialistic rather than democratic legislation, preemptorily ordered from the White House. These measures, concocted by the President’s militant Brain Trusters, were enacted by a Congress which *did not believe in them* and which, in many instances, actually questioned the constitutionality of its own acts. As the session moved on to a bitter and acrimonious end during the summer’s dog days, it became more and more evident that the one

desire, on the part of majority members, was to evade personal responsibility for what was being done. The buck was passed to Mr. Roosevelt, and the ultimate fate of measures enacted in ignominious haste was left to the Supreme Court.

With barely a protest, the most jealously-guarded of all Congressional prerogatives—the control over appropriations—was surrendered to the Chief Executive, who proceeded to direct the raising and spending of the nation's resources as if a national legislature did not exist. More than fifteen billion dollars—a sum exceeding the entire cost of American participation in the World War—was frittered away in two years on scatter-brain recovery schemes and Utopian federal projects, conceived in the minds of the greatest group of spend-thrifts ever assembled—the Messrs. Hopkins, Ickes, Wallace, Tugwell, and their assistant wizards. The actual nature of these projects and how they were to be executed, appeared of small concern to Congress. Its only anxiety was directed toward the political allocation of the funds, that is, their division between the various states and congressional districts. The decisions of the Supreme Court, holding the delegations of power by Congress to the Executive unconstitutional, resulted not in an increase in congressional vigilance or a blunt reassertion of authority, but rather in an intensification of the search by the Administration's law experts for new legal devices and subterfuges by use of which the Court's interdicts might be evaded. And as if such abdication were not enough, Congress carried its own stultification even further: it conveyed to the President not only its power to regulate the currency and, by revision of treaties, to raise or lower tariff duties, but, under the AAA, it authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to draw upon the Treasury for unlimited

billions and to impose internal taxes upon one class of citizens for the direct benefit of another class.

While this latter instance has been glibly explained away as a means of correcting disparities between agriculture and industry, the indefatigable Dr. Tugwell reveals that the real object of such levies is to provide an open political subsidy through which a permanent farmer-worker alliance will be created. This frank admission of revolutionary policy is an indication of what is going on behind the scenes in Washington. It is an introduction to the Tugwell theory of a sabotage of industry and government, which is to make possible the emergence of a socialistic collectivist state. When all the facts in the case are assembled they will prove conclusively that the chain of events which took place after the Democratic victory at the polls in November, 1932, was deliberately and consciously precipitated. The nation-wide banking moratorium and the almost complete shutdown of industry, which coincided with Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, it will be discovered, were more than mere fortuitous circumstances providing opportunity for shrewd political exploitation.

That policy of refusing co-operation to the outgoing Hoover regime was undertaken deliberately, after frankly counting the risk of collapse of the nation's financial and economic machinery. To carry through the bold program envisioned even then by the New Deal, it was necessary to bring about a public psychology of panic and despair. Only thus could opposition from Congress to the acquisition of those broad powers for the Executive, already determined upon, be forestalled. The clever and thoroughly ruthless advisers of the President foresaw, accurately enough, that only through such

a *fait accompli* would it be possible to attain that larger sphere of action which the Constitution prohibited. By projecting Franklin D. Roosevelt as the nation's savior in a time of national crisis, public and congressional acquiescence could be won for that dictatorship which was seen as necessary in establishing the regimentation of a system of planned economy.

Indeed, when the historian pieces together the events which have transpired since November, 1932, he is likely to be struck by the definite and logical pattern presented. In that carefully pre-arranged plan formulated by the Brain Trust, such a *coup d'état* played a necessary and vital part. This deduction arises naturally from the recent revelation of Professor Tugwell's own close acquaintance with the technique of revolution. While reform was to be used as a mask, the actual objective sought was the transformation of the American social and economic system into something closely akin to the collectivist societies which have emerged in post-war Russia, Germany, and Italy.

Examined in retrospect, even those vague phrases in the President's message to Congress two years ago do not appear quite as innocuous as they then seemed. They were designed to prepare the public for the New Deal's momentous break with the past. Mr. Roosevelt talked of the need for "permanent readjustment of our ways of thinking" in meeting "revised social and economic arrangements". His "must" legislative schedule that followed soon after gave the key to the program, since disclosed in even greater detail. Also equally clear now is that cryptic sentence in the President's letter to the chairman of an important House committee regarding the Guffey coal bill: "I hope your committee will not permit doubts as to constitutionality, *however reasonable*, to

block the suggested legislation." Not only was the use of that phrase "however reasonable" an improper suggestion to men equally bound with himself to uphold the nation's fundamental law, but it casts an interesting light on Mr. Roosevelt's own mental processes. In effect, Congress was invited to enact measures without regard to their constitutionality. It was not to concern itself over what the courts might do, but to follow his leadership implicitly. The inference would seem quite plain that, when the time came, the President himself would handle whatever issues were raised by judicial action. Like the President's famous horse-and-buggy interview, in which the Supreme Court was openly attacked, the letter suggests not only that a definite plan of Administration strategy was operative but that it has in view still further objectives which, even now, have not been revealed to the public.

The history of these past three years will be written in the future as the history of an American revolution which was engineered and carried on under the unseeing eyes of one hundred and thirty million citizens. In the guise of a More Abundant Life and a New Deal for the Forgotten Man, a collectivist system of government and economy which combines many of the predominant features of both fascism and communism has been introduced as a substitute for traditional democracy. It is unquestionable that, but for the growing storm of opposition now sweeping upon the Administration from all sections of the country, Dr. Tugwell and his fellow revolutionaries would have been successful in their scheme.

To say that the Seventy-Fourth Congress should have been alert in opposing the revolutionary aims of the Roosevelt *putsch* is only to define the constitutional duties of a legislature. The principal reason for

the existence of a Congress as the chosen representative body of the people is to protect the public interest against usurpation of power from any quarter. To plead a temporary emergency which supposedly forced the American people into such a desperate condition of mind that they were willing to accept a transfer of autocratic power to the President (which under any other circumstances they would have resisted vigorously), is to beg the question. The Supreme Court refused to countenance the plea of emergency; such appeals have been denounced as dangerous and subversive by every competent patriot from 1775 to the present day. It is a truism of democracy that liberty is most precious to a free people just at that moment when a usurper pleads emergency as an excuse for oppression.

In the face of the present crisis, Congress has been supine. And it has paid the penalty for dereliction in duty: American history offers few parallels of a legislature held in such low esteem by the public and the press. Not only did it sacrifice all standing as a deliberative body, but it ceased entirely to assert that traditional spirit of independence against attempts at dictation from the opposite end of Pennsylvania Avenue. This sensitiveness of Congress when its own prerogatives are threatened has always been one of the most wholesome safeguards for our constitutional government. While the Chief Executive may advise concerning legislation he thinks desirable, by means of messages to Congress, any effort to suggest specific phraseology or form has in the past created such resentment on the Hill as to prejudice seriously the proposed measure's chances of passage. It is a sadly different story today.

In calculating the completeness of present legislative subservience to the Execu-

tive, one has only to recall, in contrast, the bitter contests waged during the Wilson administration between Congress and the President. Those "wilful men" who opposed the War President's program, first on armed neutrality and subsequently on the League of Nations issue, were denounced from the White House almost as if they were public enemies. Yet it is generally conceded now that they performed a genuinely patriotic service. Likewise, this spirit of congressional independence was kept alive during the Coolidge and Hoover administrations by the activities of the Western Republicans who were condemned as "sons of the wild jackass". Nevertheless, their determined insistence upon relief for agriculture is now belatedly recognized, even in the industrial East, as having been based upon sound economic grounds. But these excursions into the past provide no explanation for the present nadir of congressional influence nor for the impairment of legislative authority which has taken place. The complete eclipse of the Congress behind that effulgent, thirty-billion-dollar Roosevelt smile, has now assumed such dimensions as to threaten seriously the very foundations of representative government.

Many political observers, commenting upon the current supineness of Congress—particularly in its callous indifference to those open breaches of Democratic platform pledges—usually place the blame upon two correlated causes: unwieldy Democratic majorities in both House and Senate, and the breakdown, in consequence, of the two-party system. While it is well to point out that minority opposition to unsound legislation is thus unquestionably handicapped, such observations ignore a factor of even greater importance. This is the shifting and distortion of that balance of power between

the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government which has reached such dimensions as to constitute one of the leading issues of the 1936 campaign. The past three years have provided sharp illustrations of how tyrannical the majority can be, imperiling, as it always does, the safety of democracy by nullification of those restrictions which the Constitution sets upon its power.

The plain duty of the Congress, its legal and moral responsibility, is to maintain a co-equal status with the Executive. The proper functioning of what is called the American system of government depends upon a vigorous and alert legislature, always concerned in protecting its own rights. Yet, when there arose the necessity for finding solutions to the most pressing economic problems in history, requiring the exercise not only of specifically defined duties but of the highest critical intelligence, Congress failed completely in its constitutional functions. In contrast to that searching and careful analysis of Administration proposals made by Democratic congressional leaders during the Wilson regime, there is now revealed an unexampled and almost fawning servility to the White House.

The present docility, it is necessary to emphasize, is only a surface subservience to the power of the Dictator-President. For behind the seeming unanimity, enforcing this strict discipline, is the full power of the party caucus as well as the potent authority of rules committees in both House and Senate. Upon recalcitrants has been brought to bear an overwhelming and secret pressure which has never before been experienced in the halls of an American Congress, and which so far has been only faintly glimpsed by the public in the minor revelations of Administration lobbying. The futility of op-

position has been recognized even by Senator Glass, who fought courageously in committee and on the floor against the Roosevelt monetary and banking measures, only to find virtually no support from his colleagues. The President's control of senators and representatives has been little short of the power wielded by Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini over the puppet legislators of their own innocuous assemblies.

II

Until recently a belief in the permanency of American institutions and a faith in the Constitution have been so universally accepted that any report of attempted subversion is received by the public with scepticism and incredulity. Business and political leaders who have sought to warn of impending danger, and of the undermining of the social order that is now under way, have been dismissed as unnecessary alarmists or condemned as Tories fearful of the loss of special privileges. Even the conservative Democrats in Congress, while thoroughly conscious of the sinister influences at work, have more or less deliberately shut their eyes to the extent of revolutionary tendencies within the Administration. Defense of principle has had to wait upon the more immediately important business of satisfying a horde of constituents seeking jobs, or the more practical consideration of sharing in an unlimited bounty dispensed by the orgy of government spending. Held out for those who were "regular" and went along on the New Deal program, have been rich spoils of office undreamed of since the days of Andrew Jackson.

The debauching of Congress reached its final culmination with the passage of the \$4,800,000,000 Work Relief Bill. This

measure may serve historically as a classic illustration of the methods by which democracies destroy themselves. By its terms, millions of the unemployed were regimented into a class of indigents who are rendered dependent upon the uncertainties of politics — and whose votes may be purchased with money from the federal Treasury. In Europe the dictators refer to their minions as Black Shirts, Nazis, or Comrades: the Roosevelt fascist state, if it is successful, can call its supporters by a simpler name — Relievers. The potential power of this solid bloc of bought votes has not as yet been completely comprehended. But the indications have been numerous: Huey Long's militant organization, Father Coughlin's eight-million-member association, and, more recently, the preposterous Townsend clubs boasting an enrollment of twenty-five million, suggest a picture of what may come. Americans, while alert to the progress of dictatorships abroad, have been ignorant of events transpiring in their own country. And the Seventy-Fourth Congress is to blame for the existence of this ignorance. If the legislature had done its duty in Washington last year, the position of democracy today would not be so desperate.

It was greed for the lush gifts of an open-handed Administration that proved the undoing of this Congress. Senators and representatives who might have been bewildered by such an incomprehensible amount as \$5,000,000,000, rushed to approve an appropriation of \$4,800,000,000, because by simple arithmetic the sum represents *one hundred million dollars for each state*. The pressure from constituents was terrific. It became a case of every man for himself. Visioned in terms of the familiar pork barrel for post offices, river, harbor, and highway improvements, plus all the new boondoggling devices in-

vented by Mr. Hopkins, is it any wonder that Congress found virtue an embarrassment and, under the prevailing philosophy of spending, cut itself a piece of pie? Having opened Pandora's box and become a victim of its own cupidity, what was more natural than that Congress should accept those lesser collateral applications of New Deal philosophy? The projected regimentation of the nation's economic life provided vistas of still more jobs for the ever-expanding federal bureaucracy. That the potato-control act or the Guffey coal measure were but logical extensions of this doctrine of collective control, Congress comprehended only when it was too late. Nor did it realize the viciousness of the principle involved under a nationally-administered relief program or under the AAA, where the beneficiaries of a system of subsidy are permitted to vote on the continuance of such aid from the government.

The practical effect of these so-called referenda is to increase greatly the power of self-interested groups over Congress. Thus, members standing for re-election are put on notice that only at their peril can they ignore the large and influential blocs which, in many states and congressional districts, today hold the balance of political power. But it has been one of our unwritten traditions that government agencies, as such, should take no part in political campaigns. In preparation for the national elections in November, however, we are already witnessing the mobilization of the entire group of alphabetical agencies as units of the greatest propaganda machine ever constructed on earth. We have the spectacle of the government itself, rather than the party in office, seeking to persuade the people to accept as permanent a benevolent autocracy for the conduct of their affairs.

It is fortunate that the cumulative effect of these developments, which parallel only too patently the technique developed in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, has begun at last to register upon Congress. The menace to representative government has served to focus fresh attention upon the vital importance of the Constitution in the American system of government, with the result that this year's national elections will have a deeper significance than any held since the Civil War.

III

From this atmosphere of glib promising and easy spending, with the specter of inflation always hovering in the background, from this extension of government policing of industry and agriculture until all enterprise is strait-jacketed, two strong political currents have been set in motion. The first and most menacing relates to the Constitution itself. Since the Administration seemingly has embraced the doctrine that the end justifies any means whatever, it follows that those legal safeguards which place definite curbs upon federal authority are viewed with a growing impatience. This attitude reaches its extreme expression in various types of share-the-wealth movements, which would use the taxing power to level off the national income, or envisage the government possessed of a magic spring of credit which need only flow to produce a return of prosperity. Congress itself, judged by the staggering total of its appropriations, seems to have embraced this latter view. More recently, however, even the former supporters of the Administration have become alarmed by the extravagant claims now being put forward by enthusiasts for all-inclusive government paternalism. "It will be a bad day for demo-

cratic government in the world," declares one of their leaders, "if American progressives cease to understand and to stand by the American conception of government as a limited grant of power to public officials. What is the good of denouncing the despotisms of Europe if here at home we cultivate the idea that anything may be done which at the moment seems good to those in office?"

But the Constitutional question has a still graver implication. Many important New Deal measures are, at this writing, before the Supreme Court to be decided this winter and spring. What are the possibilities should the TVA be denied its announced function of serving as a yardstick to the public utility industry, should the processing taxes be declared invalid as restricting internal commerce between the states, should the Wagner industrial disputes bill, the Guffey bill, or the Social Security act be held unconstitutional exercises of Federal power? What is the Administration to do under such circumstances? Will it permit the issue to be joined between Utopian dreams and the actuality of economic law? The implications from such an impasse between the Executive and the judicial arm of the government would be grave enough under any circumstances. How much more serious must they be when the Administration, so challenged, is seeking re-election; when it asks, as it must, public ratification either upon its record or by excusing that record through attacks upon the Supreme Court? The strain so placed upon the Constitution is plainly evident.

The other outstanding political development is that, for the first time in our history as a nation, American citizens, American businessmen, and American farmers have actually become *afraid of their own government*. There now exists an atmos-

phere of fear more like that of Russia than of America. Punitive measures are to be employed against the slightest breaches of bureaucratic regulations imposed by the New Deal commissars. There has been set up the utterly un-American principle that to have knowledge of a so-called crime, and not to inform against a fellow citizen, is to make oneself guilty as of the original crime itself. The intent of such laws is not to gain information but to use such power for purposes of intimidation, to muffle criticism, and to make the individual wary of expressing his own views as a citizen lest he too suffer from reprisals. The American fascist state as contemplated by the militant Dr. Tugwell is already well under way.

Businessmen today are placed at the mercy of government to a degree that would have been regarded as incredible a

few years ago. They are threatened, if they have borrowed from government agencies, with the calling of loans, or with the cancellation of government contracts. They are cracked down upon by the SEC, the FTC, the Treasury income tax bureau, or are subject to investigation by senatorial committees. Under such harassments, is it any wonder that great numbers of businessmen try to play safe? Is it any wonder that they succumb to the same influences which have reduced Congress to impotency? Or that the granting of amnesty in the form of a "breathing spell" brings great rejoicing? But what a commentary upon the Bill of Rights!

These questions pose the problem not only of what is the matter with Congress, but a deeper and more searching inquiry: What has happened to that spirit of liberty which we had thought was part of the American birthright?



O MY GENERATION

BY HELENE MULLINS

O MY generation, could you do no more
 Than change the nature of man's stupidities;
 Did you gain your freedom only to close a door
 Between life and yourselves forever; rise from your knees
 To become as the blind that grope for understanding?
 Afraid to love, you give your hearts to lust,
 Afraid to hope, you spend your strength demanding
 Facts and statistics. With what impetuous trust
 You ventured into experience! Now lost
 And bewildered, try if you can to justify
 The rebellion that has given you nothing, but cost
 You blood, and left you without courage to die.

JIM CURLEY, BOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS

BY RAY KIERNAN

THE distance from Charles Street jail to the State House on Boston's Beacon Hill isn't more than a few hundred yards through a surveyor's sight, but for James Michael Curley it was a hard, bitter trail, thirty years long. Young Jim placed a tentative foot on it at 6:30 o'clock of a cold foggy morning in January, 1905, and three decades later, almost to a day, walked through the Bulfinch portals to take oath as Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He had stepped out through the jail gates a youth who had already tasted the sweets and the wormwood of politics: he entered the State House a rugged man, the most loved perhaps, and the most feared surely, who ever took the Governor's chair.

Swept into office at the height of the Roosevelt hysteria as a 100 per cent New Dealer, on the honest argument that no man had done more to promote and assist the candidacy of the President, Curley promised to parallel the policies of the national Administration. He has kept his promise with a vengeance: Massachusetts has had her Brain Trust; social security has been dangled before her hungry lips; work and wages have been loudly discussed and to some extent provided; and the customarily ambitious New Deal programs have been bellowed from the housetops, with the concrete accomplishments, of course, still to come. But now it is beginning to penetrate the intelligence of Bay State citizens that, out of the

bedlam and excitement of the longest legislative session in history, out of the confusion of endless hearings and conferences, out of an extraordinary series of removals speciously explained and appointments so timed as to escape public notice, a virtual dictatorship has been established in the sovereign Commonwealth of Massachusetts by James Michael Curley.

A man with an amazing background of crushing failure and swift success, a man who has turned each defeat into a greater victory, Curley has in his short span as Chief Executive changed a Republican stronghold into a meek Democratic state, and without the vote of the people—even contrary to the vote of the people. Personality, force of character, disregard of precedent, ruthless use of power—these are the elements the Governor has used throughout his amazing career in performing such political miracles. The conservatives, the folk whose homely faith in government by the people and for the people quailed before the explosive success of Huey Long, have turned a worried gaze toward Beacon Hill, only to find the late Louisiana dictator's twin, swinging the whip over their dazed heads. Jim Curley holds Massachusetts in the palm of his hand.

The people as a whole saw and heard many things startlingly new during 1935, and, to judge by their reaction, agreeably new. For the bulk of the citizenry likes

the Governor, and believes that he is capable of handling the power he has obtained. Never in the history of the state has the man in the street taken such keen interest in proceedings on Beacon Hill. Never before has there been such widespread curiosity about a politician and his job as there is at present about Curley and his doings at the State House. The people are forever anxious to know what the Governor is going to do next: they look forward to the coming events of 1936 much as they might anticipate a headline prizefight or a football game. The fact that Jim is in the contest is enough to guarantee a sell-out show.

For Curley is an impressive figure. He is big, standing about six feet tall and weighing well over 200 pounds. His face is heavy, lined, and rugged, and he has a majestic crop of graying hair, hair that once was jet black, matching his eyes. His flesh is ruddy and he is always the picture of good health, accentuated by a winsome smile and a virile manner. He can bow over a lady's hand with the assurance of a Chesterfield, or with equal ease swing a fist to an opponent's chin in a street brawl.

And Jim has a heavy leaning for the spectacular. For instance, he decorates the lackeys of his military staff with uniforms suggestive of old Mexico, so gaudy that they have startled weary Washington and even blasé Miami. Perhaps he admires the fascist touch to the spectacle of his military staff, flanked by state police in their French and electric blues, taking part in state ceremonials. Jim is a showman even in such unimportant matters. But he is also, on casual acquaintance, a charming and apparently cultured person. He has a sound background of knowledge when it comes to such matters as the Bible, the classics, music, art, and litera-

ture. His mastership of English, his power of oratory, his skill as an expert in civil government, make up if they do not overcome his lack of formal education. He quotes Shakespeare as readily as the common man quotes baseball statistics. He confounds ecclesiasts by his knowledge of Scripture. Whatever his beginnings, Jim has achieved culture of a sort, culture easily swept away in the passions of the moment, but always regained in dignified explanation of his dereliction.

The Governor is a fighter who has almost always fought alone, usually with the opposition not only of his natural enemies, the Republicans and the organized righteous, but of his own party as well. In the face of concerted and almost continuous opposition, in the face of endless charges of political and executive chicanery, confronted by situations that would have spelled quick doom for any other man, Curley has spent most of the last thirty-eight years in public office. He has served the people of Boston as alderman, councilman, congressman, and mayor, and in each office has invariably been the focal point of strife. He has met defeats which seemed overwhelming, and at times he has slithered into office by margins so narrow as to leave his supporters gasping. But his political legerdemain has thrilled the people and startled his opponents so often that even his bitterest enemies have at last come to accept him as one who cannot be beaten.

So, for thirty-eight years, the people of Massachusetts have known that James Michael Curley is a political power. The newer generations, born with his Oxfordian accents ringing sweetly in their ears, have grown up to vote for him as their fathers and mothers did before them. But a large part of his appeal is to be found in the organized opposition.

Curley is invariably the underdog, and the underdog is always popular with the masses, particularly when he is one of them and plays that point from both ends to the middle and back again. For Jim can make the term "blueblood" sound like the vilest epithet known to man. He lifts the lowbrows from their ditches with it, and elevates their very souls to new heights by his own peerless example. He shows them why it would be a catastrophe to permit the "Brahmins", as he terms the wealthy and socially prominent, to obtain a foothold in politics. What then would become of the masses? Jim lets the lowly peek into the mysteries of Success and Accomplishment; and they duly reappoint him their ambassador to the Promised Land.

II

Curley's career really started at the age of ten when his father died, leaving the support of the mother to James Michael and his older brother John. Jim was then a pupil in the sixth grade of grammar school in Roxbury; by the aid of part-time jobs he was able to continue on and gain his diploma; two years of night high school completed his formal education. While working at various catch-as-catch-can jobs through his early youth, he found himself drawn irresistibly into politics. He stumped his neighborhood for others and finally sought office for himself, an effort that gained him, in 1900, after three years of effort, a seat on the Boston Board of Aldermen. He served there with distinction, then on the Boston City Council that took its place, and later in the State Legislature. The first phase of his political career ended in 1910 with his election to Congress as representative of the Tenth Massachusetts District.

It was early in his political career that Curley suffered the blow which would have blasted the aspirations of an ordinary man. While serving in the Legislature in 1903 he was indicted, and later convicted in the Federal Court at Boston, on a charge of conspiracy to violate the federal civil service laws by impersonating a less able man in an examination for letter carriers. Jim maintained he was punished for his kindness in trying to help a friend; for trying to get a job for a man who needed it. He served sixty days in Charles Street jail for the offense, but characteristically turned the blight of criminal conviction into political material so potent that while in jail he was elected Alderman, and took oath of office at City Hall the day he was set free. From that low ebb Jim surged forward with such compelling force that he stood proudly, seven years later, in the halls of Congress.

During his second term at Washington, Jim found his thoughts wandering back again to the lush political field in Boston. So in 1913 he announced that he would contest for the mayoralty with any candidate who might care to accept the challenge. The Good Government Association, self-appointed guardians of Boston's righteous, chose Thomas J. Kenny to defend the faithful. When the smoke of battle cleared away, Mr. Kenny was still running second. It was Curley's first vital contact with the Goo Goos, as the association was known, but it was not his last. The group opposed him consistently for years. But after it had wilted and died, Jim lived on.

Failure to defeat Curley at the polls, however, did not dampen the hope of his foes that he might yet be tripped up and driven out of politics. They campaigned against him night and day, and finally effected a vote for his recall. But the vote

served only to clinch the mayoral robes for Jim: though a majority voted to recall him, the city charter demanded a percentage vote, a percentage that was not achieved. The irrepressible Irishman had survived his first great fight for political life.

Curley's initial term as Mayor of Boston was typical of his two later terms. The personnel of the cast changed from time to time, but the leading man played always the same part. For instance, his administrations in 1914, 1921, and 1929, each of four years' duration, were all marked by lavish spending of money for civic beautification, which brought down on his head the condemnation of taxpayers who had to foot the bills, and inquiries by the Boston Finance Commission into the intricacies involved in providing the people with municipal luxuries. But Jim has always had a ready answer for his critics, whether taxpayers, Finance Commission members, or political opponents. And his answers, apparently, have generally satisfied the voters. During his first term, Mayor Curley often felt the searing lashes of the Finance Commission whip. And for the next twenty years he was rarely to be free of its criticisms, inquiries, and reports. The Commission was created in 1907, to keep an eye on the financial morals of Boston city officials. As early as 1911, when Curley was on the highroad to Washington as congressman, it was questioning him as to an allegedly unpaid bill at the city hospital. It has since questioned him on much graver matters. But never with success.

One of the first inquiries undertaken by the Commission concerned the erection of a palatial new home for the Mayor. Jim's successes in political life had been reflected in his home life, as he had moved from place to place with his growing fam-

ily, always heretofore within his home district of Roxbury. For some time the public had been complacent about his peregrinations. But his sudden severance of relations with the past in a sharp shift from Roxbury modesty to Jamaica-way affluence brought a crossfire of criticism. His new home, overlooking beautiful Jamaica Pond, was a palace, magnificently furnished. As former Mayor John F. Fitzgerald remarked:

A few years ago, James M. Curley was working as a corporation inspector for \$3 a day. The year before he was elected mayor he paid nothing except a poll tax. Now he has a beautiful home on Jamaica-way, with furnishings from the home of Henry H. Rogers, who died worth \$100,000,000. He recently disposed of a fine summer residence at Hull, bought since he became mayor.

But the Finance Commission investigation to determine the source of some of the money that went into the mansion, in particular \$10,000 spent for the land on which it was built, came to no definite conclusion. A later inquiry to discover whether Mayor Curley had paid for floor covering laid in the mansion by a favored contractor who had installed a similar covering at City Hall, resulted in Curley paying the bill, belatedly, on the eve of the investigation. The contractor's books had carried the notation "NC" opposite the Curley job, according to the report of the Finance Commission, which interpreted the entry as meaning "no charge".

The Commission's biggest guns, however, were turned in 1917, near the end of the Mayor's four-year term, on alleged control of the bonding of city employees and officials by his personal friends. The Commission charged that Jim gave the city's bonding business to hitherto inexperienced men, one of whom had operated

a plumbing supply firm in which the Mayor had been a partner. The bond inquiry was but one of several issues which furnished the Goo Goos and their candidate, Andrew J. Peters, with ammunition in the 1917 campaign. And Curley was defeated for re-election in a knock-down and drag-out fight.

Forthwith Jim swung his attention to the chair in Congress occupied by his successor, James A. Gallivan, and 1918 saw him contesting for the seat. He met with another crushing defeat. His opponents saw in this double discomfiture the political death of a man they hated. They sang a mock requiem over Curley's political corpse and buried it with a sigh of relief.

But Curley wasn't dead. He was merely waiting for Peters to get out of the way so that he might resume control of things at City Hall. He was back in the fight in 1921, contesting the mayoralty with John R. Murphy, an old campaigner. As usual, Jim fought alone, and against the opposition of practically every political power in the city. The fight was one of the most vicious and vituperative Boston has ever known. When it was over, Curley was Mayor again, having squeezed in with a plurality of only 2696 votes out of 157,000 cast for the four candidates. The *Boston Herald*, always a Curley opponent, pronounced the victory "the greatest upset in the history of the city". It marvelled at his success "without the assistance of a single political leader of either party, and with every machine of recognized standing against him". The *Boston Post* said: "No man who ever ran for public office in Boston has excited such chilling, uncomfortable dread in the hearts of the opposition."

There were men in Boston, however, who had no dread of Jim; and their ac-

tivities against him are highlights of his second term in office. One of them was Martin Lomasney, local ward boss and political leader, at the time a member of the Legislature. Lomasney had been a Curley supporter, but like other former friends had turned bitterly against him. From Lomasney now came one of the most brutal attacks Curley has ever had to face. Denouncing the Mayor on the House floor as a "common and notorious thief, the dirtiest crook ever to be elected to public office in Boston", Lomasney demanded that the Legislature take cognizance of the Finance Commission reports concerning Curley's administration during his first term as Mayor, and the House, after listening to Lomasney's bitter attack, passed an order that the reports be published.

Another who wasn't afraid to attack Curley was Frederick W. Enwright, editor of the *Boston Telegram*, a journal which has since suspended publication. But Enwright's anti-Curley enthusiasm landed him in jail. Day after day he attacked the man whose candidacy he had once supported, until one crisp October morning when Mayor Curley met Editor Enwright on State Street, not far from the scene of the Boston Masacre. There was a scuffle, and Enwright, standing six feet four inches tall, hit the pavement. There were conflicting stories as to what happened. Enwright asserted he was struck from behind; Mayor Curley stated bluntly that he had punched Enwright on the jaw. Whatever the facts, the ensuing publicity landed Enwright in jail for criminal libel.

Curley's political fluctuations are always difficult to explain, but his defeat by Lieut. Gov. Alvan T. Fuller in the 1924 contest for the Governorship proved simply that the people of the state were not yet ready to accept the sort of administra-

tive ability demonstrated by Curley as Mayor of Boston in his two terms. Essentially conservative, they heartily approved of the Coolidge administration, and Fuller had been part of it. Curley suffered a crushing defeat after fighting a carefully-planned battle, a battle based on the hope that his plurality in Boston would be large enough to overcome the adverse state vote which he expected. But the Boston vote failed to materialize, and Curley disappeared from the political arena for four years. His enemies, of course, hoped he had gone forever.

III

For a time it seemed that James Michael had accepted his political death certificate. He became inactive, devoting his time to real estate and to his duties as president of the Hibernia Savings Bank. His political silence lasted until 1928, when he espoused the cause of Alfred E. Smith as a candidate for the Presidency against Herbert Hoover.

Now Massachusetts is normally a Republican state. Boston is its only great Democratic stronghold, the hinterland, with the exception of a few large cities, being obedient to the G. O. P. If a Democrat seeks state-wide office he must count on the Boston vote to overcome the normal Republicanism of the 316 towns comprising "the sticks". For this reason Democratic tickets have, until recently, been topheavy with Boston candidates. Through the years Curley, as Mayor and political leader, virtually controlled the Boston wing. There has been an unremitting struggle for control of the state party between the Hub and the rural factions. Curley's vicious attacks, and his defiance of party leaders in and out of Boston, have definitely placed him apart. Most of

his great fights within the party have occurred in primary contests. The state leaders, of course, have sufficient political sense to bury internal differences during the elections.

But it was this state group which denied Curley any prominent place in the Smith campaign of 1928. Having been free of his influence for a few years they did not relish any renewal of it. Thus frozen out by the organization, Jim promptly took matters into his own hands. He hired quarters in Young's Hotel on Court Street, not twenty feet from the City Hall annex, and opened what he called his "bull pen". He plastered the building with signs calling for the election of Smith, and daily held open forums before great crowds attracted by his virile oratory. The Democratic bandwagon had been denied Curley, so he built one of his own, providing it with such power and energy that the state organizers were hard put to make the public realize that they too were taking part in the campaign.

In this fight for Smith, Curley built himself a new and powerful organization. Concentrating on registration of slothful citizens, he brought out the Boston vote. Smith's majority in the city was around 100,000; in the state it was only 17,000. The victory gained nothing for Al, but it meant a great deal for Jim, for it was a political blood transfusion which revitalized the Curley "corpse" and planted it, looking just the same as of yore, in the Mayor's robes. Jim was elected in 1929 for still another term at City Hall, defeating Frederick W. Mansfield.

During this period the elements were forming for a real battle between the Boston and rural party divisions for control of the state Democracy. The actual fighting commenced in 1930 when Al Smith's

friend, Joseph Buell Ely — termed by Curley “The boy from the sticks” — announced his candidacy for the governorship. It was an open defiance of the Boston faction, and the battle lines were drawn immediately. Former Mayor Fitzgerald became the Hub candidate for the Democratic nomination, and Curley promptly supported him. Better a hated Bostonian than an uncertain quantity from the hills in a primary fight which was to become one of the most ferocious ever seen in the Bay State. Both sides took to the radio, and the air was odorous with their comments. Daniel H. Coakley, former friend and legal counsel for Curley, broadcast his support for Ely. The state committee did likewise. Curley stepped to the microphone on behalf of the Fitzgerald candidacy. But the real fight was between Curley and the state group. Fitzgerald was a mere incident.

Coakley’s air attacks seared Curley’s soul. He answered in kind, and the public was vastly entertained. Coakley charged that Curley had adopted the Fitzgerald candidacy as part of a scheme to re-elect Governor Frank G. Allen, Republican, asserting that Curley intended to turn against Fitzgerald and “slaughter him at the polls”. Fitzgerald, Coakley said, was a “setup”. A trace of the venom that marked the campaign may be found in the following quote, typical of the Coakley attacks:

When Jimmy finds things going against him, when the city-paid scouts tremblingly tell him part of the truth, when he learns there’s revolution in the ranks, when rebellion breaks out at City Hall, when the usually tractable near-leaders refuse to obey, then Jimmy reverts to type. The brass knuckles and the blackjack are taken from the safe. He bursts out in the language of the old Ward 17 days. His voice is raucous, and he takes the high road with the old cap and sweater.

The fight roared on until, at its height, Curley suffered a shocking blow. Fitzgerald, apparently sickened of the whole affair, withdrew his candidacy, leaving Curley stranded. But if Jim hesitated, it was only for a moment. He renewed the fight, demanding that the people nominate Fitzgerald despite his withdrawal.

On the eve of election the situation reached a new low. Curley, at the WNAC broadcasting studio awaiting his turn on the radio, listened while Chairman Frank J. Donahue of the state committee, now a superior court judge, made a blistering attack, disputing Curley’s loyalty to Al Smith. Curley’s face flushed as he listened. By the time Donahue had concluded, Curley was in a towering rage. As Donahue left the broadcasting chamber, Curley, surrounded by a substantial group of followers, charged at the state chairman. Donahue, a slight man and no physical match for Curley, fled. Curley attempted to pursue, but was impeded by friends of the escaping chairman. Then he was confronted by Gael Coakley, son of Daniel. Gael went down, and it was charged publicly that the boy had been fouled. The elder Coakley described the alleged assault in brutal language on the air later that same night, being quoted as calling Curley a “bully, a bravo, a thug, a masquerading mayor, a moral and physical coward, a blackleg and a jailbird”. The comment is interesting in view of the fact that Coakley is now a member of the Executive Council and perhaps the closest friend the Governor has on that obedient body. . . .

Ely was nominated, and in the election defeated Allen. The “boy from the sticks” thus became Governor, and rural Democracy had won its fight to end domination of the Commonwealth by the Boston group. With Senator David I. Walsh of Clinton as solidly seated as ever, and Sen-

ator Marcus Coolidge from the western part of the state safely planted at Washington, the rural forces had just cause for complacency. But not for long. Curley took care of that little matter four years later.

In the Smith campaign the state had watched Curley, the politician. In the Roosevelt campaign it saw Curley, the adventurer. Inspired by some second sense, the insight of political genius, Curley in the summer of 1931 climbed aboard the Roosevelt bandwagon, long before the Roosevelt candidacy had been announced. He stuck to it despite the fact that the people of Boston idolized Al Smith and could be depended on to annihilate anyone who opposed him. Curley's espousal of the Roosevelt cause eventually tore the Democratic forces wide open, and once more the Bay State hopefully believed that he faced political obliteration.

Jim's conversion to the holy crusade of Franklin D. was accomplished with amazing speed upon his return from a trip to Italy, where he had been received by both the Pope and Mussolini. Boarding a Boston train at New York, he learned that Roosevelt was also a passenger, bound for the Magnolia, Massachusetts, estate of Colonel House, "Maker of Presidents". The train had hardly passed 125th Street before Jim was in the Roosevelt drawing-room and embarked on his greatest political adventure. Exactly what passed between Roosevelt and Curley on that train is not known, but it took them only two hours to reach an understanding which led Jim into the farthest corners of the nation to fight for Roosevelt and the Forgotten Man. It is safe to say that Curley's name had not hitherto been on the Col. House guest list for the gathering at Magnolia. But the Roxbury boy was on hand when the party started. So were Senators

Walsh and Coolidge, and other persons of like political importance.

Thus once more Ely and Curley were lined up on opposite battle-lines — Ely for Smith and Curley for Roosevelt. Jim definitely placed himself outside the state Democratic ranks by his espousal of Roosevelt and was forced to carry on his fight alone, creating his own organization within the state and fighting furiously for the cause. Unquestionably an outstanding contribution to the Roosevelt campaign was Curley's Western speaking tour, during which he traveled thousands of miles, and spoke in scores of cities to tremendous crowds.

And on the outcome of the presidential contest in Massachusetts hung Curley's political fate. Wearied from the terrific strain of daily campaigning over a period of weeks, he came home to await the outcome. Al Smith swept the state. Roosevelt did not gain one delegate from the Berkshires to Cape Cod. He was blotted out. And Curley was annihilated with him. Thus the Smith supporters had double cause for jubilation when the final returns came in: the vote had stripped Curley so bare that he did not even possess a means of entry into the convention hall at Chicago! Jim was politically dead, once again. He had met the most overwhelming defeat of his career. He was so far out of the picture that his enemies clean forgot him as they gloried in the coming nomination of Smith and turned their faces joyously to a Chicago pleasantly free from the hated Curley influence.

IV

But when the Democratic Convention convened, several weeks later, there appeared on the floor as a member of the delegation from Porto Rico one Alcalde Jaime

Miquel Curleo, pledged to vote for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And the Smith delegation from Massachusetts ruefully recognized Alcalde Curleo as James Michael Curley, Mayor of Boston. Reactions to the shock of this discovery are not a matter of record, but the recognition must have been a severe blow. Investigation proved that Curley had traveled to Chicago, and, with the aid of the Roosevelt machine, had been designated to fill the place of a missing Porto Rican delegate. He took a prominent part in the Convention, not only in public but behind the scenes as well, and there have since been rumors that he played a large part in finally turning the vote toward Roosevelt. It is a matter of record that he had more than one long distance telephone conversation with William Randolph Hearst; and it is known that Hearst's influence was thrown powerfully into the boom that swept Roosevelt to victory. The Roosevelt nomination sent Curley's stock soaring to a new high, and, inversely, the Smith delegates from Massachusetts found the sands swept from beneath their feet by the New Deal tide.

And so the people of Boston turned out on the night of July 4 to greet the homecoming Jim Curley with a grin and a roar. They appreciated the humor of the situation. Pro-Smith as Boston is, the people love a fighter, particularly a fighter who wins. The streets were flanked with banners. The crush of uncounted thousands on Boston Common was terrific. The delegate from Porto Rico, a beaming smile wreathing his rugged countenance, fought through the mob to the Parkman bandstand. It was an inspiring reception. The crowd cheered him, a political David who had faced a dozen Goliaths and slain them all. He had come back triumphant from the political morgue. Once again he had accomplished the impossible. But Jim

said little. He simply stood before the cheering thousands and let them gaze in awe at one selected by the gods of politics to touch the highest spots.

It required only Roosevelt's election to clinch Curley's new-found leadership in the state. Riding high on the tide of this success, he confidently expected the nomination as his party's candidate for the governorship. Being a Democratic year, it seemed evident that any first-class man might be swept into office against almost any Republican opposition. Nomination would be tantamount to election. But the state party, none too fond of Curley despite his exalted status with the national Administration, was intent on registering its disapproval of his desertion of Al Smith. It ignored him, and gave the nomination to Gen. Charles H. Cole, N. G.

Curley was furious. He stalked from the Worcester convention with gall in his soul and vengeance in his heart. And in the primaries, he won hands down.

Announcing a Work and Wages, New Deal platform, Jim then set out to clinch the election. Opposing him were Lieut. Gov. Gaspar G. Bacon, Republican nominee, and Frank A. Goodwin, former Registrar of Motor Vehicles, a political nondescript, running as an independent candidate. Yet Goodwin's candidacy proved vitally important to Curley's success: he sopped up 94,000 votes, and probably cut heavily into Bacon's strength. Vehement denials that Goodwin was running at Jim's behest came from both Curley and Goodwin. And when the votes were counted, Curley had 109,000 to spare over Bacon; he had chalked up one more smashing defeat of opposition which at the outset had seemed overwhelming. As Governor, one of Jim's first acts was to re-appoint Goodwin Registrar of Motor Vehicles. . . .

But, with the state now in his vest pocket, Curley still lacked the complete control he desired, for there was a numerical Republican majority in the Executive Council, the Senate, and the House. And the Boston Finance Commission had been unduly active during the campaign, inquiring into Curley's latest term as Mayor with unwonted zeal. The Commission wanted to know just what relations existed between the Governor's close personal friend, City Treasurer Edmund L. Dolan, and the Legal Securities Company through which the city had been making most of its bond purchases. There is a proviso in the city charter which makes side-line profits for city officials a serious offense. Dolan was basking in the Florida sunshine at the time, and stayed there until the new Governor was safely seated on the throne.

The Commission likewise was engaged in an inquiry to determine who, if anybody, had made money out of land purchases for the North End Prado, a Curley-inspired beauty spot in the slums. And the Commission also showed uncommonly keen interest in the problem of financial gains, if any, in the land-takings incident to building the approaches for the new East Boston traffic tunnel. The Commission, to put it bluntly, was making a damned nuisance of itself—that is, from some points of view. And it had even loosed its least pleasant reports at various psychological moments during the Curley campaign. The Commission, said the Governor, had “degenerated into a political nuisance”.

But Jim didn't abolish it. He spayed it. Joseph A. Sheehan, a member of the Commission, resigned, and was appointed a superior court judge by the Governor. E. Mark Sullivan, former Corporation Counsel under Curley as Mayor, was ap-

pointed to the vacancy and designated chairman. Two anti-Curley members were ousted from the Commission after hearings to which Jim devoted practically his full time for many days immediately following his inauguration. Satisfactory appointments to fill the vacancies were made. The removals created a great sensation, it being openly charged in the press that Curley had cleaned out the Commission to avoid its impending probe of his regime as Mayor.

No Curley sensation lasts long, however,—Jim provides new ones too rapidly. Soon there were other startling developments to overshadow the operation on the Commission. And Dolan came back to Boston from Florida and offered to tell the new Commission anything it wished to know. All was well.

Next the Governor began to swing the axe on the Ely appointees. Ely had made several last-minute appointments, apparently to embarrass his successor, and some of them still embarrass him. One of these was the appointment of Eugene C. Hultman, Boston Police Commissioner, as head of the Metropolitan District Commission, which, through collateral responsibilities, supervises the spending of millions of dollars. One current project within its control involves \$65,000,000.

Curley set out to remove Hultman, a quiet, self-confident soul who simply sat tight and refused to resign. A prominent criminal lawyer was obtained to conduct an ouster proceeding against him—with the Governor and his Council sitting as judge and jury. The Council had not then been tested, and the outcome was a bit in doubt, there being a Republican majority of five to four. Before the hearing opened, charges of moral turpitude were hurled against Hultman, whose history and personal record had never before been as-

sailed. It developed during the hearing that the turpitude involved was utilizing Boston police department manure as fertilizer at Hultman's summer residence in Duxbury. . . .

When the hearing got to the manure stage, with Hultman still sitting tight and saying very little, the public's sense of humor defeated the removal effort, and the case was laughed out of court. It never came to a vote. Curley gave up the fight, making the gesture of turning over to the District Attorney of Suffolk County a complete transcript of the testimony—some 1000 pages. The D. A. apparently has not yet finished reading the document, for nothing has since been heard from him. And Hultman still holds his job.

But a more serious issue arose during the Hultman hearing from which Curley shaped a noose which for a time threatened to throttle the press in Massachusetts. William G. Gavin, a Boston newspaper editor, printed a story indicating how a Republican member of the Executive Council would vote in the Hultman ouster. The Governor thereupon amazed the newspapermen of Boston with a declaration that he and the Council, when conducting hearings of the Hultman type, were a judicial body, not an executive body, and that criticism or comment of the Gavin sort was punishable by a jail sentence for contempt. Gavin was called upon to explain, with the jail threat ringing in his ears.

Press and public watched the battle with keen interest. Gavin was questioned, but refused to divulge the source of information on which he based his story. From week to week the issue was continued, but no judgment was ever passed on the editor. He did not go to jail. Finally, when the case became too hot to handle, the Governor dropped it. The

papers were free to continue their comments on the Hultman, and other ousters. And the Republican councillor later got his reward from Curley.

Ousters and removals cleared up, Curley turned his attention to his Work and Wages platform. Fully expecting the cooperation of the Administration at Washington, which was preparing its four-billion-dollar boondoggling fund, Jim set about carrying his campaign slogan to a happy and successful conclusion. He called on every department head to suggest needed improvements. Imitating Roosevelt, he appointed a Brain Trust to advise and assist. (The Brain Trust enjoyed weekly luncheons until someone suggested an investigation as to the expense involved.) Department heads began to speak in terms of millions. A single department, Mental Diseases, turned in a \$24,000,000 spending program. Others did the best they could to equal the outlay, and, in the ensuing free-for-all, dollar signs and ciphers rolled from adding machines in a general mad scramble for cash. When the total reached the staggering figure of \$600,000,000, the Governor, flanked by his gaudy military staff, invaded Washington.

But the official reception was chilling, despite the warmth of the uniforms. His Excellency was given what is popularly known as the "run around". He announced great progress and fine promises on his return home, however, and braced himself for other forays on the Capital. From then on, it seemed, the Governor spent as much time in Washington as he did on Beacon Hill. The treatment accorded him was at times heartless. He cooled his heels at one official doorstep after another, and accepted cancellation of appointments or the refusal of appointments with a stolidity that concealed his fury. Massachusetts eventually got its

share of the four-billion-dollar fund, but without regard to the Governor's demand that one-eighth of the national sack be dumped into his lap.

Frustrated at Washington, Curley turned to the state till, to find what that might yield in work and wages. It wasn't much. His Excellency filed in the Legislature the so-called "bond bills", calling for state issues of \$35,000,000 to defray the cost of public works. The Legislature finally allowed him about one-third that sum. But Jim still holds to the New Deal creed of any kind of work at the public's expense: recently he suggested that \$10,000,000 might well be spent for lilacs to border the road from Boston to Providence.

V

At the height of the legislative session, a session which had kept Curley's name vividly before the public, came the wedding of his daughter Mary to Lieut. Col. Edward C. Donnelly of the Governor's military staff. Donnelly, whose business concern is chief among the billboard interests of Massachusetts, was a reputed millionaire and one of the most eligible bachelors in the state. The Governor had previously met rebuffs, even from the clergy, in his effort to outlaw marriages by justices of the peace; he now indicated his own ideals concerning marriage rites by inviting William Cardinal O'Connell to perform the Donnelly ceremony.

The wedding, so the newspapers said, rivaled in splendor anything of its kind ever seen on earth. It was marked by lavish expenditures of money, the co-operation of the military forces of the state, an elaborate reception which followed at the Copley Plaza hotel, and the participation

of thousands of guests whose names were plucked from every rank. The wedding presents, including tributes from the Pope and the Roosevelt family, were valued at tens of thousands of dollars. The bower of orchids under which Mrs. Donnelly received her guests was said to have cost \$8000. The two tons of lobster which the Donnelly guests consumed, and the other items of a ceremony at which police officers appeared in full dress suits, brought the total cash involved, according to those who have a bent for statistics, to well over \$100,000.

It was some weeks later, after the happy couple had left on a trip around the world, that a bill, whipped into shape with the assistance of the Attorney General, was filed in the Legislature; a bill providing changes in the law for the regulation of billboards along the highways of Massachusetts. The public was dismayed in the face of the fact that the state had but recently concluded a ten-year battle, costing nearly \$1,000,000, in successful defense of the current billboard control statutes. Opponents declared the new bill would open the highways to exploitation by advertising concerns, with none but trick regulations left to stem the tide. Critics of the administration promptly linked Curley's interest in the affair with the recent marriage of his daughter to the head of the Donnelly Outdoor Advertising Company. One legislative opponent of the bill declared in the House that it should rightfully be entitled "A Grant to the Royal Family of Massachusetts." The phraseology caught the public fancy, and, in the face of organized and intense opposition, the usually controllable Legislature turned down the bill.

But it bounced right back again from the Governor's office, accompanied by a special message urging its passage. Again

it was refused. Compromises were offered in succeeding Executive messages, but they failed to sway the Legislature. Four times the bill was tossed back and forth between the Governor and the House before Jim gave up the fight. He declared that, after all, the current law was sufficiently elastic to permit of all the changes that the new law sought. It took several weeks of legislative anguish to produce that nugget from the ore of fury.

Following rapidly on the billboard battle came a typical Curley strange interlude. His career has been marked by such occurrences; issues of vast consequence raised from happenings of mustard seed importance. In 1935 it was the now famous Noone Incident. On July 4 the Executive automobile, travelling at high speed along the Worcester turnpike at Newton, a Boston suburb, skidded 100 feet and struck a tree, snapping it off at the ground. The machine had been thrown into the skid in an effort to avoid striking State Trooper Noone, who had been thrown from his motorcycle while attempting to open up holes in the traffic for passage of the Executive car. Noone was badly injured. Felicitations on the Governor's escape were going the rounds when Curley made the startling announcement that he hadn't been in the automobile at all. And this despite the fact that a Good Samaritan automobilist had been credited with driving the Governor and one of his military staff from the scene of the accident to the Executive Mansion in Jamaica Plain. After a formal inquiry, Mayor Sinclair Weeks of Newton, ignoring the Governor's denials, reported that nine witnesses had placed His Excellency at the scene of the accident. To this day Curley denies he was any nearer the scene than Framingham, a good ten miles distant. The incident earned him a new title,

bestowed by Mayor Mansfield of Boston: "The Hit-Run Governor".

Throughout the summer the legislative session roared on, while senators and representatives, sweltering through a particularly hot season, struggled with the greatest number of bills ever filed in a single year. Their departure for home was stayed time and again by the Governor, whose special messages demanding passage of this piece of legislation or that, prevented the docile body from bringing the session to a close. On one occasion Curley declared he would keep them in session until 1936 unless they took a stand favorable to the legislation he wished enacted. The political maneuverings behind the scenes occupied almost as much time as the open sessions, and it was charged by political leaders that renegade Republicans in the Legislature were listening with cupped ears to whispers of reward for the obedient. The public was amazed as the session grew older to see men, hitherto stanch Republicans, taking the floor and pressing for passage of legislation which had the opposition of independent Democrats. Prophecies were made that high reward would come to those who crossed the party line to stand at Curley's side. The President of the Senate became the storm center of Republican castigation when he stepped from his chair on one occasion to break a tie and vote in favor of an important piece of legislation urgently sought by the Governor. Other Republicans who had shown more fealty to Jim than to their own colleagues were later read out of the Party amidst the catcalls of their former associates. The Governor wanted the 48-hour bill passed; he wanted the \$35,000,000 bond issue bills passed; he wanted the billboard bill made into law; he wanted a score of things, most of which he got.

He swung the whip without mercy when lashing was necessary, and he handed out the lumps of sugar when expediency indicated that course. Within a week of his inaugural the Legislature and the public learned that a man had taken charge on Beacon Hill, a man who knew what he wanted and who intended to have it.

Significance attaches to the fact that his Executive Staff and the state personnel generally refer to Curley not as the Governor but as The Boss. He is the boss, and indications at the outset of 1936 are that before the end of his incumbency he will be more than ever the boss. He achieved mastery over the Legislature in the 1935 session, despite Republican numerical supremacy in both Senate and House, and, no sooner had the members adjourned and turned their backs on the State House, than he set out to seize control of the Executive Council. The Legislature prorogued shortly after four o'clock one sultry morning in mid-August after the longest session in state history; within ten minutes the Governor had appointed an obedient Republican Council member to a much-coveted position and nominated a Democrat in his place. The sudden move for control of the Council created a sensation, and the departing Legislature, disbanded and scattered, looked back at the tarnished golden dome with grim foreboding.

Curley's Democratic nominee was promptly confirmed by the Council, and not long afterward another Republican member of the same body resigned to accept the Governor's tender of a place on the Superior Court bench. He too was replaced by a Democrat. Thus, in two swift moves, Jim had shifted a Republican majority of five to four on the Council to a Democratic majority of six to three. The Council was created as a check upon

all governors by forefathers who no doubt anticipated that some day an ambitious man might occupy the Executive chair. But they, like many present-day statesmen in the Bay State, reckoned without James Michael Curley. He has outmaneuvered them all. The Governor once termed the Council a "glorified pawn shop", but it remained for Jim himself to hang out the three brass balls and publicly pawn Republican souls.

Completing his seizure of power in the state, Curley called before him all department heads and announced his conception of the relationship that should exist between them and the Chief Executive. Jim told them that there was but one executive in the state and that executive was Curley. Such has proved to be the fact. Those who have failed to perceive it have been called sharply to account, particularly in the matter of appointments. Few jobs are given out without the approval of the Governor. Each department head is told whom and how many to appoint. On orders from the Executive chambers, hundreds of employees have been placed on the state payroll even though in some instances there have been no vacancies. "Make vacancies," is the curt instruction.

In gaining control of the Legislature, the Executive Council, and the state departments, Curley has finally built up a dictatorship which in many ways resembles Huey Long's ill-fated regime in Louisiana. The situation affords a striking parallel. Like Long, Curley was elected in spite of the opposition of political powers. Like Long, he immediately undertook not only to safeguard his past but to solidify his political future. In reorganizing the Boston Finance Commission at the outset of his term, he was able to hold a powerful political weapon

against the head of a hostile mayor. Apparently reaching out for broader influence beyond the confines of Beacon Hill, he lent his support in the fall of 1935 to candidates for mayoralities in various strategic points in the state. One Curley candidate got the gift of 1500 state public-works jobs to distribute among his constituents a few days before election. Plans are already made, observers say, to see that a candidate favorable to the Governor is elected mayor of Boston to succeed Mansfield, and that Lieut. Gov. Joseph L. Hurley, the Governor's close associate, succeeds Curley on Beacon Hill. For himself, Jim has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate on a platform of social security, Roosevelt brand. Already the Townsendites have declared war on him for heresy. Already opposition to his latest ambition is heard rumbling in various corners of the state. One Republican source sums up the sentiment with the remark: "Social security for James Michael Curley has always been his platform."

Concrete opposition of a particularly potent kind is coming from Boston's City Hall, where Mayor Mansfield, the Governor's avowed enemy, lays plans for his downfall. Mansfield has attacked on two fronts, publicity and the courts. Recently he took to the air and begged public cooperation in a holy war against Curley, after making the declaration that Jim had asked him to drop a proposed new investigation of the activities of City Treasurer Dolan during Curley's last term as Mayor. In his first radio appeal in the Curley crusade, Mansfield said in part:

The fight to end misrule in Massachusetts has just begun. I shall continue it unceasingly until the people have retired this man, who would outdo Hitler, to private life. . . . He is not only vindictively cruel and absolutely ruthless, but wholly unreliable and unscrupulous.

Following up his campaign, Mansfield has caused the Corporation Counsel to file equity proceedings in the State Supreme Court against Dolan and others, charging that they made illegal profits of more than \$250,000 at the expense of the city in bond transactions involving millions of dollars. The bill of complaint alleges a "fraudulent and corrupt scheme". The formal records show Dolan and others as defendants, but the public believes the real objective of the action is not only the recovery of funds for the city of Boston but the discomfiture of Jim Curley. They recognize it as a counter-move to offset the Governor's reorganization of the Finance Commission, which was engaged in a similar quest when Curley took office. The situation is the one black cloud on the Governor's present horizon; but he is accustomed to bigger ones and is busily going on his way, the reins of government firmly gripped, the bullwhip in one hand, the sugar bag in the other.

Jim rode into office as Mayor of Boston behind the brown derby of Al Smith, and swung himself into the State House on the coat-tails of President Roosevelt. With the state now fully under control, save for Boston's City Hall—another parallel to Huey Long's career—he plans to barge into the Senate on the comfortable lap of social security. His future is open to little doubt as 1936 dawns. But the future of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts under its first dictatorship is the problem that disturbs the "Brahmins" at whom Curley likes to scoff, the conservative folk who have found pride in the quotation, "Massachusetts, there she stands!" They see her now standing subdued beside her master, James Michael Curley. They wonder with dark misgivings what the outcome will be.

TOES

A Story

BY JESSE STUART

PARSIE lives right across the road from me. She moved there last spring.

Her man, Peg-Leg Jake Mullins, rented the place from old Bill Syzmore. I think Bill is wrong in the head to rent to Peg-Leg Jake. He's the laziest man in the world. When he was burning brush last March he went to sleep close by a brush pile on fire. The fire burnt the leaves out around the brush pile. The fire slipped up like a mouse in the kitchen-safe and caught Peg-Leg's wooden leg on fire. It popped and burned like dry-shoe-make. It was locust wood. It burned right off his body before he could get the strap unbuckled. Peg-Leg hobbled on a stick to the house. Another time he went out to plow and fell asleep when the day got up. The peckerwoods drilled in his wooden leg for worms. That's the God's truth. Old Bill Syzmore must be wrong in the head to rent a farm to him. He'll run old Bill in debt instead of making money to pay the taxes on the place.

I could tell Parsie was going to have a baby. I knowed it all the time. I remember last Spring how my husband used to hunt with Peg-Leg and Timothy. Say, that Timothy Muscovite was a man I never did like. I never did like that name. Timothy is a big hairy man, with big hands and a face like a monkey. He looks funny beside of my man, Blue. My man looks more like somebody. I've got the

only decent looking man in this neighborhood. I'd like to see a woman who could love Peg-Leg or Timothy. Peg-Leg's got a fine fuzz on his face where he never shaves. I always say his face is poor as some old land that we got that won't bring weeds and sprouts. His face won't grow whiskers. He's not got a tooth in his head that I've ever seen. His thin jaws blab-blabb and blubber when he talks, like the wind going in and out of a bee-smoker. Then he's just got one good leg and it's not any bigger than a hoe handle. I don't see how Parsie can stand him. Parsie's a right good-looking woman to have six brats. I could see last May she was going to have a baby. She went out and worked in the fields a little. That didn't matter. She couldn't hide it from a woman. Parsie is as pretty a woman as there is in these parts of the country.

Parsie, Timothy, and Peg-Leg call my husband Duck-Foot Blue. I never did like that name. But there's not anything I can do about it unless it would be to take a pair of scissors or a butcher knife and cut Blue's toes apart. He's web-footed like a duck. His toes, the two next to his big toe on his right foot, are growed together; and the two next to his little toe on his left foot are growed together just about half-way up. The two on his right foot are growed together out to the end. And people call him Duck-Foot Blue Scout.

They call me Mrs. Duck-Foot Blue Scout. Law, how I hate that name! If I'd cut Blue's toes apart now it wouldn't matter. He's already got that name. Then it might set up blood pizen. A body just can't tell about them things. Better to leave them as God made them. God marked the Scout family for a sin way back yonder in the Scout line. An old man by the name of Jim Frailey got two of his toes mashed flat in the log woods. Blue's great-grandmother laughed at his toes. That was right before Blue's grandfather was born. When he was born he come with two toes on each foot growed together. When he married and had children the seventh child had toes growed together on both feet. That was Blue's father. When Blue's father married, his seventh child was Blue. He's got toes just like his Pap and his Grandpap. It runs in the Scout family.

I never was one to speak jealous of Parsie. I know she's a better looking woman than I am. I'm not a good-looking woman. I used to be when I was young. When I walked down the church aisle men riz to their feet and watched me pass. But they don't anymore. Hoeing corn and bearing babies for the man I love has took all that out of me long ago. So much housework to do. So many cows to milk and hogs to slop. So many chickens to feed. A big house to keep clean. It's a pine-log house and for God's sakes, women, don't ever let your man make you a pine-log house or move you into one. They're too bad for bed bugs. They've nearly et us up since we've been here. If I didn't scald twice a week all the beds, the slats and the cracks, they'd eat us up. Then I keep my bed casters a-setting in a tin can of coal oil. So it's work around here besides having a baby every couple of years. That takes some time.

Parsie's had to work out. She don't go

ahead like I do. She ain't worked like I have. I live right here across the road from her and know. She's never done it since she's lived over there in old Bill's house. She's never done the work I have. That's the reason she's held her shape. If she'd a worked like I have! But she ain't. I don't see for my life how she lives with that thin-lipped ugly Peg-Leg man of hers. Pon my word if I was choosing between the two men I'd rather have old monkey-faced Timothy Muscovite. He would provide for a woman and treat her half-way decent if he'd a been good-looking enough to a-got hisself a woman. He wouldn't a worked her like a horse nohow.

I used to stand up there by the draw-bars and watch Parsie going out there to the sand-bottom to hoe corn. She would be barefooted walking along the path dodging the saw briars. Peg-leg would be in front with a mule hitched to a plow. He'd let the mule drag the plow along and scive up the grass and the saw briars. He was too lazy to lift the plow by the handles. He just let it drag. Parsie would walk behind with her hoe on her shoulder and her lap done up down to her petticoat with pumpkin seed and bean seed that Parsie would stick in a hill of corn in the rich spots of ground around the old rotted stumps and rock piles. I used to just watch her pass. I would say to myself, "If my hair was just black and pretty as hers, I wouldn't begrudge everything I got including the old cow Gypsy. She's got the prettiest blue eyes. Just like two blue bird eggs. She has got the whitest skin and the longest fingers. Her teeth's white as chalk. She's pretty as a doll." Then I would say to myself, "I am a liar. Parsie is not pretty. She is not pretty as I am. My hair is light. My eyes are blue. My teeth are fairly good. I am prettier

than Parsie. I have four children. I don't want to have the seventh if I can dodge it. But I can't. I am just twenty-six years old. I don't want a duck-footed youngin. I don't want a marked baby just because Blue's great-grandmother laughed at a man's mashed toes. That's too much punishment for God to put on any person. It's not fair. I can't help what she done. Why should I suffer for her sin? I am not a ugly woman. I am a prettier woman than Parsie. I am not a liar."

But I was a liar. Parsie is the prettiest woman I ever saw. I used to watch Blue when Parsie and Peg-Leg come over on Sundays to eat dinner with us. I used to watch Blue to see if I could catch him looking like a man looks at a woman he likes. I never could see a thing myself. I would fry the meat on the stove. Parsie would be in the kitchen helping me. We would talk and the meat would sizzle in the pan. I would keep my eye on Parsie. I would glance around to see if Blue was looking through the front room door into the kitchen at Parsie. I never could catch him looking at her. I would be nice to Parsie because she was so good-looking. I was nice to her because I couldn't be as good-looking as she was. She didn't know she was good-looking. And just think, her married to that thin-lipped, toothless, peg-legged, no-count, good-for-nothing man of hers. She ought to a married Timothy. Just us three families in our neighborhood. Two women and three men. And something ugly about all the men but mine and he had his toes growed together. I watched him around the other woman. We would cook dinner for the men laying in the front room on the floor smoking their pipes and talking about the crops. I could see the smoke going up toward the ceiling in little blue clouds. And under my breath I hoped and prayed

to God old Peg-Leg would get his hair filled full of bed bugs from the pine-wood floor. It's bad to do that, but I did. I don't deny it. I never liked that no-count man. I don't see how any woman could. I am a woman. I know about a woman. She wants a man all the other women like. She wants to walk right in and take him by the arm and say, "Look, women. I got him. He's my man." And after she gets him if some other woman doesn't want him, then she wants to dump him and get her a man they all want. That's the way it is here. I knowed sure as God made the grass that Parsie would like to have a man like Blue. That made me want Blue more than ever. I had him, but I wanted more of him since I felt like Parsie wanted him. I couldn't help it.

II

Well, we used to eat Sunday dinners together. We borrowed meal and sugar and coffee from one another. We was the best neighbors you ever saw. But I always watched. I always thought if you had a man worth anything he was worth watching and worth having. So many men these days are no-count. Not worth powder and lead it takes to blow out their brains. I used to watch Parsie close, even though she was ready to bring a baby any time. I was listening for a call from Peg-Leg every night, too. I was listening to hear him come out in the yard and stand under that bare walnut tree and call, "Oh, Amanda Scout, come over here quick to Parsie!" And I was looking to see all six of their children come streaking in over here carrying them infernal bed bugs on their clothes to stay all night anytime. I just thought every night I'd see them coming. It was fall time here. Leaves dead on the ground and a body

so sad that time of year. All the trouble and all the weary. It worried me just to think about it.

Last summer during crop time when we were a working so hard in the fields and would come in dog-tired and do up the work, I'd go to bed and I couldn't get to sleep for thinking something. I didn't think it. I felt it. A woman feels like a dog that raises its bristles when it smells where another dog has been. That's just the way I felt. I just raised my bristles when I thought about Parsie. God knows I liked her in a way. God knows I hated her in a way. If it just hadn't been for Blue. I felt like she felt the same way toward Blue that I felt. My bristles would raise. I could just feel a feeling coming in all over my body that Parsie liked Blue same as I did. I just couldn't stand to think about it. God, I cried. God, I rolled and tumbled in the bed. I done everything. But I couldn't forget.

Last summer Peg-Leg, Blue, and Timothy would take the hounds. They would leave me and Parsie here together and go fox-hunting. Parsie would sleep in one bed with her little youngins and I would sleep in another with mine. I was filled with the very devil. I could see myself pulling out Parsie's coal-black hair and throwing it to the ground in handfuls like sheep wool. I could feel my fingers going into her eyes. Law, how I wanted to put my hands on her. But I was afraid. She's a stout woman with her hands. I thought about getting a scythe blade and whacking her across the face. Then I thought that was not the way to do it. I could get a sickle and sickle her neck like I would a bunch of planting in the yard. But a better way still was to get a garden hoe off the palings and just chop her good like chopping weeds. I can fight with a hoe better anyhow. But here was

all them little babies around her asleep. Pon my word, I just didn't have the heart to do it. I could just see my man Blue in her. I knowed it was Blue. I just felt it. God knows I did. God knows it's the truth. A woman just feels—that's all. She can't help it. Men never understand like a woman.

Parsie would lay in the bed and snore. Her babies would cry and wake her. When she would rouse up, I'd snore like I was dead asleep. But I couldn't sleep in the room with her knowing she was going to have a baby. When she would go back to sleep I'd set up in the bed and look out the window. I'd see the summer moonlight on the green corn. I'd hear the whippoorwills so lonesome. Then I'd hear the hounds bringing the fox around the piney-pint. I could hear old Skeeter, Blue's blue-tick hound, leading the pack. He's got a bark like beating in a rain barrel with a plow point when he's leading the pack, and when he's behind he squeals like a pig. I'd lay in the bed and listen and think. I couldn't help it. Why was I like I was? Maybe I just thought things. Then I'd think that I was crazy and I'd have to be sent to the asylum. I'd seen one man go there. They used to put him in the corn-crib and feed him bread and water every day. A county man come out and found him. They hauled him off handcuffed in a spring wagon. The last words he said to me were: "Put my shoes down by the fireplace. I'll not get any more shoes." I didn't have his shoes. I'd never seen his shoes. He was just riding past in the wagon. What a terrible thing it is to be crazy. It's not anything to laugh about. Was I crazy as the man I saw in the wagon, barefooted with the hair as long on his face as it was on his head?

Then I would think: "No, I am not

crazy. I just feel like something is going to happen that I don't want to happen. The wind told me. God told me. I feel it." When we'd come in from work I'd pitch and tear in the bed till twelve o'clock many a night. Blue would be beside me snoring. I'd think to myself: "Wonder if Parsie loves him. Wonder if she has ever told him that she loved him, and them lips that trembles in snores—wonder if words come from between them to Parsie: 'Yes, and I love you too.' That silent body of a man. It is like a child. It cries to get things. It gets them. Then it is through. It is quiet like a child. A woman is not like a man. A woman feels things. A woman understands."

The days passed by last summer. We planted the corn. We plowed it the first time and chopped the weeds out of it. We plowed it the second time and the third time. It was soon over the mule's back. When it got that high we quit plowing it. I'd lay in my bed at night and look at it. I'd look at the moonlight on the cornfield bright as day. I would think: "The night is pretty. The night was made for man and the fox. The night was made for silence. The stars in the sky. The silver-like dewdrops on the corn. The night is pretty, whoever made it and whatever it was made for. I like the night. I love the night."

I watched the moonlight flicker on the corn blades as the night wind blowed them this way and that way. And I thought: "The night is so pretty. The God that made the night made me. I am not pretty. I am such a fool. If I was ugly as a hill I would be pretty. Quiet, ugly people are pretty. But I can't be quiet—as trustworthy as the earth. I am such a fool. Some women are such fools. I am one. But the reason I am a fool, I can't trust. If I could only make myself be-

lieve that I trusted like a lot of women. But I can't. I just can't lie about it when I feel a thing. You can trust the earth but not its seasons of drouth, rain, snow, and sleet. You can trust a hunting dog but not when she comes in her season. Women are like a dog. They have their seasons." I could smell the wet weeds that bordered the corn—the ragweeds and the pusley. The wind from them smelled sour. God, I thought of women and their seasons.

And as the moon rolled along in the flying fleece-clouds I thought about man and woman. If I could only have Blue just so I could hold him in my hand like he was a piece of money. If I only owned him like he was a quarter or a half a dollar, I wouldn't mind. But no woman can own a man like that. No man can quite own a woman like she was a pound of salt or a dime's worth of soda. There's something else to a man or a woman besides that. And there's nothing in the world—not even marriage vows, lovers' vows, God, churches, or anything above the sun or under the sun, for keeping man and woman from loving one another.

III

It happened just as I expected. It was cold as blue-blazes. I'd sent my children to school, all but my little ones. Parsie'd sent her children to school, all but her two little ones. The cold November wind was blowing across the cornfield where we worked last summer. It was an awful day. Wind blowed the rags out of the windows where the lights had been busted by the hail last summer. And I trembled when I saw Peg-Leg coming across the road running on that wooden leg. I knowed something must be wrong or he wouldn't a got such a move on him.

Wooden leg was sinking in the soft ground where it had got sharp on the end. He'd pull it out and run and it would sink again. He said: "Amanda—come quick! It is Parsie. She is sick—come quick!" He took back towards the house. I let my work go and took out toward the house. I knowed what was up. I left my little children in the house. I was afraid they might get burnt up. I hollered to Blue. He was out at the barn. I told him to stay with my little youngins till I went over to Peg-Leg's and Parsie's a minute. Blue understood. He took to the house a-running and left the mules' harness that he was punching holes in.

I was nearly out of breath when I got in the house. I put water in the tea kettle and het it. God knows just how much there is to do when a woman is having a baby and there ain't no doctor. But I've delivered many a baby. I knowed just what to do. I done it.

It was a lot of pain for Parsie. No woman wants the pain of bringing a baby into the world. She has to go through a lot for the sake of a child that just grows up and spits in his mother's face and flies off like a wild quail. But they bring them in just the same. Woman has her season. She was made to bear children. She is happier lots of times with children and never happy unless she has them. But I'm telling you it's a lot of trouble and a lot of pain. Woman pays for her pleasure. I never saw a woman suffer like Parsie. I done the best I could. I hated to see her suffer so. Cattle suffer the pain of birth, and dogs and horses suffer. But not any living being suffers like a woman. Men don't understand. Women soon forget and are ready to bring another baby into the world. They soon forget all about childbirth pain. I couldn't think for hearing Parsie suffer.

When the baby come—a wee thing of cries and a bundle of nerves—I didn't want to see it. But I had to see it. The water was hot. I poured in some cold water and made it lukewarm. I washed the baby. I just couldn't believe before I saw it that it would look like Peg-Leg Jake. I wanted to think that it would look like old Timothy Muscovite. But then I'd hate to see a little baby brought into the world and have to go through the world ugly as old Timothy—so ugly he looked like pictures of the Devil. I just didn't want to look at the baby at all. But I had to look at it. Before I washed it, I thought about Blue over at the house with my two little children. I thought that Blue was just a child. I was his mother and his wife. He was one of my children.

The baby cried. Parsie went off into a doze. She closed her eyes. Her lips were purple. She was bad-off, I could tell. She had been too long bringing the baby into the world. I had to wash the baby. I had to care for it. Peg-Leg was out of the room. I looked at the baby's ears to see if it had little lettuce-leaf ears like Blue. I looked at its lips. I thought I could see cut in the upper-lip beneath the nose a trough, just like it was on Blue's lip. I could see Blue's eyes in its head. Surely I was dreaming, but I could see the image of Blue in the baby more than in any child I had bore for him. It was a boy. It was Parsie's seventh child. And I thought: "Could it be Blue's baby? It looks like him. No. It does not look like him. I am dreaming. This is a world full of trouble and dreams. It has some joys. Not many. I cried over this before. I felt it. Is it a lie? Is it the truth? It doesn't matter. Parsie is dying."

Parsie had wilted like a rose thrown in the fire. Her eyes were set in her head. I was sorry that I had hated her and

wanted to hook her white neck with a sickle and rip her eyes with my fingers and fight her with a hoe. I was sorry. But I had to wash the baby. It felt like it was mine.

And then its toes! I thought: I'll look at its toes. I looked—My God—Oh, God! The two little pink toes on the right foot next to the big toe was growed together plumb to the end. The two toes next to the little toe on the left foot was growed together half-way up to the end. It is Blue's baby! Oh, my God! It is Blue Scout's baby. It is a Scout! I tore my hair. I screamed.

Parsie was quiet. She didn't hear me. She didn't bat a eye. I thought she was playing possum on me. I thought she understood. I dropped the baby down on the cloth. It moved its little pink hands and wiggled its little toes like toes and hands of the young mice a body finds in the corn shocks in the spring. The baby cried like a little pup. I couldn't help it. I ran out of the house. I wanted to kill Parsie. Blue couldn't help it. It was not his fault. I ran to get the hoe off the palings.

I took the hoe and ran into the house. I thought I would kill Parsie. There she was in the bed. Her face was white as snow. Her eyes was set. She wasn't getting her breath right. But I just couldn't kill her. She was down. I couldn't kill a person down, not able to help herself. I don't care what she's done. Here was blood in the room. I thought of that sour smell of weeds last summer when the wind blowed in across from the fields into the open window where I was sleeping. That sour smell. I held to the hoe handle. I thought once I'd chop her head off right where her neck was, the least to chop through. That was Blue's baby. Then I thought I wouldn't kill her, for she was

going to die anyway. Her down there suffering so, and me standing up with a hoe to kill her like I'd kill a snake. That was not fair. I couldn't do that. So I walked over and raised the window. I pitched the hoe out. The dead leaves blowed in when I raised the window. November winds and them as cold as all get-out.

I got the wash rag and I finished washing the baby. I hated them toes. Just to think! The baby belonged to Blue. You are not fooling me. God don't prank with people for the sins of their people. They carry the mark. Now if I lived to have my seventh child it would have duck-foot toes. It is a mark of Blue's people.

The children come in from school. Peg-Leg sent them all over to the house for Blue to keep. Blue never come about. He acted like a whipped dog. That is a man for you. He doesn't pay for his pleasure like a woman. If he could have only seen Parsie suffer like I saw her. Now her eyes set. Surely she was dying from child-birth. What an awful death. Only a woman can understand. Only a woman knows. I couldn't kill her with a hoe or a sickle. Poor woman was dying. I could hear her breath come and go and sizzle. She just looked up at the brown-ringed paper on the ceiling where the rain had leaked through. Her eyes were about half-open. She said: "I know it ain't mine. It ain't mine. It is Amanda's baby. It belongs to her. She will have it. I won't need it." And when she said that, I said: "Sure the little thing is mine." I pulled it up and kissed it. The baby was Blue's. The baby was mine. I'd take it. It was Blue's child. I love Blue. All that is him is me. We are together. We are one. His child was mine. I held the baby in my arms. I couldn't love Parsie. I just felt fer her. Her there on the couch a-dying.

The winds played around the house as night come on and the sun sunk down on the other side of the pasture. The bare limbs of the trees looked like they was growed into the white patches of the sky. I could see them betwixt me and the moon. The baby cried. I nursed it with peppermint tea that Peg-Leg found by the old Daughtery gate. I told him right where to find it. Women have got it there before for their babies. All the men in the county has come there to get it for their wives. I never told Peg-Leg about the baby's toes. I told him I wanted the baby if Parsie died. He told me I could have him. I told him I would raise him right and under the eyes of the Lord. Peg-Leg shed some tears. So did old Timothy, who was there too. I felt sorry for him—him so ugly a-crying when he walked up with Peg-Leg and saw Parsie on the couch.

I remember the moon that come up. It looked to me like it had a spot of blood on it. I saw blood, maybe. It was on the bed. It was on the floor. It was on the moon. Blue was in the house with all the children. He didn't know Parsie was dying. Her breath got shorter and shorter. Then it kinda sizzled and she crossed her hands on her breast and she went out of the world.

I had the baby in my arms. I saw Parsie go. I can't forget. I called Peg-Leg. He come running in. Timothy come in with him. I took the baby and walked out. I took it to the house. I started making clothes for it before its mother was laid out to bury. I was glad she died. I had to be glad. I didn't want to kill her with a hoe. The baby was mine. He is dear to me as my own. He is a seventh child. I call him Blue. He looks more like Blue than airy one of the children I have had by him.

They buried Parsie back by the edge of the sand cornfield where she used to hoe corn before the baby was born. She is buried under that hickory at the fence corner. Timothy Muscovite has moved in the house with Peg-Leg. He loved little children so. They ain't afraid of him anymore. I ain't said a word to Blue about the baby being his. I think he understands. I take care of the baby. It belongs to me. Man doesn't understand. It takes a woman to feel and understand. Man is fickle as the wind. The wind will blow the ragweed seeds over the earth. They will grow here and there. Man is not particular. He will leave his seed to grow here, or there. And in awful poor soil, sometimes.

ROGER CASEMENT

(*Born, Dublin, Sept., 1864. Hanged, Pentonville Prison, London, Aug., 1916*)

BY SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

IN A letter to Cunningham Grahame, Joseph Conrad once spoke of landing at some African port of small dimensions and, as he strolled around the outskirts of the town, seeing a man with two bulldogs and a walking stick and a Loanda boy go off into the bush. He was a finely-built man, around forty, dark-bearded, deep and gentle of eye, with a beetling brow like an Irish terrier — a handsome fellow, a bit of a conquistador. A few months after, as he happened to be looking into the dusk of the bush at the same spot, Conrad saw the same man, with his stick, his pack, his boy, and his two bulldogs, walk out as calmly as if he had been for an afternoon stroll. "He could tell you things! Things I've tried to forget; things I never did know." That was the British consul at S. Paola de Loanda, in Portuguese West Africa, one Casement.

There are men like him in Conrad's books. They move in a cocoon of indifference that one might mistake for the absent-mindedness of a poet, or a dilettante, or the incompetent grace of a country gentleman, if there were not a slightly troubled or brooding look behind the heavy eyes. Casement's only protection in the jungle, for instance, was that walking stick and the two white and brindled bulldogs. Another man like that (and he also was executed for treason against the state except that in his case it was an Irish state and his loyalty was to an older Irish dream) was Erskine

Childers. He had been through the South African War with the Honorable Artillery Company, and later through the World War, and fought in the naval attack on Zeebrugge: yet when he was with the Irish Republican guerillas on the hills in 1922, tough ragged-breeches who looked the part, he, too, had the air of the country gentleman out for a stroll — with his flat cap, his stiff linen collar, his long raincoat, and sometimes a walking stick. One never saw a weapon on him. There was another friend of his, also with the guerillas, who had been in the Tank Corps in France. Once when we were, under his leadership, about to start a surprise morning attack on the garrison of a little mountain village, he froze us by asking to be instructed in the use of an ordinary .45 Colt revolver, explaining that he knew nothing of such things. The attack deliberately fizzled out because our fellows, who were bristling with weapons, simply could not believe in that sort of man.

Yet such men are of a type common enough, although it takes wars and adventures to disclose them. Far from being the dilettantes for whom one might mistake them, they reject not merely all pre-occupation with self but all worldly human values as well; instead of being dedicate to egotism they are dedicate to sacrifice. They have the air of old soldiers home on furlough, carrying themselves with the aloof but friendly air of men resting, looking at

everything with the casual and slightly distinguished glance of men for whom all life is either an adventure or a sequence of periods between one adventure and another. Men of action, their minds move swiftly when they are in action: when they are not they become a little tormented and tangled, and yet not even then are they self-engaged, but concerned rather with a teasing out of the values inherent in the adventures to which they have given their support, which are imposed on them by more clever men, and which could never be brought to success except by their own particular brand of conquistador enthusiasm. There is something dedicate about them all, something of the martyr or the saint, as if they had indeed come out of a world of inveterate rebels against the despotism of fact. Note the deep-set eyes, or the gentle lips: note in Casement the lifted eyebrow, as if he were asking of the world that had suddenly impinged on his dreams — "Hello! Still carrying on just the same? How do you manage it?" I feel sure that Sir Galahad wore that lifted brow, and Francis, and Dominic. It is a brow that more worldly men should fear. . . .

The truth is that these men are rebels by nature, aberrants and solitaires. That is clear if you compare a man like Casement with a man, let us say, like Dwight Morrow. Here are two lives of dedication, immutably in consonant, and not to be compared because the one worked only partially within the world's code and the other worked wholly within it, to support it even if, also, to amend it. Or put between them another type of man, either the man who prosecuted Casement at his trial for high treason, Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., later Lord Birkenhead, or his friend and companion in another kind of high treason, the late Lord Carson. Smith closed his speech for the prosecution with the words:

The prisoner, blinded by a hatred to this country, as malignant in quality as it was sudden in origin, has played a desperate hazard: he has played it and lost it: today the forfeit is claimed.

In his last speech from the dock, the man who was about to be hanged replied to the man who had in his time led the Ulster rebels against the British Government:

The difference between us was that my treason was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt to carry out in action what I said in words, whereas their treason lay in verbal incitements. . . .

What would Dwight Morrow have said as between these men? He would probably have said that neither of them was as good a citizen as he ought to have been and that both had been foolish. But he would not be echoed by the majority of men, and in fact the cynical Birkenhead was right — they had both gambled and Casement had lost: that was all.

There is a sense in which all history is bunk, and these three or four careers annotate it. Had Casement died in 1914 he would be on the roll of England's splendid dead. T. E. Lawrence, it is said, was willing, after the war, to come over to his native Ireland and fight with Michael Collins for Sinn Féin. Had he done so he would be now, quite possibly, on the roll of those who bowed their heads under 'Traitors' Gate. Glory is a gamble and the definitions of history go to the winning side. History can never deal with men as men because it has to start from the premises laid down by victory and consolidated by power. Its values are the values of the *fait accompli*. Occasionally, very occasionally, as with a Joan of Arc, a great power like the Church of Rome can redress a wrong; or a vast revolution can rehabilitate, though even then only for some, the reputation of a prophet. But with little nations like Ire-

land and a great Empire like the British Commonwealth, there is small hope for gallant losers such as Roger Casement. His bones still lie in Pentonville under the quicklime, while men like Dwight Morrow or Lord Birkenhead can have justice done to them because their countries were victorious in a great war. Casement's little war was won too late to save him. So the judgments remain for all time, simply because—to paraphrase Macaulay's famous fantasy—the future African tourist, sketching the ruins of Manhattan, will not be bothered to remeasure them by new values. Men should be measured as men, not as part of social trends. Lawrence knew that and so measured himself. Casement knew it and lived accordingly.

II

Yet, in and out of their cocoon of scorn, these aberrants do dally with worldly affairs. Though it was young Casement's ambition to be an explorer (and he was one for a time and toured America to tell it what an American expedition had discovered along the track of Stanley's march to the source of the Congo) he later entered the British consular service. Then from the day he took the boat to Akassa on the Niger coast he came to know Africa as few men have ever known it. He was in the French Congo, in Nigeria, in Angola, in Mozambique, working for the British Government as trade commissioner or consul, so that when he found himself in 1903 at Kinshassa in the Belgian Congo he had lived north, south, east, and west of that seventh wonder of the world, the loop of river that cuts Africa like a reaping hook. Already the stories had begun to seep down to him out of the oily and slumbrous darkness of the Upper Congo's jungle-gloom, and when Lansdowne told

him that the Foreign Office must have the truth about that private cozenage of old Leopold II, he knew what he must endure to get it, and he had some idea what it would be like when he got it.

But he had only the very vaguest idea, and not even in a nightmare horror could he have imagined it before he went. He must have had many nightmare horrors after. Out of that vast insect-buzzing silence, that welter of hot rottenness underfoot, porous branches, fallen leaves, crawling life, and overhead submarine gloom; out of the long endlessness of parched grass ten feet high, an endlessness of what Englishmen would call "damn-all," he must come in two months with his story of how Wealth can make a beast of itself. Even before he went he knew how easily anything at all can happen in a place—if such a region could be called a place—so empty that one sees with a passionate delight a hill a hundred miles away, across the glittering, murmuring scrub. Anything that a white man wished to have or do in the heart of that oozy disintegration, he could have and could do and nothing would reply but the unbroken chirruping of the globules of obscenity that one sometimes squashed underfoot. . . .

Casement knew the shy native life, and had come to have a great liking for it. He struck off alone into the bush to question it, and he found whole villages gone, disappeared, since his last visit to the same region a few years before. There had been mud huts and savages then. Farther up at the junction of the Lulanga there had been cannibals and pygmies: and slaves had been driven in herds. But now, they were gone—and he felt lonely. He was one man against a whole system and he was on the side of the natives and the flight of these natives made him feel isolated. A new silence was added to the inexorable

silence of Africa. The solitary was marooned.

Such loneliness is never kind, but it is terrifying when it is a man's direct enemy. For the thing that makes the gorge rise about the Congo brutalities is the impenetrable secrecy of the place where they occurred. The natives were safe once by reason of the darkness of Africa: it was now their foe. If they fled they knew that their taskmasters would follow them as implacably as the little cloudlets overhead, moving endlessly across the hot sky. The deeper they went into the glaucous dusk of the jungle the more did secrecy wrap their helplessness. In some clearing, because they had not brought in rubber forty times the value of what they were paid their black fellows would fall on them, worn out and tired as they were, and then. . . . women were shot. . . . a white man used to put six natives in a row, belly to back, and kill them with one bullet. . . . or they were tied up, even the chieftains, to a post in the settlement and flogged and made to swallow the defecations of the white man. . . . soldiers were told to unman their victims, and the human parts were brought back as the sign of the kill. . . . a youth was tied to a tree all night until the thongs of his wrists cut to the bone: in the morning soldiers battered off the hands with rifle butts. . . . Casement saw the hands. . . . he saw the stumps of arms. Day after day he wrote down the details, names, dates—saw missionaries who told him in heart-breaking voices of this frustration of all they taught. And he was back at the coast under two months of the date he set out, with his mass of documents. It is thanks to him and the energy of the British Government that today Leopold-Kinshassa is ten times its size, that the natives have come back, that if a white even strikes a

native he may have to answer for it to the commissioner. For his work Casement was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Eight years later he was Consul General at Rio de Janeiro, and was inquiring into similar evils in the Putamayo rubber industry, 3000 miles up the Amazon. He reported things that were not even printed in the Blue Book subsequently issued; for here he dealt with men who were not merely brutal but perverted, men whose "civilization" suggested to them ingenious forms of torture. A man named Jimenez took an old Indian woman, strung her naked between two trees, and lit a fire of leaves under her. The Barbados man who gave this evidence admitted that he saw the great blisters rise on her thighs while she screamed with pain. They did other things to women that one would not wish to recall. The voyage went on for months. When it was over Casement's fight to effect real reformation continued for more than a year, for he and the British were thwarted constantly by the sloth or indifference or graft of the Peruvians. In the end it was largely through Taft and the British ambassador at Washington that the report was published. For his work, the last work he did as a British servant, Casement was made a knight. There is a certain irony in the admission. He had always been a knight.

III

So far Casement had devoted himself to the magnificent task of upholding all that was best in the code of a great country. Now, forty-eight years old, he retired from the consular service on a pension. ("I served the British Government faithfully and loyally," he wrote in 1915 to Sir Edward Grey, "as long as it was possible for

me to do so.") At his trial the Crown Prosecutor was to speak of a hate for England "as malignant as it was sudden". I do not believe he ever hated England, but I think he never believed particularly in the code, and his disbelief in it was not sudden. As early as 1905, between the Congo and Brazil, he had been back in Ireland in the glens of Antrim, and like all these adventurers, brooding between their adventures, he had begun to brood on Ireland. He was a wanderer, however, and he was a Protestant Irishman, one of the minority; and he had left Ireland as a mere boy. It was in the worst period of Nationalist politics, the doldrums after Parnell's fall that he came, far from home, to his maturity. It took him a long time to work his way back, out of the tangle of his equivocal connection with the Empire, to a clear understanding of his own country's relationship to that Empire. But, even in 1906, after he had left Ireland for Santos, had the British secret service been more alert, it would have been shocked to peruse the letters of one of its apparently most devoted servants.

For Casement had (he said so himself in his diary) in the nineteen months he spent so happily among the simple Ulster folk, and in conversation with the young men and women who were already laying the mine of the 1916 rebellion, sown in his heart the seed of all his subsequent actions. I have seen letter after letter, sent from South America to his devoted friend, Bulmer Hobson, one of the most active and persistent of the secret society of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, in which he writes as an Irish Nationalist, pure and simple. He contributed to their revolutionary papers over a pseudonym; he even helped to write a pamphlet against recruiting; and, as always, his hand was ever in his pocket to help with hard cash.

Now, six years later, he was back again in Antrim, free of all avocations that might distract him from dedication to his own people. And he was back at a time when "King" Carson was already beating the big drum of Ulster and threatening the Liberal Government with civil war. But it was only a few years to the outbreak of the European war and Casement had long seen it coming; and if the fight for Home Rule had reached that stage when, as in a drawn-out boxing match, the antagonists were so weary that it seemed a matter of chance which would win, Casement had no belief in the Liberal Government, and less belief in John Redmond, the Irish leader, and he could understand Carson's deliberate defiance and the weight it would pull with the English Tories. In Coleraine, in September, 1912, the autumn of his return to Ireland, he could have heard that saturnine, ruthless, and fearless man cry, as he fought for Ulster's right to remain within the Empire: "I do not care whether it is treason or not!" So that when, in a back room of a Dublin hotel less than a year later, a few Southern Irish founded the Irish National Volunteers, Casement felt it was the only proper reply, and at once gave his name as one of the trustees.

After that things moved quickly. On the night of April 24, 1914, 35,000 rifles were landed for Carson's army at Larne from the Norwegian steamer *Fanny* out of Hamburg. On Sunday afternoon, July 26, Erskine Childers and his wife appeared off Dublin with a yacht containing 2500 rifles and 125,000 rounds of ammunition. Gun-running was the order of the day. Then at midnight on August 4, the whole Irish crisis was blown to bits by the outbreak of the World War. A month later, Casement, now in New York City plotting with the Irish revolutionaries, wrote in an *Open*

Letter to the Irish People enough treason to hang any man. He had taken the last step. His journey to Berlin via Christiania, where he landed in October, 1914, was merely the implementing of what he said in that letter. His last adventure was the effort to form in Germany, from among Irish prisoners of war, and bring to Ireland, a brigade of troops to be called the Irish Brigade. For that, precisely, they hanged him.

IV

Casement was already worn out when he reached Berlin and, like Wolfe Tone with the French Directory in 1796, found it trying and wearying day in and day out to argue with the German General Staff, and the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse: for not merely were they troubled by doubts of their own, but even from left-wing Irish-American sources doubts were being instilled into them about Casement. And he was not a young man, now, like Tone with his merry " 'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain" that runs all through that most vivid and amusing diary of his; or Lord Edward; or Emmet. He was fifty-one, and he was a worn man.

The organizing and the persuading and the plotting went on into the spring of 1916, and then, in March, the Irish revolutionaries informed the Germans that they had decided to rise on Easter Sunday, April 23. They asked for a shipload of arms, and officers. The General Staff, after the usual haggling, agreed to send 20,000 rifles, well over a million rounds of ammunition, some machine guns and ammunition; but no field guns, and no officers. The arms would be loaded on a steamer disguised as a Norwegian trader, under a layer of lumber. They refused to provide an escort, but finally decided to send Case-

ment, his loyal friend, Captain Robert Monteith, and a Sergeant Beverley of the Brigade, a trained machine-gunner, in a submarine. The plan was that the disguised trader, the *Aud*, was to be off the Kerry coast after ten o'clock at night, on either April 20, 21, 22, or 23. The Irish revolutionaries were to station a pilot boat off Innistusket Island from that hour to dawn on each of these nights. The pilot should bear two green lights that would flash at intervals, and so meet and guide the gunrunner into Fenit Harbor.

Casement, Monteith, and Beverley left Helgoland in the *U-19* on April 14, and for five days they battered their way around the north of Scotland and Ireland, and down the west coast towards Tralee Bay. Not once did they sight a British warship. Monteith was able to spend most of the day in oilskins on the conning tower. Casement was too ill and weak to climb up into the cold air through the tiny manholes. On April 20, after dark had fallen, they throbbed past the Shannon, and as they had sighted the gunrunner two miles to starboard a few hours earlier, they had good reason to feel that things were proceeding according to plan. It was a dark night. There were no stars. The sea moved in a slight swell. They crowded the conning tower and stared and stared for the two winking green lights of the pilot. They never came. Either Stack, the local commandant, or Dublin headquarters had made a fatal error.

At last the commander of the U-boat would wait no longer. He turned and steamed swiftly into the bay. Casement was informed that they would all three be put ashore. They do not appear, any of them, to have questioned the wisdom of this, and in any case they were so ashamed and appalled at the disaster of the missing pilot and the abandoned *Aud* that they

seem not to have been able, poor devils, to think at all. The submarine wallowed slowly inshore, a big gray fish of the night. They were put into a little cockleshell of a boat—it was produced later at the trial and looks rather like a big basin with a fat tube for gasoline around it, for an out-board motor could be attached—and then the submarine vanished into the night, and they began to rise and fall on the Atlantic waves.

They rowed. It seemed to take hours, although they could see the beach with its long line of foam and hear the dull sound of pounding breakers. The waves threatened them continually and once tossed them upside down into the sea; but they were wearing lifebelts, the boat did not sink, and with effort they righted it. They rowed again; they stuck on a sand bank; and in trying to push off, Monteith fell overboard once more. At last they felt the beach grate under them and they tumbled, soaked to the skin, utterly exhausted, waist-deep into the sea. Monteith's description of this landing, in his splendid book *Casement's Last Adventure*, is one of the most moving things I have ever read:

I found my companions stretched on the sand, weary and exhausted. I do not think that Casement was even conscious. He was lying away below high-water mark, the sea lapped his body from head to foot, his eyes were closed and in the dim moonlight his face resembled that of a sleeping child. I dragged him to his feet and chafed his hands and feet as best I could, while the water ran from his hair and clothing: then I made him move about to restore his circulation. . . .

When we had warmed up a little we wrung out our clothing and felt a little more comfortable. I said to Casement, with as much cheerfulness as I could muster, "Well, Sir Roger, we've had the little adventure and got through it alright." He patted me on the shoulder as was his way

and answered smilingly, "Yes, Captain Monteith, we've had a little adventure, and are much nearer the end of the chapter." . . . Had I known what the end of the chapter was really going to be, I would have let him sleep into eternity in the foaming water of Banna Strand, the water that had tried to be kind to one of Ireland's heroes.

They hid Casement—ill, stiff, discouraged—in an old fort while they pushed on into Tralee to give warning and get help. Unknown and suspected as they were, it took time; and before a car could reach the fort Casement had been arrested by police. Even in his misery he kept something of his urbane sense of humor, for he told the police he was an author. "What book did you write?" they asked. "A life of Saint Brendan," he said. As he sat in the ancient fort, with his teeth chattering and his body feverish, he must have been ruminating on all the Irish voyagers he knew, for Brendan's *Voyage*, a ninth-century legend, is one of the most famous of the sagas of the old Celtic church. It was a voyage in which there were many visions of Heaven and Hell, and its aim was to reach the Happy Otherworld, or Land of Promise whose allure has so often inflamed the imagination of the Irish race.

The Rising broke out on Easter Monday. It was crushed in a week. By May 13 many men had been sentenced to death or to life imprisonment, and about 2500 had been deported. Among them was a young man named Michael Collins who, on his release, began to organize at once for the revolutionary years to follow. But by then Sir Roger Casement had been tried, found guilty, unknighthed, and hanged.

There it is, then. Casement is dead, and Carson is dead, and Birkenhead is dead, and every Irishman thinks Casement a patriot, and nine out of ten Englishmen

believe him a traitor, and legally and by all the forms that govern human relationships he was one. He was a traitor to British prestige, to the British code, to British history, to the long and truly admirable traditions of England—admirable *for* England, that is—a traitor to Elizabeth, and Peel, and Clive, and the Industrial Revolution, and Cobbett, and Tennyson, and Rudyard Kipling: in brief, to the *status quo*. He was, possibly, not a very clever man as cleverness goes, and of worldly wisdom he had little. (It might even be thought by some that because he belonged to a small nation he should have devoted his talents to a big nation: which is much like saying that there should be no small towns only big ones, no small farms only collective ones, no private ambitions only communal ones.) But we Irish revere him because, quite simply, he was that rare thing—an integrated man.

I do not believe his friends think of him entirely as that. They see him in some Dublin hotel and he is talking with the chambermaid or the boots like an old friend. "Ah, yes," he smiles to a compan-

ion's questioning glance. "Paddy is a good fellow. His wife is getting on well now, and the baby is fine." For within ten minutes he seemed to know more about people he met casually, and who liked him on the spot, than others might find out in ten years. Or they recall that although he would always arrive with, maybe, half a year's salary, he would, before he left, be living on an overdraft—the whole thing given away.

But it is the penalty of fame that men become symbols, whether for good or ill. One passes no final judgment on Casement because one knows that all human beings read these symbols out of the past, according to their own ambitions, their own desires, their own hopes or their own fears as to what life ought or ought not to be.

As I write, they are laying Carson's body in reverence in the Westminster Abbey of Belfast. As I write, Roger Casement's bones lie under a prison wall, marked by a numbered brick. It is a strange world, one thinks—and having thought it, one realizes that there is no more to say.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Progress Toward Collectivism

IN CONVERSATION with me not long ago, one of my friends was speculating on what might have happened in 1932 if the government had taken a stand directly opposite to the one it did take. "Suppose, for instance," he said, "that in his inaugural address, Mr. Roosevelt had said: 'The banks are closed, and you are all looking to the government to open them again and get them going. You will look in vain. You think it is the first duty of a government to help business. It is not. The only concern that government has with banking or any other business is to see that it is run honestly, to punish any and every form of fraud, and to enforce the obligations of contract. This government has no concern with the present plight of the banks, except to see that any banker who acts dishonestly goes to jail — and to jail he shall go.'"

My friend thought that a good many people in the business world would have drawn a long breath of relief at the announcement of such a policy. They would cheerfully have said good-bye to their dollars that had been impounded or embezzled, for the sake of hearing that the government proposed thenceforth to keep hands strictly off business, except to see that it was run honestly; or in other words, that as far as business was concerned the government would limit itself strictly to making justice costless, accessible, sure, swift, and impartial. Aside from this it would leave business free to hoe its own

row and get itself out of its own messes as best it might.

I did not agree. My belief was, and is, that the business world would have acted like a herd of drug-addicts whose rations had been suddenly cut off, for in its relations with the government that is precisely what the representative business world of America has always been and is now — a herd of addicts. It has always believed that the one governmental function which dwarfs all others to insignificance is to "help business". Let any kind of industry get itself into any kind of clutter, and it is the government's duty to intervene and straighten out the mess. This belief has prevailed from the beginning; it has seeped down from the business world and pervaded the general population so thoroughly that I doubt whether there are five hundred people in the country who have any other view of what government is really for. It seems to me, therefore, as I said, that the abrupt announcement of a change of policy would have merely thrown the people *en masse* into the imbecile hysteria of hopheads who are bereft of their supplies.

This belief being as deeply rooted as it is — the belief that the one end and aim of government is to help business — the history of government in America is a history of ever-multiplying, ever-progressive interventions upon the range of individual action. First in one situation, then in another, first on this pretext, then on that, the gov-

ernment has kept continually stepping in on the individual with some mode of coercive mandate, until we all have come to think that invoking governmental intervention is as much the regular and commonplace thing as turning on water at a tap or throwing an electric-light switch. Professor Ortega y Gasset gives a good description of the American attitude towards the State. The ordinary man, he says, "sees it, admires it, knows that *there it is*. . . . Furthermore, the mass-man sees in the State an anonymous power, and feeling himself, like it, anonymous, he believes that the State is something of his own. Suppose that in the public life of a country some difficulty, conflict, or problem, presents itself, the mass-man will tend to demand that the State intervene immediately, and undertake a solution directly, with its immense and unassailable resources." This is what America has always done. Moreover, apart from any public difficulty or problem, when the mass-man wants something very much, when he wants to get an advantage over somebody, or wants to swindle somebody, or wants an education, or a job, or hospital treatment, or even a hand-out, his impulse is to run to the State with a demand for intervention.

The thing to be noticed about this is that State intervention in business is of two kinds, negative and positive. If I forge a check, break a contract, misrepresent my assets, bilk my shareholders, or sophisticate my product, the State intervenes and punishes me. This is a negative intervention. When the State sets up a business of its own in competition with mine, when it waters down the currency, kills pigs, plows under cotton, labels potatoes; when it goes in for a Planned Economy or when it uses its taxing power to redistribute wealth instead of for revenue — that is, when it takes money out of other people's pockets

merely to put it into mine, as in the case of the processing taxes, for example — that is a positive intervention. These two kinds of intervention answer to two entirely different ideas of what government is, and what it is for. Negative intervention answers to the idea expressed in the Declaration of Independence, that government is instituted to secure certain natural rights to the individual, and after that must let him strictly alone. It is exactly the idea attributed to the legendary King Pausole, who had only two laws for his kingdom, the first one being, *Hurt no man*, and the second, *Then do as you please*.

Positive intervention does not answer to this idea of government at all. It answers to the idea that government is a machine for distributing economic advantage, a machine for you to use, if you can get hold of it, for the purpose of helping your own business and hurting somebody else's. Pursuant to this idea of government, the machine is manned by a sort of prætorian guard, a crew of extremely low and approachable persons who are not there for their health, but because they are beset by the demons of need, greed, and vainglory. Then when I want an economic advantage of some kind, I join with others who have the same interest, and thus accumulate enough influence to induce the machine-crew to start the wheels going and grind out a positive intervention — a subsidy, land-grant, concession, franchise, or whatever it is that I and my group desire.

This latter idea of what government is for is the only one that ever existed in this country. The idea expressed by Mr. Jefferson in the Declaration, expressed in the clearest and most explicit language by Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin, did not last as long in the consciousness of America as a pint of whisky in a lumber camp. When Cornwallis disappeared from

public view after the surrender at Yorktown, this idea also disappeared, never to return. Before the new government took its seat in 1789, the industrial interests were fully organized, ready, and waiting with a demand for positive intervention; and from that day to this, the demand for this, that, or the other positive intervention has gone on incessantly. This is what is actually meant by "helping business". None of the groups which dickers with the machine-crew for an intervention to help business really cares two straws about helping business. What they want is an intervention to help *their* business; and since positive State intervention cannot help them without hurting somebody else — for obviously no positive intervention can be good for everyone — it follows that they want that also.

Thus it has come to be accepted on all sides that government exists mainly for just this purpose. The securing of human rights, the cheap, prompt, and effective administration of justice — all this is regarded as secondary. In fact, we now see governments everywhere notoriously disregarding justice and human rights. Napoleon on St. Helena said that in fifty years all Europe would be either republican or cossack — well, here you have it. They show no concern with justice, but only with law — law which they themselves manufacture, mostly by irresponsible decree, or what in this country is called "executive order," to suit their own purposes. The American government has always been conspicuous for its indifference to justice, its disreputable subservience to expediency, its devotion to a corrupt and corrupting legalism. It started out that way, and with its steady progress in centralization, its steady accumulation of coercive power over more and more of the individual citizen's activities, its steady en-

trenchment of a larger and larger bureaucracy, it became steadily more indifferent, subservient, and corrupt, until it developed into the moral monstrosity that it now is. One hundred and thirty-five years ago, Mr. Jefferson said that if the American government ever became completely centralized, it would be the most corrupt on earth; and the single instance of the Maine campaign in 1934 is probably enough to show that it is now entitled to that distinction.

The perversion of the idea that government exists to help business is responsible for this. All a government can properly and safely do to help business is what the Declaration says it is supposed to do — maintain individual rights, punish any trespass on those rights, and otherwise let the individual alone. This would be a real help to business, and a great help. But this is not the idea and never has been. The idea, as I have said, is that the government should help some special business to the detriment of others, according as one or another person or group is able to influence the machine-gang to work the State machine for a positive intervention.

It is easy to see how serious collisions of interest are thus provoked. First, say, the steelmakers want an intervention. They run to the government about it. Then the textile people want one, then the glass-makers, then this-and-that type of industrialist follows suit. Then the shipping concerns and the railroads want interventions. They run to the government. Then the farmers want one, organized labor wants one, the ex-soldiers want one, the unemployed want one, the hoboes want one, and when each of these interests thinks it can muster force enough — force of numbers or of money or of political influence — to make an impression on the machine-crew, it runs to the government.

The technique of procedure is always the same. The machine-crew is a purely professional organization; it is interested in helping no business but its own. It does not care to listen to considerations of the general welfare of business or of anything else. Dealing with it is a pure matter of *quid pro quo*. It is interested in votes, in campaign funds, and in patronage. It is governed mainly by fear; therefore it is especially interested in colorable threats of opposition—in other words, blackmail. It is easy to recall how horribly it was harried by the lash of the Anti-Saloon League, and we are now seeing it kept awake nights by dread of the Townsendites, Sinclairites, Olsonites, La Folletteites, share-the-wealthers, and other irreconcilables. Therefore the seekers after State intervention must propose satisfactory terms of brokerage in one or another of the foregoing ways, and if they are able to do so, the intervention is forthcoming.

The employment of this technique brings about a condition that invites unscrupulous exploitation. Consequently, whenever the State makes a positive intervention, it is at once urged to make another one to regulate or supervise this exploitation in behalf of persons or groups which are unfavorably affected. This second intervention is found in turn to be exploitable, interested persons proceed to exploit it, and the State makes another intervention at the request of influential groups who are being squeezed. Then further exploitation, another intervention, then another and so on indefinitely, pyramiding set after set of exploitable complications, until the whole structure falls to pieces at a touch, as our banking structure did three years ago. I was interested to see that the new banking bill proposed last summer by the Senate covered almost four pages of the *Wall Street Journal*! If the

State had never made any positive interventions upon the banking business or any other business, a perfectly competent banking law could be set up in ten lines, nonpareil. The action of the State in trying to check exploitation of one positive intervention by making another and another in a series of ever-increasing particularity, is like the action of a horse that has stepped in quicksand—each succeeding step only sinks him deeper.

The State, however, is always glad to take advantage of these collisions of interest, because each positive intervention widens the scope of its own jurisdiction, enhances its prestige, and adds to its accumulation of power. It cuts down the individual's margin of action, and pushes up the State's margin. These gains are all made at the expense of society, so it may be said that, in the social view, the State's positive interventions are a mechanism for converting social power into State power; the reason being that there is no other source from which State power can be drawn. All the power the State has is what society gives it, or what under one pretext or another it confiscates from society; and all the power thus transferred which is spent on expanding and maintaining the State's structure is just so much out of what society can apply to its own purposes.

This can be illustrated in terms of money. There seems to be an impression in some quarters that the State has money of its own. It has none. All the money it has is what it takes from society, and society gets money by the production of wealth; that is, by applying labor and capital to natural resources. There is no other way to produce wealth than this, and hence there is no source but production from which money can be got. All the money that the State takes by way of taxes, therefore, must come out of production,

for there is no other place for it to come from. All it takes, then, leaves society with that much less to go on with.

The same thing is true with regard to the rest of society's resources. We all know that certain virtues and integrities are the root of stability. Wealth has relatively little to do with keeping society's head above water; the character and spirit of the people is what does it. Every positive intervention of the State tends to reduce the margin of existence which the individual is free to regulate for himself; and to the extent to which it does reduce it, it is a levy on character. Independence of mind, self-respect, dignity, self-reliance — such virtues are the real and great resources of society, and every confiscation of them by the State leaves society just so much poorer. For instance, in 1932, when Mr. Roosevelt announced the doctrine that the State owes every citizen a living, the State, under his direction, took advantage of an unusual contingency to bring about a wholesale conversion of social power into State power. As we all know, it made a prodigious levy on social money-power, but that is relatively a small matter. Society will never get it back — the machine-crew, operating under whatever political label, will see to that — but further levies may for a time be somewhat checked, though probably very little. What America does not realize is that the intervention of 1932 put a levy on the character of the people which is beyond any estimate and beyond any possible hope of recovery. There are millions of people in the country today who not only believe that the State owes them a living, but who are convinced that they will never get a living unless the State gives it to them. They are so despoiled of the moral resources that alone keep society in vigor that one may say they look to the State to validate every breath they draw.

II

In the foregoing I have tried to show a few of the signs and roadmarks on the way to collectivism, and to give an idea of the distance America has already gone along that way, and also to show what the stimulus is that is driving us continually further. Collectivism means the absorption of *all* social power by the State; it means that the individual lives *for* the State. As an individual, he ceases to exist; he can think of himself, as so many millions of our people now do, as only a creature of the State. The free, intelligent exercise of those virtues and integrities which are the capital resources of society is replaced by a wholly irrational and canine obedience to the minutiae of coercive State control.

Collectivism is the orderly and inevitable upshot of the course we have taken from the beginning. The country is committed to collectivism, not by circumstances, not by accident, not by anything but a progressive degeneration in the spirit and character of a whole people under the corrupting influence of a dominant idea — the idea that government exists to help business. I have already several times said publicly — and I have been much blamed for saying it, when I have not been merely ridiculed — not only that I firmly believe America is headed for out-and-out collectivism, but that the momentum we have gained in a century and a half is now so strong that nothing can be done about it, and certainly nothing can be done about its consequences. In saying this I have been guided only by observing the dominance of this one idea throughout our history, by observing the marked degeneration in character and spirit which I speak of, and by perceiving the natural necessity whereby the one must follow upon the other. It strikes me that any thoughtful American

may well and prayerfully take notice of where we have come out on the deal by which we got the thing symbolized by the stars and stripes and *E Pluribus Unum* in exchange for the thing symbolized by the rattlesnake flag of the horse-and-buggy days, with its legend, *Don't Tread On Me*.

An acquaintance said to me the other day that he did not believe the country could stand another four years under Mr. Roosevelt. I said I had no opinion about that; what I was sure of was that no country could stand indefinitely being ruled by the spirit and character of a people who would tolerate Mr. Roosevelt for fifteen minutes, let alone four years. I was of course speaking of the generic Roosevelt; the personal Roosevelt is a mere bit of the *Oberhefe* which specific gravity brings to the top of the Malebolge of politics. He does not count, and his rule does not count. What really counts is the spirit and character of a people willing under any circumstances whatever to accept the genus, whether the individual specimen who offers himself be named Roosevelt, Horthy, Hitler, Mussolini, or Richard Roe.

A republic is adjusted to function at the level of the lowest common denominator of its people. I take it that among many pretty clear indications of where that level stands in America, one is the fact, if it be a fact, that twelve million signatures have been subscribed to petitions for the Townsend Plan. I have only a press report as authority for this, so let us discount it fifty per cent for journalistic enterprise, and say six million. Here then, apparently, is a good share of the population which not only does not want the government to stop making positive interventions upon the individual, but is urging it to multiply them to an extent hitherto unheard of. Then on the other hand, there is what in the popular scale of speech is called the

business world. I can not imagine that there are a baker's dozen in that world who would regard a government that really kept its hands off business — which is what some of them pretend to want — as anything but an appalling calamity, worse than the earthquake of Lisbon. We can almost hear the yells of horror that would go up from every chamber of commerce, bankers' conference, and Rotarian lunch-table, if they were suddenly confronted with a governmental announcement that the policy of positive intervention was henceforth and forever in the discard. Suppose the next President, whoever he may be, should say in his inaugural address: "No more positive interventions of any kind. The Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor will shut up shop tomorrow. No more concern with any form of business except to see that it is run straight, and no more legalism about that, either. Beginning tomorrow, the Department of Justice will cease being a Department of Law, and become a real Department of Justice." Would the business world welcome a statement of policy like that? Hardly. Thus it would appear that the level of the lowest common denominator is in this respect pretty low. In other words, practically no one wants the uniform policy of positive State intervention changed for a uniform policy of purely negative intervention. Each would probably be willing enough to see that policy vacated in the case of all the others; but to see it vacated *for him* is simply something that will not bear thinking about.

Very well, then, the question is, how can America insist upon a policy of taking all the successive steps which lead directly to collectivism, and yet avoid collectivism? I do not see how it can be done. Nor do I see how it is possible to have

collectivism and not incur the consequences of collectivism. The vestiges of many civilizations are witness that it has never yet been done, nor is it at all clear how the present civilization can make itself exempt.

Crossing the ocean last year, I struck up an acquaintance with a lawyer from New York. Our talk turned on public affairs, and he presently grew confidential. He said: "I could work five times as hard as I do, and make more than five times the money I do, but why should I? The government would take most of my money away, and the balance would not be enough to pay for the extra work."

One can generalize from this incident, insignificant as it is. The cost of the State's positive interventions has to be paid out of production, and thus they tend to retard production, according to the maxim that the power to tax is the power to destroy. The resulting stringencies, inconveniences, and complications bring about further interventions which still further depress production; and these sequences are repeated until production ceases entirely, as it did at

Rome in the third century, when there was simply not enough production to pay the State's bills.

I repeat that I can see no better prospect than this as long as the tendency to collectivism goes on unchecked, and as I have shown, there seems to be no discoverable disposition to check it—the prevailing spirit and character of the people, on the contrary, seem all in its favor. Well then, I should say agreement must be made with the conclusion of Professor Ortega y Gasset, that "the result of this tendency will be fatal. Spontaneous social action will be broken up over and over again by State intervention; no new seed will be able to fructify. Society will have to live *for* the State, men *for* the governmental machine. And as after all it is only a machine, whose existence and maintenance depend on the vital supports around it, the State, after sucking out the very marrow of society, will be left bloodless, a skeleton, dead with the rusty death of machinery, more gruesome than the death of a living organism. Such was the lamentable fate of ancient civilization".

BY NO. 77260

I HAVE been a criminal for twenty-five years. I have had the benefit—if it was a benefit—of all known methods for treating maladjusted youth. I have been institutionalized, hospitalized, ostracized, and disfranchised, and here I am—a lifer. Why? Obviously something was wrong with the treatment, or with me, or with both.

This isn't written in an attempt to find excuses for a sordid life. Society regards me as a monster; my former friends consider me a scoundrel; perhaps I have a worse opinion of myself. Yet I am sufficiently sane to know that criminals often have only themselves to blame. I confess that we are quick to exaggerate any injustice, while prone to disregard the consequences of our vicious acts. And I realize that when a convict attempts to review the past, the audience is likely to suspect that his reasoning consists largely of angling for arguments in extenuation. But sometimes even the criminal wonders. . . .

A few days ago, in this Eastern prison where I must remain for the rest of my days, we received ten new convicts. Eight of them came by way of Truant School, Training School, and Reformatory. Most of them were very young. An old-time prisoner remarked to me: "People nowadays must be throwing guns into the cradles instead of rattles."

Well, I was a tough kid, too; as soon as I could get about I evinced a desire to steal whatever I fancied. My earliest recollection

in life is of reaching to a store counter and helping myself to a package of dates. My mother grabbed my arm and I dropped the loot. But the grocer insisted that I keep it.

My parents were active church people. My dad was a Sunday School superintendent, and my mother belonged to the Ladies Aid Society. We children certainly had sufficient religious training. Preaching always had a profound effect on me—while I was being preached to—but no sooner did I leave the church than I felt an urge to rebel. I resented the many "Thou shalt nots". Staying home of a Sunday afternoon, or going to the children's meeting while the neighborhood kids were at play, did not appeal to me. I began staying away from home.

I was ten years old when I got to playing truant from school, stealing trifles, having fistfights, and so on. When caught, I was punished severely, and made to kneel with my parents while they prayed for me; yet I went right out and repeated the offense. Caught once more, my dad would try buying me a football or some other desirable possession. No matter, I was soon into mischief again.

An air rifle caught my fancy. With another youngster, I broke into a store and stole several of them. I was arrested and placed on probation. My mother then bought a rifle for me. But in a day or two I tired of it. Thus, although I could have what I wanted by simply asking for it, I preferred to steal. Finally, after being

scolded, petted, whipped, and rewarded, I was packed off to Truant School.

On the first night the dormitory monitor—one of the older boys—offered to enlighten me on subjects for which I had only an instinctive revulsion. My protestation brought the nightwatchman. The monitor told him that I had created the disturbance. The watchman whaled hell out of me with a bamboo cane. A smoldering rage was fired in me that night. I don't think the pain of the whipping affected me as much as did the injustice, the sense of being powerless, and the wounding of my childish ego. For years thereafter anyone representing authority was an enemy, to be fought blindly. Perhaps, being a cantankerous kid, I was seeking an excuse for an active dislike of my guardians; because many times in later years I opposed kindly efforts in my behalf, injuring myself but soothing a strange internal hatred.

For weeks, after that first night in Truant School, I was moody and sullen. I brooded over the licking and the monitor's treachery, and encouraged myself to do what I knew would harm me more than my intended victim. I punched the monitor on the nose. It was not much of a punch, yet it earned me savage punishment. Really a kicking; he booted me. This was a new experience. I saw the same method used to subdue many obstreperous boys. It never failed, and I wondered if the system might not be used in subduing the very fellow who so generously took advantage of it. In a few days I had fostered enough courage to make another bid for revenge. In the playground we performed an exercise called "Bend the Crab", raising the arms over the head, inclining backwards until the palms were flat to the ground and the body arched. I watched the monitor bend back. As soon as his hands touched the earth behind him

I drove my foot into his body. He sank into a quivering, agonized heap—and I went to the cooler.

As I recall it, I was amazed at myself, and yet I was scared, too. I had not known I was capable of such an act; I had never before been brutal. In any event the cooler held me for five days. They were interminable days; there is no punishment more severe than solitary confinement.

My exhibition of savagery had both good and bad effects. The bully gave me a wide berth and the submissive kids looked up to me as a tough guy. I wasn't, really, but so they told the new boys and some of them tried me out. I lost many fights, and the more I lost the more I had. Apparently everyone wanted to fight the fellow who was not so tough as he seemed. I fought so often that it was only natural for me to learn the psychology of the first punch. Let that one be hefty; let a savage snarl go with it, and the fight was half won. One boy taught me something by sneaking up from behind to lay me flat with a crack on the ear. Later, I conquered others by the same method. Then I was sent home. (Of the one hundred Truant School inmates, I later found at least seventy in the reformatory or the state prison.)

Looking back now on that return home, it seems that I failed to click with the neighborhood youngsters. They went to the beach or to the ball games without me; I was one of them, yet a barrier had been raised by my trip to Truant School. Too nearsighted to be proficient at athletics, I continuously thought up some devilry in order to win more plaudits from the gang. Often my schemes scared the boys, and always frightened the girls. I could not understand that what I considered plain daring was to others an indication of viciousness. For instance I recall the day

when some of the other boys had won fifty-cent prizes at a Democratic club athletic meet, and were going to Coney Island for the evening.

"Too bad you didn't win something so you could come," said one of them.

An elderly woman was walking down the opposite side of the street. From her hand dangled a pocketbook.

"I'll get mine, don't worry", I laughed, and cut across to follow her. My heart pounded; this was something new, something exceptionally daring. If I could get away with it just once, I'd show the boys who was the McCoy. As the woman turned the corner I slipped behind her and snatched the purse. I fled across the street, through a vacant lot, into a church, and down to the lavatory. There I emptied the pocketbook, threw it into the water box, took off my cap and jacket, and strolled back to where the boys were standing wide eyed. I stuck out my chest and looked around for a few compliments. But the gang promptly ran away; ran away and left me.

It happened, however, that I knew a couple of other Truant School graduates; I'd take them to Coney Island. And I did, bragging about how I had come into my wealth. Some weeks later, I was showing them how easy it was to steal when a policeman collared me. This time I was sent to the Juvenile Corrective Institution.

II

At the institution I scrubbed floors, tended sheep, worked in the central kitchen, scraped pigpens, and got into more trouble. Some of the boys were bigger than I. One in particular was a bully. I felt his fist so many times that at last I kicked him on the shin. He slapped me across the back with a broomstick. I retaliated by

swinging a mop handle at his head. The iron attachment struck his temple. The matron said I had killed him. But he didn't die. (Ed Winans, have you much of a scar today?)

That incident put me in the punishment squad, where we stood in rows all day doing exercises. Some of the boys fainted after the first hour or so, but a couple of kicks in the ribs usually restored them. The squad was under the command of Guinea Frank. Now, gentlemen, I've seen some brutal men during my career; I've seen men stab and shoot the life out of each other, yet behind their acts there appeared to be some reason, no matter how vicious. But Guinea Frank—there was a true sadist! He had an actual passion for snatching a razor strop and flaying the hide, head, and back of us. You should have seen Frank snorting, shouting in his broken English, roaring with maniacal laughter, and wading into that crowd of kids. He was such a terrifying animal that we actually feared him. All we could do was grit our teeth, curse, and bide our time. We promised ourselves that some day we would splash red murder across his leering face. I even remember lying awake at nights, picturing myself tying Guinea Frank to a railroad track.

When I was discharged from this institution I am sure I was filled with greater meanness than even before. At once I sought out institutional friends, and in order to be considered acceptable, tried to outdo them in everything that seemed daring. My folks fortunately do not enter the picture. If the lad who was sent away could not be controlled, the brat who returned could not even be spoken to. My father would become so angry with me that he trembled all over. Of course he whipped me (between periods of praying and pampering), but parental lickings are

not much to a chap who has been hardened by the lash of a Guinea Frank.

Later on, several of us broke into a beach home. We were arrested, and I was put in the hands of a court psychiatrist. "The boy is gentle, moody, but emotionally irresponsible." I was placed on probation and ordered to report weekly to a hospital where the psychiatrist gave me tests, exercises, and medicines. I said to myself: "He's taking up a hell of a lot of my playtime." So I wandered off. Within a week I burglarized a meat market, and was nabbed again. This time I landed in the Reformatory.

We new boys were marching across the recreation yard. A dog ran towards us, and I snapped my finger to encourage him. A guard cracked me alongside the ear, sending me sprawling. I looked up at the blue uniform—reason, if I had any, left me. I flew at him. When I came out of the hospital, I was classed as a tough fellow. That reputation followed me from institution to institution, and certainly influenced the attitude of officials.

I was put to work in the plumbing shop. The man in charge had a fondness for catching the boys at some mischief, then making us bend over to take five raps on the buttocks from a broomstick. He was particularly pleased if one of us squirmed on the floor after a well-laid swat. The boys detested him, and we planned to kill him, but were deterred by one incidental—we could never think of any good way for disposing of the body. Today, I can recall the little clique which was involved in the plans to bushwhack that guard; Jim hanged himself in Danne-mora; Tony was electrocuted in Trenton; Joey got twenty years in Sing Sing for his part in the murder of a West Side policeman; Mike got fifteen for robbery; only Ray is unaccounted for.

When I was finally discharged from the Reformatory, the authorities secured work for me at a rubber mill. Two other lads went with me. There was a sickening odor of gasoline and rubber in the place that got into my mouth, my nose, my throat. It became a foul, nauseating taste. The heat was intense. That first evening, I and my two companions were too ill to think about our newly-acquired liberty. We said very little, but we probably all had the same thoughts. Toward noon of the next day one of the boys fainted. He was carried outside. The boss said something about his getting back to work as soon as he felt better. I put up an argument. My friend should return to the boarding house, I said. Between the smell, the heat, and my anger, I also passed out. Those first two days I lost several pounds. In the evening we held a council, and declared war.

"Damn them and their job and their parole! We go to another department tomorrow or else. . . ."

The next afternoon we followed the boss as he went into the compound room. The door closed behind us.

"We want other jobs," said I. "This place has got us sick."

"Get back to work!" he snapped.

Ralph was the biggest of the three—a raw-boned farmer boy from Watertown. Always an easy-going chap, now he bristled. "We ain't goin' back. And I want my pay—six dollars for the three days."

The boss sneered. "I'm going to lock you three in this room and send for your parole officer to take you back to the reformatory. We'll see. . . ."

He got no farther. Ralph smacked him—a wallop that came right from the heels. We were all upon him as he fell. Strips of cloth bound him. He had more than the eighteen dollars that were due us. He had a watch, a chain, and a ring.

"Now, now," protested Ralph, "don't take no more'n what we got comin'."

But I failed to hear him.

III

For several months I drifted. I could not go home for fear of being taken back to the reformatory. A fight here, a petty robbery there, and a bit of devilry on the side began to reveal that I had become a vicious hooligan. If violence were necessary to ensure the success of whatever I attempted, I did not hesitate. Bleeding bodies made no impression on me, awakened no sympathy, left no remorse.

In a freight car one day I met a youth of about my own age.

"Where you from?" I asked.

"Ohio."

"I'm from all over."

"All over?"

"Yeah. I just ramble around."

"What's the matter? Cops after you?"

"You're pretty keen. Must'a had a couple of run-ins with 'em yourself."

"They ran me out of town."

"I'm hungry. Wish I had something to eat."

"Let's drop off down here a ways. We'll mooch a handout, or we'll get it another way — if you're game."

"I'm game for anything. Too bad we ain't got a cannon."

"What does this look like?"

He drew out an old frontier-model Colt. It really did look like a cannon.

But we did not have to steal for supper that night. A motherly woman took us in to a royal feast. We washed and dried the dishes, chopped wood, swept the yard, and received a quarter each, along with her blessing. After we left one of us said: "Let's go back and rob her." I am glad now we didn't.

The next Saturday found us broke in an Eastern city. "Let's pick out a good place and hold it up just before it closes. What d'you say?" I asked.

"Okay," declared my partner. "I'll stick 'em up, you get the dough."

We tramped around the city until we chanced on a wine store from which several customers were departing. As the door opened, we could see many other patrons inside.

"Looks like the goods," said the lad from Ohio.

"I'll go in and get the layout," I said. "Take my cap and coat, and wait down the street."

With my shirt collar open and my sleeves rolled up, I ran into the store. Two counter-men were serving the customers.

"Is my father in here?" I asked, and before anyone could answer I ran and looked into the back room. Appearing to be disappointed I said, "No, he ain't," and left.

"It's a cinch," I told Ohio. "Only two guys. There's a back room with a lot of shelves and a counter, and a cash register. There're counters on each side of the front store, with a cash register on the right. There's a roll of twine on each counter. All we gotta do is make sure we get both of 'em together. If one's in the back room, don't shout when you tell the other guy to throw up his hands. I'll turn him around and start him toward the rear. Keep both of 'em covered while I tie their arms and legs. Shoot if you have to."

We sat down on some porch steps across the street to wait for a lessening in the stream of customers. As we waited, I tried to weigh the courage of my companion. I had taken it for granted before, but now his nerve was important; it was the force which would get this easy money, would perhaps lay the foundation for more.

"How d'you feel — nervous?" I asked.

"No, not me. I've been on jobs before."

"Sure you want to handle the gun? Maybe I better take it?"

"Leave it to me. Come on, let's go."

We crossed the street, tied handkerchiefs over our faces, and stepped into the store. I felt shaky as I saw that only one of the men was in sight. He was leaning on the counter reading a newspaper. Ohio said: "Put up your hands!" The man paid no attention. I walked behind the counter and reached for a bottle of wine to intimidate him. Ohio stuck the gun against the man's nose and snarled, "Stick 'em up, quick!"

When the fellow realized what was happening, he put his hands up, but he kept cool.

"Walk into the back room," I whispered to him. "You won't be hurt if you do what you're told."

We marched him into the rear room. No one else was around.

"Where's the other guy?" I asked.

"He's gone upstairs with the money."

"Hold him here while I get the cord," I said to Ohio.

I walked to the front of the store, and was reaching for the twine when a policeman with drawn revolver came in. He aimed at me, and I raised my hands.

"All right, you've got me," I said as loudly as possible, hoping Ohio would be put on guard. He was, and in a panic he turned to see who was talking with me. The store owner slugged him.

While we were being taken to the patrol wagon, a woman in a window on the second floor of the house opposite called down abuses on us. We knew then who had called the cop.

My folks were so happy to locate me and to learn I was still alive that for a moment the shock of my arrest was diminished. They went to influential friends who interceded for me, with the result that my

punishment was a two-year term in state prison.

IV

Well, here I was at last in the Big House. Many of my old pals from the Truant, Juvenile, and Reform Schools were on hand. In fact most of us had come right up the line together. We had some interesting sessions as we discussed the old places, and the big hauls we planned to make in the future. I was put to work in the pine tree conservation gang, but when winter came we went to the stone quarry. The prisoners around us were sordid characters—degenerates and stool-pigeons. I felt that the Big House was lacking in heroic proportions; my idols weren't what they were cracked up to be.

With good time off for proper behavior, I was paroled the following year. The day before I was released the Warden said: "I'm sorry you aren't going to some other type of institution instead of home. You can't understand that, son, and you won't agree with me, but I know. . . ." I wondered: what the hell is he talking about? What does he know about me?

The World War was raging; wages were high; I was on parole; I decided to get work. I went to a shipbuilding company in Brooklyn and told the boss I was an ex-convict. "I don't give a damn if you just got off Devil's Island. If you want to work, we'll give you a chance." So I went inside to become a plumber's helper. Then I discovered a peculiar state of affairs: one had to know something in order to be of service. I knew nothing; I lasted two weeks.

I met a couple of local lads who were pickpockets. They needed another fellow for their mob. Stalling for them—covering up the wire, or operator, shielding him

from interference — was simple, and I picked it up quickly. There was a good deal of thrill and excitement to the racket, but little else.

A man gave me a tip on a collector. I watched him and timed his movements for two successive weeks, then I waylaid him. It was a good touch. I gave ten per cent to the tipster, and told him to get me another. He put the finger on a brokerage office. With two other men, I went after it. There was some shooting but we escaped. A week later, I was arrested. Someone had put the finger on me. I was convicted. For a while I seemed to be in for a stiff sentence. But I swore I was innocent, and I believe the judge had some doubt. He gave me six years.

In that prison there was an old-timer named Soapbox Hardy, and I liked to listen to his stories. He had moody moments, though, and during them he said some queer things. One day he told me I was a sap and a sucker. "You should have gone to work, kid. A sawbuck a week would be better than blowing your life in these joints."

"Yeah? What the hell do I know that I can work at?"

"What does anyone know when he begins? You can start at the bottom, for small wages."

"Nuts!"

"The trouble with you is that the reformatories have taken so much out of your life that you can't wait for the good things. When you get near them you want to grab them all at once. You're just a damn fool. If the public had any sense they'd have you shot. You'll wind up doing a life stretch."

One day I was in an evil humor. My world seemed to be screwier than usual.

"Got the blues, Bud?" murmured a man at my elbow.

"Yeah. All kinds of blues."

"I know how to chase them away — if you can get a buck."

"I've got it."

"Here's a little God's medicine. It cures all aches of the heart and the mind. Just a little in each nostril. . . ."

My blues were gone. . . .

I floated across the surface of many things during that six-year term. Heroin wrapped a wet blanket around my mind. Was it Tuesday, or Friday, or Sunday? Who knew? Who cared? One serious thought: get a deck for the next day. Decks were a dollar each. One sufficed for a day. I could depend on my mother for five dollars every month. Beaded bags, easily made, were sold at ten dollars each to wealthier convicts. Most of my money went for drugs, and there was never a scarcity. Keepers sold heroin or morphine at one hundred dollars an ounce to trusted convicts. They in turn split an ounce into two or three hundred decks, adding a filler of sugar or milk. Life was pleasant. I enjoyed those dreamy, drug-filled afternoons, lying on the prison lawn listening to tales of stick-ups, bank jobs, and other deeds of the daring — or dopey. Did they get fifty G's? Well, I'd get a hundred. . . .

V

Homeward bound! How quickly the years had speeded by! A stop to change trains; a dash up a side street to a drugstore for an ounce of paregoric; back to the train; then to the Big City, under the soothing influence of a grain and seven-eighths of opium. And in the city: Where the devil is that address? Did I lose it? Panicky for a moment. No, here it is. God, let me get to Curley's for a little of the old mahoska!

"Hello, Curley, 'Lo, Flo. Just in, and I'm hooked. Heroin is what I want — a lot of

it. I'll have dough as soon as I can rob a joint."

Cleaving through the laws and customs of society as if they did not exist, I went my hopped-up way. A burglary today netted a few hundred dollars; a couple of weeks around an opium layout saw it go. I staggered over to my old home two or three times. The old folks stared at me with frightened, questioning eyes.

A tipster sent me to a nearby state on a big job. The victim was not willing. He decided to fight. Then he thought he would run. I could think of only one way of stopping him. I pressed the trigger. . . . I landed in the death house awaiting electrocution.

I do not think I realized just what had happened until I heard the dry gasp of a doomed man who was being led to the chair. A priest had murmured with him all that day, and the man had answered in a hollow, tired voice. Evening, and the guards came through the doorway from the death chamber. The key grated in the lock of the condemned man's cell, and he gasped—a short, high-pitched gasp that shook me with horror. Slowly, so slowly that eternities seemed to pass, he dragged his shambling feet along the road to oblivion. He paused to offer me a feeble hand. His tongue rubbed across parched lips; wells of terror were in the depths of his eyes; he managed to murmur goodby. Then he was gone. In a moment, there was a soft purring sound. . . .

Many times, at night, I saw that man die. Often I died with him. Sometimes he went first; sometimes I did; at other times we went together, hand in hand, dancing, running, being carried on the points of flaming swords. I died until I no longer felt that it would be difficult to die.

Then the reviewing authorities decided I should be given life in prison.

Transferred from the death house, I was put at clerical work in one of the offices. The assignment was easy and pleasant; the surroundings were as congenial as one could expect; I settled into the routine. But as a year passed, the monotony became depressing. Such an existence for years and years to come promised insanity. I decided to acquire outside interests and hobbies. A picture album kept me busy for a couple of years. A scrapbook occupied the next two. I began a stamp collection. Somehow I picked up a correspondence school course. The years rolled by.

And, as so many convicts do, I tried jotting down experiences and observations. I sent an article to a magazine editor. He returned it with the notation: "This would be fine if you were not partial. A true delineation of prison life must show convicts for what the greatest majority really are: cowardly, treacherous, cheap fellows who would shoot a storekeeper or a homeowner in the back."

He touched something. The great ME was included. I went into a huddle with myself and all my aliases. As I arraigned the many persons that I had been, I found that each one of them was classified by some part of that editor's description. I have spent sour nights thinking about it.

Lying on my bunk now, I try to retrace those early steps that led me so far astray. Is there something lacking in the chemicals that compose me? Have I an inflated ego that required stormy years for deflating? Do I think as I do because I am in prison? Would things have been different had I been given a stretch of solitary confinement instead of Truant School companionship with boys who were well-calculated to develop the viciousness within me? Would early vocational training have helped? Or would nothing have mattered?

I can't answer these questions. Can you?

RENO THE NAUGHTY

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

GREEK legend tells of Psaphon, the father of Ballyhoo, and how he lifted himself from obscurity to fame by capturing migratory birds, teaching them to pronounce his name, and restoring them to liberty. With some variations in detail, the formula has been effectively used ever since, whether the thing to be put over was a can opener, a mouth wash, or a political candidate. That it also works in the case of ambitious municipalities in need of outside capital, is especially proved by an extraordinary place known as Reno, Nevada. To be sure, its name has not always been pronounced the same by all articulate birds: a few pious jackdaws have qualified it with glossaries like *The Wicked Sodom*, and *The Gambling Gomorrah*. Less malicious fowl have whispered it with tongue in cheek, adding such snickering verbiage as *Love's Purgatory*, and *The Great Divide*; while the grandiloquent orioles roosting at the local Chamber of Commerce have warbled it with such arpeggios as *The Land of Charm*, and *The Biggest Little City in the World*. Nevertheless, the collective result is that a small town in the Far West, whose population has never reached 20,000 souls, counting the wicked, enjoys the fame of a world capital.

As one of its honored home guards, I am the first to affirm that the place that can call forth such an assortment of brickbats and nose-gays is no common village. Indeed, it is not easy to find another com-

munity that propounds more questions or crowds so many incongruities within such a small space. The first teaser, for instance, is that Reno chooses to thrive, contrary to all reasonable expectations, as a patch of green, at the western end of a ten-hour stretch through a depopulated waste of sand, alkali, and stunted sagebrush. Enclosed in a bowl formed by the wooded Sierras on the west, and bald, desert hills in every other direction, in a locality that sees no rain for the eight warmer months of the year, and very little snow during the remaining four, the only natural force that keeps the oasis from being a mirage is the Truckee River. As a Chamber rhapsodist points out, this thin ribbon of mountain water "cuts the city in twain, as it were, and beautifully so, if you please". According to local legend, it also serves as a depository for discarded wedding rings.

No less paradoxical is the fact that there is nothing "Western" about the place, except its geographical location, unless one mentions the squaws, carrying papooses on their backs, who sometimes come in from a nearby reservation. By 1868, when the townsite was laid out and given the name of a Civil War general, the glamor of the Nevada gold rush had begun to wane. Although the permanency of the community, as a division point on the transcontinental railroad, was assured, its real growth did not begin until two decades later. Consequently, its modern buildings give it the appearance of a newly-built

Eastern suburb or summer resort with seven or eight blocks of congested traffic, surrounded by prosperous bungalows, broad lawns, and well-paved streets, in an atmosphere kept smokeless by the total absence of factories. The general aspect of the business district is that of a diminutive village hell-bent on ignoring the census. Most of the buildings on Virginia Street, the main thoroughfare, are two stories high; the tallest is only six. But this hick-town impression is immediately contradicted by the preponderance of white collars on the well-peopled sidewalks, and the displays of the latest Fifth Avenue swank in the shop windows. And when it comes to real metropolitan news, the street yields more of it per block than the average state capital gives in its entirety. For in Reno, social lions and lionesses are thick by necessity, and tame for fear of ennui; and the humblest native may boast of his golf tournament with a count, his drive with a *maestro*, his crap game with a marchioness, or his spree with a munitions maker.

Of course, a wide-open town that attracts so many golden-fleeced fugitives from domestic justice is also likely to entertain an occasional black sheep who is simply running away from the police. On the whole, however, the place commands small attention as a crime center, simply because it has no slums or tenements, and the desert is not the best hiding place for felons. Reno's *forte* lies, rather, in what the pious call immoral and naughty. In this category, of course, is wide-open gambling. Through the uncurtained windows of several casinos, in the busiest part of the business district, the casual passerby may see crowds of men and women gathered around wheels of fortune, roulette and faro tables, games of dice, keno, poker, chuck-a-luck, and blackjack.

When gaming was made legal by state law in 1931, there were those who hoped that Reno would become the Monte Carlo of America, with huge sums brought in by outsiders to make up for the lack of industrial enterprise. The treasure ship failed to anchor; but the legislation proved to be an effective method of extending police control to a human instinct that is sub-legally gratified, in one form or another, in every part of the country. Most of the players are either habitués who were previously indulging surreptitiously, or thrill-seekers from neighboring commonwealths. In both cases, the stakes are small and the plungers few; while the average citizen continues to regard the business as a pastime of dubious respectability. It is true that the activity tends to attract drifters and riffraff, as well as good spenders; but such inconveniences are deemed sufficiently counterbalanced by the license fees yielded by the games to the city government, and the fact that certain classes are supplied with variegated and generally harmless amusement.

Another Reno spectacle that strikes blue-noses as the very essence of brimstone is a brothel on the European plan, known as The Stockade, where about 100 girls occupy cribs on each side of an enclosed courtyard, and carry on the ancient profession under police and medical surveillance. Of course, the same system prevailed, until two decades ago, in many other parts of the Republic. When total abatement became the fashion, Reno followed suit by passing the usual ordinance against the biological urge. But, unfortunately, the legislation failed to overrule the peculiar vital statistics of the state. The preponderance of the male population over the female is nearly two to one.

Since hundreds of unmarried transients, mostly lumberjacks and miners, refused to

live in total abstinence, the only effect of abatement was to scatter the trade into the most respectable quarters of the town, without the earlier safeguards against infection. It was finally agreed that the best way to deal with this unpleasant fact of civilization was by segregating it to the most inconspicuous place available, and further hiding it behind a high board fence, so that only the seeker and the moralist would know of its existence.

Now there is much to be said for such a realistic compromise of a difficult question. But the subject is disagreeable enough to drive the sincerest *advocatus diaboli* toward the more respectable hues of the Reno kaleidoscope. I hasten to record, therefore, that the town boasts of a public school system that "stands third among the very best" in the Republic. Besides, it is the home of the University of Nevada, a state-supported institution with 900 students. Strangely enough, it provides no department of domestic relations or any other branch of jurisprudence. But it has an excellent School of Mines, which is the endowed pet of Clarence Mackay of the Postal Telegraph Company, whose father got his start near Reno, in the early days of the Comstock Lode.

Another point on the side of goodness should be scored by the fact that the two divorce judges are church-going deacons. Additional evidence of the town's basic holiness is afforded by a veritable forest of church steeples, indicating the presence of every important route to Heaven, Mormonism included. The most prosperous concerns, however, are the Baptist chapel whose parson once made a soul-saving record in the Bowery; the Catholic mosque with a bishop, several assistants, and a parochial school; and the Methodist cathedral, whose trustees recently burned the church mortgage. So that while Reno may

pack an unconventional wallop for broadcasting purposes, its share of the stipulated virtues would do credit to any New England town several times its size. Indeed, for a short interval about 1913, the godly elements became powerful enough to invoke a dark age of piety and hard pickings, by dickering with the divorce law and repealing all other liberal legislation. But as the effect was no less unfavorable on the collection boxes than the profane purses, Lucifer was soon allowed to reclaim his own; and the *enfant terrible* of the American municipal family has been at its robust pranks ever since.

II

In the limited area of a small town, the conflicting missions of St. Michael and the Dragon are necessarily pursued shoulder to shoulder. Thus The Stockade flourishes about three blocks from the Y.M.C.A., and most of the money-changing casinos are within shouting distance of the temples. An even closer concurrence of virtue and iniquity prevails in the much-traduced legal department of the town. Ever since the neighboring state of California enacted a law requiring a three-day notice of intention to marry, thousands of altar-minded couples have been taking excursions to Reno. Consequently, the courthouse steps are invariably strewn with rice, and the divorce Mecca is really a Gretna Green that unites twice as many pairs as it separates. This is statistical atonement with a vengeance. But such are the accepted principles of conjugal behavior that the beginning of the sex life is holy and its cessation a dirty scandal.

Accordingly, the chain of domestic events destined to make the village by the Truckee a household word of threat or promise began during the late 'Nineties,

when it was discovered that the Nevada six-months' divorce law, originally enacted for the convenience of a migratory population, could be used by outsiders in conjugal distress. As the largest community in a state with only 90,000 inhabitants, Reno naturally became the chief beneficiary. Among its first legal guests was Mabel Corey, the wife of a Pittsburgh millionaire. Then came men and women of equal prominence from all parts of the world. So that, by the time the Jeffries-Johnson fight was staged in 1910, the little town was already well-known for its shifting group of matrimonial convalescents.

In 1927, it was resolved that the financial possibilities of quick divorce could be better exploited if the residence requirements were cut in half. Particularly interested in the change was "King George" Wingfield, a man of vision who had begun his career by grubstaking prospectors with his roulette winnings, and had finally become the only homemade millionaire, as well as the political and financial boss of the state. The immediate effect of the new law was to double the number of matrimonial cases; and Mr. Wingfield's newly-completed Riverside Hotel helped to meet the emergency by providing luxurious apartments next door to the court house. The town as a whole experienced a major boom. But unfortunately, its jingle of silver was loud enough to dissolve the old prejudices of some other states against bidding for outside divorce trade. Arkansas reduced its residence provision to sixty days; Florida and Idaho enacted similar changes later. The hysterical reply of the Nevada legislature was the six-weeks' divorce law that has been in force since 1931. This last amendment brought no increase in the number of cases. In fact, the hotels and boarding houses suffered some losses; but the divorce monopoly was preserved.

Of course, the sensational character of the subject tends to exaggerate Reno's financial dependence on domestic litigation. After all, the number of decrees granted in 1934 was less than 3000, which is only two-thirds as many as were obtained in Manhattan, and about one-tenth of the number issued in Los Angeles. Nevertheless, it has been estimated that the divorce business brings the town something like \$2,000,000 a year in outside money. Thanks to this artificial payroll, Reno was scarcely aware of the Depression until 1932, when the total collapse of the Wingfield fortunes caused three of the four Reno banks to close their doors. And even then, the recovery was very speedy, largely because the wise men and women of the East continued to arrive, bearing gifts.

For it must be remembered that the contributions of the divorce colony are by no means limited to legal fees: the business of providing these visitors, seventy-five per cent of whom are women, with methods of escaping boredom during their ordeal of solitude among strangers, is a home industry no less important than the divorce mill itself. Some of the sojourners, for instance, insist upon "going Western", despite the fact that Reno's cattle haciendas were divided into small farms at least fifty years ago. To profit from such horsey determinations, enterprising natives have provided dude ranches where the jaded divorcée may enjoy the primitive life, dressed as a cowpuncher. This means that in addition to private bath and dainty food, she has daily access to steed and saddle, together with the services of a *vaquero* in full regalia. Of course, such cowboys are usually synthetic; their chaps and bandannas are more redolent of cheap perfume than the realistic scent of the corral. Very few of them know the difference

between a saddle horn and an automobile siren. But they are all competent gigolos, respectful listeners, and reliable consolers of unhappy bitter-halves.

Another favorite refuge from loneliness is found under the rococo and tinsel of several night clubs. One of them, known as The Cowshed, was operated until recently by a hostess no less distinguished than Belle Livingston of New York. If the matrimonial doldrums are not dispelled by dancing and smoking, the sad one may sip cocktails while the dice roll and the roulette wheel spins. Additional forgetfulness may be induced by toastmasters even more vulgar than the best in Manhattan, slick-pated crooners direct from Hollywood, and outspoken ventriloquists, known as torch singers, who assemble their notes between the midriff and the spleen. To be sure, it sometimes happens that when Demon Rum enters the mouth, discretion beats a retreat through the ears. A few unfortunates, finding themselves lonesome and depressed, thousands of miles away from the social restraints of their home towns, use the Reno interlude for a final fling at highballs and sex, in anticipation of their return to solidity and inhibition. I know several local *cicisbeos* whose intimate love life is a succession of six-week affairs, each ending abruptly on the whistle of the Eastbound limited.

I have sometimes officiated in the group custom of "pouring a divorcée on the train" after the convivialities of a farewell feast to celebrate the granting of a "liberty bond". Stolid moralists may chalk such capers in favor of the Devil and immorality. But my own partial liquidity on these occasions rather disables me as a stone-thrower. Besides, I suspect that beneath the simulated wickedness was the memory of a broken home, the central tragedy in the

person's life. The method of deadening pain, pending emotional readjustment, should be a private problem.

The choice of pastime is naturally a matter of temperament, previous training, and pecuniary equipment. The great majority of those who "take the cure in Reno" spend their time neither dangerously nor sensationally. Some of them are guilty of no greater iniquity than going to the movies or meeting the trains to watch the "tied come in and the untied go out". Others, seated on the benches in "Alimony Park", opposite the court house, find no greater mischief for their idle hands than marking off each day of residence on a pocket calendar. At the boarding houses, the prevailing time-killing device is the exchange of matrimonial histories. I was recently present at a typical bridge party given by a landlady in honor of a departing boarder. The other guests were ten sets of husbands and wives without their respective legal mates. Yet the conversation never strayed from the subject of marriage except to touch upon the blessings of divorce as a prelude to more marriage.

III

Generally, the social attitude of the Reno native toward the visitor ranges from warm business courtesy to kowtowing, depending largely on the importance or spending ability of the client or customer. But it is not seldom that six-weeks' friendship will survive all legal purposes. Many visiting divorcées have married their lawyers or doctors, while male applicants have re-mated with native stenographers or hairdressers. An English lord who recently stopped over to discard his noble mate, finally built himself a desert château, and made a second trip to the altar with the

hatcheck girl from his favorite Reno night club. Another imposing castle in the town is occupied by a New York heiress, wedded to a local automobile salesman; and a third belongs to an Eastern utility magnate and his former nurse.

What is more, such marriages have shown an extraordinary resistance to judicial convenience. And this is exactly as it should be, because the permanent residents generally regard easy divorce as a specialized activity that should be respected for revenue only. This double standard is peculiarly demonstrated by Catholic members of the bar. No less than their co-religionists elsewhere, they are firmly committed to the dogma of indissoluble marriage; but the fact does not prevent them from competing keenly with their Protestant brethren in the Satanic business of sundering the strangers whom God hath joined. Equally insulated against the wicked influences of the city are the residential environs of the University. Theoretically, most professors are convinced that badly-mated Easterners should have legal relief; yet a divorce by a member of the faculty would be no less scandalous than if the offender were discovered in a downtown gaming hall, or grossly intoxicated during a classroom lecture.

In brief, what fulminating parsons are wont to call naughty is nothing more than a liberal realism that recognizes social facts, and fashions the law accordingly. To be sure, whatever the origin of Nevada's divorce statute, its latest amendments were carefully aimed at the purses of matrimonially unhappy outsiders. To this charge of cupidity the average Reno resident enters a plea of guilty; but he points out that under the laws of his state, advertising or soliciting for divorce business is a criminal offense; that the Reno courts merely extend *de jure* approbation

to what the parties themselves have already brought about *de facto*; and that if it be bad manners to accept monetary returns from domestic affliction, the same offense is committed by every hospital in the land when it accepts fees from patients.

Yet beneath these plausible justifications, Reno manifests the self-consciousness of an unjustly rebuked but well-meaning child. About two years ago a woman writer favored the place with a legal call, and then set forth her puritanical reactions in a magazine article. Its effect on the permanent residents was like the ludicrous calamity of Chicken Little. Wires were sent to the publishers; lawyers and merchants considered themselves personally slandered; the local papers protested editorially that the lady's Parthian shot was like biting the judicial hand that had given her a certificate of freedom. To be sure, the town is willing enough to scour the dirty linen of the Republic for a handsome consideration; it is more than grateful if such chores are mentioned; but when it comes to actual criticism, it will accept nothing less than a panegyric.

Such sensitiveness is hardly expected from this sophisticated, shock-producing little city of the tabloids. But the real Reno of the shopkeeper and the housewife remains true to its provincial size, despite its long list of passing celebrities. If it has discarded some of the smug moralities of Gopher Prairie, its intellectual and cultural ambitions have never transcended the salubrious inanities of Zenith. Thus, the test of personal excellence is to know one's business well, and make money from it. The approved source of current opinion is the newspaper, supplemented by such infallible reservoirs of public information as *Liberty* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. The proper avocation of a college dean is to promote the heavy civic concerns of

Rotary and Kiwanis. The devotion of the Reno graduate to his alma mater is usually manifested by rooting for the football team, achieving success in politics, or winning sonorous titles in the fraternal orders. The tallest family tree in the place has no more than two autochthonous generations to its credit. Nevertheless, the Society game is played in the typical village manner: a group of the older and more comfortable residents lend each other tone by dining together, exchanging pedigrees, counting each other's servants, and snubbing the parvenu until he makes the proper financial showing.

According to another provincial custom, the cultural chores are left to the women-folk. Their organized efforts in courting

the arts can be gleaned from the minutes of the local Penwomen of America, and similar records of serious thinking. At a recent meeting of such a society, literature was besieged by mass attack, and fourteen major subjects were completely subjugated within an hour.

It should not be surprising, from the foregoing, that the town has never produced an artistic, musical, literary, or scientific figure whose name was known outside the parish. But there is sound consolation in the fact that the same verdict is equally true of many other communities several times larger; and that Reno at least manages to import, at a substantial profit, a few samples of what it fails to produce by cultivation.



GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS

BY MARGARET TYNES FAIRLEY

AND this, then, is the garden which we planned:
 Instead of fruit trees heavy against the wall,
 And the fountain's fall,
 And the sun of our wills forever at noonday-stand,
 Here is an acre the winds have turned to salt;
 So open to alien sky the sound of speech
 Is beyond mind's reach.
 Only the coiled snake in the grass will halt
 Wanderers who once were quick to note
 The gray snail climbing a spar of green,
 And quicksilver sheen
 Of light that played when the mocking bird titled his throat.
 Yet fruit that was hurled like stone is still as right
 To the touch as wind is hot on the bitter mouth.
 There is no drouth
 In hearts that live for more than the hours that smite.

MINORITY RULE IN AMERICA

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

A LONG time ago, in the eighteenth century, a strange person by the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau announced in France a startling doctrine. It is that for political purposes all heads are equal and alike, and that anything decided by a majority of these heads is rightful law. To be sure, the idea was not entirely new. Some plaintive hints of it had been heard from time to time in history, but Rousseau formulated it positively, and just at the right moment in human affairs to make an uproar.

To kings, nobles, and bishops, well entrenched in power, the doctrine was idiotic. They were enjoying the privileges of government, with all the emoluments thereunto attached, and naturally did not want anybody to question the constitutionality of their special position. Besides, the idea flew in the face of known facts: heads are not equal, and to entrust government to majorities would be to set out on a stormy sea of popular passions. Nevertheless, the idea was taken up, especially by the bourgeois and other plain people who enjoyed neither the privileges nor emoluments of government. To them the novel doctrine seemed fairly sound—at all events, useful in unhorsing kings, nobles, and clergy.

So, caught up by the commonality in revolt, Rousseau's doctrine set fire to the old order of classes, and spread throughout the world. Perhaps no other idea in the armory of propaganda has had a more

profound influence on the course of political development. Before a hundred years had passed it became so entrenched in the West that denial of the creed was unsafe for any one with political ambitions. As the years passed the voices of scoffers and doubters sank lower and lower until they almost reached a whisper. At the end of the nineteenth century, the creed of equality and majority rule seemed on the point of universal acceptance, even in distant places of the Far East.

But, although it has been the fashion for uninformed writers to attribute to Rousseau both Jefferson's ideas and the democratic theory in America, there is no support for it in the records of history. No doubt French levelism exerted some influence in the United States, particularly after the outbreak of the French Revolution and during the popular disturbances of the nineteenth century. The doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, however, stems from John Locke rather than from Rousseau. And it was not taken too seriously by many of the men who signed or cheered that immortal proclamation of freedom and equality. It was a good stick with which to beat George III, and was so widely read and cherished that many who first laughed were compelled to pay at least lip service to it. Like most great theories, there was something in it, at all events for operating purposes in the United States. After independence was won, government by a

king or military dictator seemed out of the question. Sovereign authority could be vested only in "the people". And if in the people, why not in all the people? When government by classes was repudiated, the cat was out of the bag and nobody dared to take the risk of trying to put it back again. John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Fisher Ames, and other Fathers of the Republic never accepted the pure creed of equality and head-counting, but in spite of their misgivings and warnings, it got into general circulation, and, like strong wine, went immediately to the heads of the masses.

If on the surface, however, the idea appeared simple, its practical application proved to be difficult. According to the strict logic of the creed, in each geographical area, from the township to the nation, all adults are equal; each officer chosen for the area must be elected by a counting of heads and by majority vote; and each representative in the legislature, chosen by majority vote, should represent an equal number of heads. This is the theory of equality and majority rule carried to its extreme limits.

Now the men who framed the Constitution of the United States had scant respect for such an idea. Certainly their chief concern was not to put it into effect. On the contrary, they were particularly interested in preventing the actual realization of any such theory of equality and head-counting in the Government of the United States. Nor could they have put it into effect if they had so desired. In nearly every state the right to vote was restricted to property owners or taxpayers, who would not have ratified a constitution depriving them of their privileges. And there was another powerful consideration. Even staunch advocates of

majority rule, if any such there were in 1787, would not surrender their local privileges to win equality and head-counting for the nation at large. For example, the voters of Connecticut might elect hog reeves by majority vote, but they would never consent to having the United States Senate based on the principle of equal heads. Far from it. Each state must have two Senators. There were 59,000 people in Delaware in 1790 and 747,000 in Virginia; thus in the Senate one Delaware voter was equal to twelve Virginians.

Many Fathers from the big states, such as Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, did not like this arrangement. They were not madly in favor of equality, but they did not want such evident inequality. Yet they had to take the bitter with the sweet, if they were to form a closer union at all. As John Sharp Williams once remarked, no gentleman ever makes an ass of himself in an effort to be logical. The Fathers were determined to have a new government endowed with certain powers over finance, commerce, and matters of common interest, and they took what they could get—being sagacious persons. In the shuffling and dealing, trading and compromising, they put together a Constitution which, on examination, proved to be fearfully and wonderfully made, from the point of view of the equalitarian, head-counting democrat. There were some parts that indicated a gesture toward equality of heads, mainly for the purpose of preventing the little states from running over the large states: members of the House of Representatives were apportioned roughly on the basis of population (counting three-fifths of the slaves); and the number of presidential electors to be assigned to each state was to be equal to the number of its representatives and senators combined.

But these concessions to equality and head-counting did not guarantee a realization of the perfect scheme of Rousseau. Far from it. There was no assurance that a majority of the presidential electors would represent a majority of the popular vote cast for electors, if the choice were vested in the people by the state legislatures. Nor was there any guarantee that the majority in the House of Representatives would, in fact, speak for a majority of the voters, taking the vote throughout the country as a whole. And as for the Senate, it did not represent heads anyway; it represented states without regard to population. There was some majority mathematics in the Constitution, but nothing precise and accident-proof.

Moreover, in apportioning members of the House of Representatives among the states according to their respective numbers, the Fathers took total population, not the number of voters, as the basis. It is easier to take a general census; for how shall the number of voters be determined? By the total number of persons entitled to vote under the various qualifications imposed by state law? As most states had property restrictions in 1787, the discovery of the number actually entitled to vote would have meant a minute survey of all property owners and taxpayers. The difficulties of such a survey are obvious. Shall the number of voters be fixed on the basis of the actual number who go to the polls at the election immediately preceding the census? There are numerous and valid objections to this method. The number of voters who go to the polls varies with issues, personalities, excitements, tempers, distempers, and especially the sharpness of the political campaign. So it must be conceded that the Fathers took the easiest way out when they counted all free heads and added three-fifths of all slave heads.

If the large states were to be proportionately represented in the House, that was a rough and ready way of attaining the end.

In truth, if the constitutional Fathers had wanted a perfect system of popular equality and head-counting they could not have wrung it from the small states, for the vested interests of those corporations and of the local politicians were too strong. If the Fathers had insisted upon it, they would have broken up the Union. In one respect, at least, they were like Edward Harriman, Theodore Roosevelt, and V. I. Lenin. They were practical men and ready to make a compromise if they could gain something in the trade.

And as a matter of fact they feared equality and head-counting even more than they feared original sin, for many of them were Deists. Elbridge Gerry, later a great Jeffersonian Democrat, doubtless summed up their philosophy when he said that the less the people have to do with government the better—for others and themselves. Their principal problem was how to frame a government on a popular base, and at the same time to prevent a majority from getting immediate possession of it. They looked forward, with James Madison, to the time when the majority of American people would have no property at all and might cut loose from their mentors and play havoc with the prudent, thrifty, and fortunate possessors of good things.

II

It was to forestall and postpone, if not to prevent for all time, any such outcome that the Fathers constructed a complicated five-story government. They sought to check, balance, and refine the passions expressed on the hustings and at the polls. Only the House of Representatives was to

be elected directly by the voters. The Senate was to be chosen by the state legislatures. The presidential electors were to be chosen as the state legislatures might determine, and the electors were to elect the President. Then there was to be a Supreme Court holding office for life and completely removed from contact with anybody elected directly by the voters. The judges were to be selected by the President and Senate—authorities removed one or two degrees from the polling places of the multitude. As far as political machinery is concerned, this was the Fathers' supreme piece of artistry.

Besides introducing inequalities in the representation of heads in the federal government and setting up a system of checks and balances, they took due account of the time element. Since there were no kings, nobles, and clergy to found government, the people had to come into the picture, and the federal government had to rest on the elective principle. But there was peril in sudden actions at the polls. In the midst of a great excitement the voters might do something disturbing to society—or at least to those persons who imagined themselves to constitute society. Hasty decisions must be prevented. So ingenuity provided an effective scheme. All members of the House of Representatives were to be elected every two years. Senators were to hold office for six years, and one-third were to be renewed every two years. The term of the President was fixed at four years. Judges were to hold office during good behavior. Hence it is impossible for any majority to get possession of all branches of the federal government at a single election.

Again and again in American history, the President and Senate have been of one party and the House of Representatives controlled by another. A Republican

President may be confronted by a Democratic House, or, indeed, a Democratic Congress. Or the position may be reversed. If the latest popular majority means anything, then many an administration in mid-term has been utterly repudiated by the country at the polls in a congressional election. In this case a minority continues to rule in its place of entrenchment. If the Republicans win the Presidency and the House of Representatives in a general landslide this year, it will be 1940 or 1942 before they can capture the Senate, unless something extraordinary happens. Thus, under the American system, it must be said of the majority that it rules only in the long run, if at all. That is, it must be a compact, determined, coherent majority capable of common action over a term of from four to twenty years, or longer. Fly-by-night majorities do not count. This is another feature of majority rule often overlooked by proponents of mere head-counting.

All these features of the federal system were well known to the early leaders of the American Republic. Federalists had slight respect for majorities. But Jeffersonians professed great confidence in the people and paid high tribute to the idea. There was something vital and necessary in the theme, given the social scene in the United States. Jefferson formulated it in his first inaugural—"absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism". This is government within the framework of law, by proposition, discussion, and popular decision. This is the system characterized by fascist and Nazi writers as liberal, bourgeois, outmoded, and contemptible. For this system, with its inconveniences and weaknesses, the fascist substitutes what

Jefferson called "force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism".

Though Washington and Jefferson had never heard of Hitler or Mussolini, they had heard of government by "the sword-bearing élite". In fact, they were rather familiar with the idea. After studying various systems of government tried again and again in history, the Fathers came to the conclusion that force was the parent of despotism and that despotism was no guarantee of order, security, or anything else in the long run. They were fully aware of the role of force in human affairs, but they refused to bow before it. They were not "pure rationalists", but they rejected the cult of irrationality. So they insisted on giving the people a voice in government, refining that voice, and limiting the power or force of government. Such is the background of majority rule in the American system. When Jefferson spoke of acquiescence in majority decisions, he merely meant "in accordance with the forms of law limiting and controlling the application of the principle in practice".

In practice, popular rule in most state and local elections is plurality rule. The candidate who receives the highest number of votes is declared victorious and elected. The two or three candidates enlisted against him may together receive two-thirds of the total vote. His vote may be a minority vote; yet he is the victor according to law. In some cases an absolute majority is required, but exceptions merely prove the rule. Nothing but the fairly even balance of parties, therefore, prevents the almost continuous rule of the minority in many communities. In practice, under the forms of the Constitution, we frequently have minority rule, if we use as our point of reference the latest actual expression of national opinion at

the polls. Examples are scattered throughout American history.

The House of Representatives is apportioned according to population, without reference to the number of voters. In the states which have a large alien population, the number of voters is smaller in proportion to population than in states with few alien residents. In the states which restrict the suffrage by one device or another, the proportion of voters to population is smaller than in the states which confer the vote on practically all adult citizens. It must be remembered that the literacy test applied in several Northern states works a reduction in the number of voters quite as automatically as the various tests applied in Southern states to exclude Negroes from the polls. Then, within states, congressional districts are gerrymandered, so that the number of voters per district will vary even within the same state. Hence the conclusion: While the House of Representatives is apportioned according to population, the number of voters per thousand of population varies widely from state to state. Thus, in one congressional election, 2217 votes were polled in a Georgia district, and 79,782 votes in an Illinois district; in this case one Georgia head was worth about forty Illinois heads. In addition, each state has one representative in Congress, no matter how small it is. Nevada had 91,000 inhabitants in 1932 and Nevada had one representative, although the average quota of population for each representative throughout the country was about 280,000.

As a result of this system, a party that has cast a majority of the popular votes in a national election may have a minority of the representatives in Congress. Indeed, seldom, if ever, is there a close relation between the number of representatives

controlled by a party and the total number of its popular votes. For instance, in the congressional election of 1932, a proportionate distribution of representatives on the basis of popular votes would have given the Democrats 268 seats instead of the 313 they captured, and would have correspondingly increased the number of Republicans.

In the Senate there is no pretense at equality in head-counting. Each state has two senators. Nevada with 90,000 inhabitants has the same weight as New York, with 12,500,000. It takes eighteen of the less populous states, with thirty-six senators to their credit, to equal New York State in population — New York with only two senators. Ten states have within their borders about one-half the inhabitants of the United States, and yet command less than one-fourth the senators.

Nor does the equality-and-majority principle govern presidential elections. The President is elected by electors. Each state receives two electors corresponding to its senators, and an additional number of electors corresponding to the number of its representatives. As we have seen, neither the senators nor the representatives are apportioned among the states according to the number of voters. Besides, in each state the electors are chosen on a general ticket, and the party that carries the election gets all the electors of the state, no matter how large the minority or minorities.

Hence a victorious candidate for President may not receive a majority of the total popular vote cast in the national election. If there is a party split, the system may create an extraordinary situation. In 1860, Lincoln was elected President by a popular vote of 1,868,000, as against 2,815,000 polled by his opponents. In 1912, Woodrow Wilson fell short of a

majority by about 2,000,000 votes, although his plurality was more than 2,000,000 above the vote cast for his nearest competitor. Two Presidents, Hayes and Harrison, did not receive even a plurality; that is, they stood lower in the scale of the popular vote than their two principal rivals.

III

Why do the people and practical politicians continue a system which so often deprives the majority of the fruits of victory? Many answers to this question have been advanced.

In the first place, under the Constitution, no state can be deprived of equal representation in the Senate without its consent. Imagine the task of making Delaware, Rhode Island, or Nevada give up its equality! Besides, the "practical inconveniences" of the system are not so glaring. In interest, Rhode Island is fairly well assimilated to its larger neighbor, Massachusetts; the interests of Delaware are not exactly opposed to those of New York and Pennsylvania. In fact, the senators from the small states are never lined up together against the large states. So the economics of politics does not run against minority rule in the Senate. No change is in prospect.

Under the Fourteenth Amendment, Congress can reduce the representation of any state that deprives adult male citizens of the right to vote; and the reduction shall be "in the proportion that the number of such [disfranchised] male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such state". This rule applies to Northern states which restrict the suffrage as well as to Southern states. Some attempts have been made in Congress to enforce this pro-

vision; that is, to apportion representation according to voting population, but all have failed, and for reasons that call for no enumeration here.

Once in a while, loud complaints are made against the system of minority rule. When the sparsely-settled agrarian states threaten the populous states with a tariff reduction, the glaring inequalities of the American system are sure to be exposed — without results. So, too, when the income tax is discussed, bitter references are usually made to the unequal representation of the aforesaid agrarian states in the federal government — without bringing about results.

From historical experience it seems reasonable to infer that no material changes will be made in the American system unless minority rule disturbs more profoundly than hitherto the basic eco-

nomie interests of the populous states. Even then the establishment of anything like equality of representation among all states and regions could not be accomplished without constitutional amendments, and one-fourth of the states plus one can always block such changes. In other words, as a matter of practice, complete regional equality cannot be brought about by constitutional means.

Still more to the point, is anybody likely to get excited about free and equal heads and absolute majority rule — at least, excited enough to move the mountain of constitutional barrier? It would take something more than devotion to logic and mathematics to stir the nation to such a titanic constitutional effort. It seems, then, that nothing short of a long-time obstruction of some clear majority resolve can ever effect the change.



FALL OF RAIN

BY DANIEL W. SMYTHE

I STRUCK out into it; above me the cloud was gray shadow.
I splashed the water that once was in the air.
Think of it! All the brooks that have found the meadow,
Above my head in the darkness — they have been there.

These are on lips to taste — to yearn for and follow:
The upper air is a moisture that comes with a sweep
Loosening the stone, caving the side of the hollow;
And the tree is dark whose caress it could not keep.

And this immensity I love. . . . It finds me leaning
To the rain-wind over the wet-blown leaf and root.
The ground slips, the air fills with eternal meaning,
And what we have craned to in space runs underfoot!

HOMECOMING

A Story

BY EDWARD HARRIS HETH

SOME of them got there before the rising sun had really dried the dew from the long grass. The brothers and sisters came back home again, back to the grove. They were all there, all except one. Ernestine, the mother, waited for them on the porch, rocking over the creaking boards almost from the first moment the sun rolled across the hill, waiting for them to come with their children and children's children, bending her withered cheek forward for them to kiss as they arrived.

Henry, the eldest, came all the way from Ashtabula, Ohio. "Why, Ma, of all things . . . !" he cried, still parked in his Buick before the porch, as though he hadn't expected to see her. He turned to his family (except his wife who hadn't come, saying *she* wasn't crazy, driving God knew how many hundred miles just to see a lot of Dousmans) sitting in the rear of the car. "Baby," he said to his grandchild, "here's your great-grandma. You never saw her."

Ernestine looked at the child strangely but without any recognition.

"Dreat-dramma," the child repeated.

Henry guffawed, hitting his thigh.

A thin girl of thirteen, wearing glasses, came toward his car diffidently with a tablet and pencil. "Who are you?" she asked in a watery voice.

"Who am I?" he asked. "Why, I'll bet

anything I'm your Uncle Henry. You're one of Bertha's kids—I'll bet a dollar you are!"

"I'm Edna Birchard," the girl said. "You're Henry Dousman? Are you the first son?" She was making a Family Tree, a whole sheaf of names inscribed under the heading of GOTTLIEB DOUSMAN — ERNESTINE DOUSMAN. Gottlieb had been dead twelve years, up on the hill.

Then Henry spied his sister Bertha, tall and corpulent. "Why Bert, you old —!" he roared, and rushed up to her, gripping her firm thick shoulder with loud enthusiasm. "Say, it's been fifteen years I'll bet since I saw you — since Pa's funeral. Why, you old —! Well, you haven't grown any smaller."

Bertha looked at him mournfully. He was surprised she wasn't happier to see him.

"Twelve years," she said.

"You haven't told me which son you are," Edna, the young girl, said, following him with her watery eyes, her pencil poised diffidently but concentratedly on the tablet.

"Why, the eldest," he said. "The first-born, the Eldest—I'm head of this whole darn family," he shouted. "This your kid, Bertha?" he asked, patting the young girl's small round head. He shook merrily with laughter.

"She's my youngest daughter," Bertha said quietly.

All the Dousmans were there, gathered together again. Ernestine, the mother, looked at them dispassionately.

"Well, Ma, you don't seem overjoyed to see us!" Henry cried. But then he heard the hum of another motor behind him and saw Edna, with her tablet and pencil, already hurrying to greet the new car. He craned his neck to see through the windshield, opaque with a flash of sun. He squinted, wondering. Fred? . . . Annie? . . . Adolph? . . . "Why, Annie, you old—!" he roared, dashing across the lawn.

The young scrawny girl with shoulders as thin as paper was already there, leaning solemnly against the front fender. "Who are you? Your name Dousman?" she asked, blinking.

Henry was snorting like an animal, his face red and bursting with good spirits. He gripped the door of the sedan with his heavy butcher's hands and stuck his head through the open window, scanning the rear seat where three grown-ups and two children were jammed between lunch-baskets and satchels. Annie was very frail, with wisps of yellow hair flapping against her white forehead. He remembered the hair—it used to be pure gold, and so long she could sit on the braids. He had given her a box of gold hairpins one Christmas. "Hello, Henry," she said mildly. "This is my daughter and you know my husband, don't you? And here's my son and his . . ."

They nodded curtly, unacquainted. They were sullen and embarrassed.

Henry glanced elatedly around at the crowd of people, all of similar blood though not many of them looking alike. Sometimes he glimpsed a familiar feature—the broad straight Dousman nose, the

fleshy limbs, or the peculiar dull brown hair, though his own was already white. He laughed loudly, talked loudly, shaking hands. He asked everyone how the old homestead looked to them, and had many anecdotes ready on his lips for the children. He recognized every scene of his childhood: where the dishwater used to be poured over warm yellow rocks under an apple tree; where Annie used to hide her gold hairpins in a rip in the parlor sofa; where Fred and Herb used to stand their muddy boots; with a boyish soft chuckle—*O, kennst du das Land?*

II

Down in the grove, sweltering now under the heat of the risen sun, seeping a brilliant green through the leaves of maples and elms, the women laid long tables with white cloths and jars of potato salad and hams baked in a rich crust. Most of the Dousmans were heavy and strongly built, save Annie and Fred. Adolph, the third son, with great shields of sweat on his striped shirt under his arms, watched the women.

"By God, Bertha," he said, "you haven't changed any."

"You have," Bertha answered. "You're twice as fat."

He laughed in a high squeal, his face wrinkled like a damp wad of cloth. Only the Dousman nose was left in all this fat.

"Still sassy?" he chortled, his eyes lost in his cheeks. "Still the old bulldog? Say, I thought your man could take that out of you."

"You ought to be careful about yourself," Bertha said, eyeing him dryly with a bunch of forks in her fist. "It's not healthy being so fat. Did everyone bring enough forks?"

Adolph's wife, a plain woman from up-

state, was laying the plates. "I guess he's healthy enough," she said, but not smiling. "I think he can take care of himself. Or maybe I can."

Bertha flushed and quickly began dropping the tin forks beside the plates. "I didn't mean—" she began, keeping her eyes downward. "My lands, he's my own brother—There won't be enough forks."

Adolph squealed, and turned his broad bull back to them.

Ernestine, the mother, sat with her eldest daughter Annie and Annie's daughter and grandchild—the four generations from three to ninety-one—stiffly under the hot sun in the middle of the grove, blinking at the town photographer cautiously placing his tripod in a small space clear of dung. The herd of cows, turned from the grove into a neighboring treeless pasture for this one Sunday, watched morosely over the fence, their glossy hides broiling from the sun and twitching from flies. Henry squinted at them from the shade of a high elm tree, his hands locked behind his back. He even strolled a short way toward them, suddenly oblivious to the noise and shouting around him, and thought how they could not be the same cows he had tended thirty years ago. He laughed at this, still feeling pleased with this reunion. "Bess?" he called softly. One cow—the one who might have been Bess, with a similar black patch over her moony left eye, though he knew it couldn't be Bess—switched her tail and moved away.

Henry turned back toward the photographer and saw him fumbling his way under the black hood that draped the camera. He liked hearing the old sounds, the brook, the crows, the old voices. He saw Adolph coming toward him, his big feet planting themselves unsteadily on the little muggy hillocks that filled the grove.

Both of them saw the women at the

lunch table begin to smile softly at the sight of four generations having their picture taken together, and one of the women got tears in her eyes until the thick slices of ham she piled on the platter were one reddish blur. The other men, uncles and cousins and nephews and in-laws, coming from the hot pasture where a ball game had ended, grunted and nudged each other. Henry plucked a blade of sweet-grass from the ground and put it between his teeth, chewing it and recalling the same sugary taste of thirty years ago, as he glanced around the green unchanged grove of his childhood. He felt sorry that the cow who wasn't Bess had switched away when he called her Bess. "You're real pretty, Ma!" he called. "No one could guess you were the great-grandma—you look no more'n a girl!"

The women, making a loud clatter with cups and plates, laughed nervously.

Ernestine, sitting erect, looked at him and said nothing; her ninety-one-year-old face was more wrinkled than ever as she sat in the bright patch of sun, her eyes blinking, her thin mouth locked in a scowl, and her emaciated hands, the skin stretched taut over the knuckles like old freckled leather, folded in a knot in her lap.

Annie disrupted the pose by leaning forward to pat her mother's scrawny shoulders with her own frail hand. "You're all right now, Ma? This sun isn't too much for you?" she asked weakly.

"Just one little minute, folks," the photographer said, raising his head from under the hood.

"Grandma's all right," Annie's daughter said dryly.

But still Ernestine made no answer, her hands an angry bony knot in the pouch of her skirt.

Wearing a wreath of field daisies around

the gray felt hat shoved back on his head, Fred, the second-youngest son, tall and lean, broke suddenly into hidden laughter. "What a picture, what a picture!" he kept saying, smacking his hands together. For a moment a cloud passed over the sun and then the grove lay green and dark and sibilant. Fred snapped a daisy from his hat brim and twirled it in his fingers until the sun came back again. "Say, this'll be a gem," he laughed quietly. He looked youthful and eager, though he was past forty. "Why, we ought to send one of these pictures to Herb."

Bertha glanced at him sharply, the blade of her knife flashing blue in the sunlight as she curtly stopped her slicing motion.

"Herb?" Henry said, the sweetgrass arrested between his teeth. "Someone talking about Herb?"

"Who's Herb?" the thin girl making the Family Tree asked.

Fred heard the women at the long table stop their chatter. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked in a hurt whisper. "Why can't I talk about Herb if I want to?" His dark soft eyes shot from one person to the next, his forehead furrowed as he looked at Henry. "Why, what's wrong, man?" he asked, as though he didn't know what was wrong, his voice strained and false like a guilty child's.

"Herb—Herb coming?" Ernestine asked.

"Just a minute now, folks," the photographer said, bobbing again from under his black hood.

"No, Ma, Herb's not coming," Henry said. "And if he did—"

"Herb?" she asked, and made a slight motion forward in her chair.

"Ma, sit still!" Annie said.

Then the three-year-old great-grandchild began to whimper because of the heat and tried to break away from the posing group.

"Doris May!" Annie's lank daughter called to the child and reached out a long arm, encircling the child and drawing her back into the lens's focus.

"What we need is a moving-picture machine!" Adolph squealed, and then for a moment the four generations sat stiffly and everyone held his breath and with a little sigh the photographer clicked his shutters.

And they were immortalized.

III

Tossed a few feet away from the table, the thick white bones of the hams lay gleaming in the sun. Up the hill an expedition of women climbed almost bent double, their broad buttocks catching the sunlight, to put flowers they had gathered from the fields on the grave of Gottlieb, the father. In the pasture the sun fell in a merciless sheen. The herd of cows shoved close together and stared soberly toward the grove, now deserted save for a few children napping on blankets. The younger men, coatless and some of them stripped to the waist, played baseball again; the ball flew over the sunny pasture like a shining meteor. At the side of the field, the wreath of daisies in a shrivelled band around his hat, Fred and one of his nephews served free beer to whoever wanted it. He watched Henry get up from the stone on which he had been watching the ball game, and saunter toward him.

"You don't want to go talking about Herb like that in front of everyone," Henry said. "Makes Ma feel bad."

"Why, what's the matter, man?" Fred asked in a little wail, pursing his lips. He raised his eyebrows, his dark gentle eyes morose and wounded. He was only a year older than Herb. "What's the matter with Herb? He's all right."

"You been seeing him?" Henry asked, glancing abruptly in Fred's eyes with suspicion.

"Why, no more lately than you, I suppose," Fred whispered, frightened. "Not for years. I never get to Chicago."

Henry looked down at the hot cracked ground. But Fred could remember much of their youth together, his and Herb's and Henry's—the treks from the barn to the grove at dawn and back again at night and how once Henry had got his foot crushed by an unruly cow; the hunts in the marsh for witch-fires at night; Henry's first girl, and how he came back late at night to the attic to tell them what it had been like, down beside Mecklesberg's Creek.

"Why, say—" Fred began, his eyes suddenly lighting.

Henry turned from the ball game and looked at him questioningly.

"Why, nothing," Fred said.

"Just the same, besides making Ma feel bad," Henry said, "think of the girls—Annie and Bertha—"

"*Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um . . .*" two of the younger men came singing, Adolph's son and Bertha's son-in-law, rapidly becoming acquainted over swift draughts of beer.

From the ballfield in the hot sweltering afternoon came loud feverish cries of victory or defeat. Adolph, with sweat rolling down the caverns of his cheeks, was umpire, standing solidly under the bright sun, patches of wet under his armpits like great dark wings. Henry watched, feeling less cheerful than when he arrived from Ashtabula early that morning. He wished now that his wife had come along. He felt he did not know any of these people. At the far end of the pasture there used to be a spring welling into a horse trough; for the first twenty years of his life he had

seen the spring ceaselessly churning inside the trough, and his father, Gottlieb, used to tell him how it had been running like that for forty years; and now he wondered whether the spring was still running—shading his eyes, he could see the trough still standing, its tin sides ablaze with sun.

All around him the younger men, some of them only boys, waiting their turn to bat, were talking about this Uncle Herb they had never seen.

"I'll bet he's living the right kind of life, though—"

"Uncle Herb? Jesus, I'd like a look at him. I never saw a gambler."

"I wouldn't mind if he remembered his relatives."

"Is he that rich?"

"Oh, my God, did you ever see a gambler that wasn't?"

"He's got a woman, you get it? A jump—"

"Oh, my God, no—"

From the ballfield Adolph suddenly roared like a bull. His once-genial face was distorted in the merciless sunlight, his lips flabby and wet. "Well, you kids, is one of you goin' to bat soon? Washerwomen!"

Then one of the young men stepped to the home plate, grabbing the bat swiftly and waiting with nervous tenseness for the ball to be flung at him.

Henry went up to one of the youths remaining on the sideline, a young boy with a lean chin on which hair was just beginning to grow. "Son," he said, "we don't talk about Herb around here."

The youth looked at him and blanched. "Okay, Uncle—" he said and started to add a name, but could not remember which uncle this was.

Henry moved up slowly toward third base, his strong butcher's arms locked behind his back. "Adolph," he called. "How

about quitting this game and taking a little stroll? Like to see if that old spring's still running?" And he added a snort of laughter, by way of offering his affection.

Adolph wiped his flabby hands under his armpits but kept one eye on the batter. "Why, hell no," he half-chortled, and then roared wildly, like a drum struck, "BALL ONE!"

Henry thought of going down to the spring alone, but the sun was too blistering; he started toward the beer-stand but felt he could not go there. He wondered what had happened to his reunion—this was only a group of strangers having a picnic. He wished again fiercely that his wife had come with him. His only comfort was that Herb wasn't here—Herb could run away from home if he wanted to and not settle down like the others, could become rich, become a gambler and doubtless a crooked gambler (they all believed he had), keep a woman, and live a high and wicked life in Chicago; but he couldn't come back home. Henry sat down again in the shade of an overlapping tree from the grove, where the cows huddled nearby, in one monstrous tangle of beef.

IV

Coming down the hill from their pilgrimage, the garland of women grew silent, mopping their brows with folded handkerchiefs. They had little to say to each other and puffed and looked wretchedly toward the cool grove at the foot of the hill. The younger women, scarcely acquainted, spoke politely and tried to make good impressions but soon said nothing. The sound of the many women's dresses brushing the foliage as they descended the hill made a murmur like distant wind.

"Herb's the only one who never saw

it," Ernestine said suddenly, still walking ahead of all of them.

"Saw what?" Bertha asked.

"The grave."

But she was not speaking to her sullen, unsisterly daughters; she spoke to the hillside, the burning sun, the ground under her quick feet.

The heat made the unacquainted women irksome and weary; all of them wondered vaguely why they had troubled to come all this way back home, from upstate, Ohio, Montana. Each of the younger girls thought the other girls were dressed shoddily. On the way up the hill the two sisters spoke to each other sweetly though distantly, but on the way down they dabbed their foreheads and wiped their throats with their handkerchiefs and plodded in silence, remembering nothing of their childhood together.

The women had scarcely reached the bottom of the hill when they heard an uproar from the ballfield, angry voices growing fierce as they hurtled through the hot still air, furious shouts and obscene cries. The ball game had abruptly ended in a quarrel; the men were pressing around Adolph on the diamond and waving fists, their faces convulsed in the blinding sunlight. They swung bats and called each other bastards and two of the younger boys began walloping each other until they rolled in a cloud of dust over the pasture. The women saw Henry jump from a stone alongside the field and rush with grotesque waving arms to separate them, his mouth wide open in revolted rage. All the men, brothers and cousins and uncles and nephews, were roaring at one another.

The women rushed aghast toward the pasture and each woman took the side of her husband, screaming in high voices and pushing angrily at each other. They

watched Henry trying to separate the men and quell the row. Annie's pale head twitched and she kept pulling her handkerchief through her nervous wiry fingers, her dry impotent body erect. Bertha breathed heavily and glowered at her. Each believed the other's husband had begun the fight.

So that very few saw the car come into the driveway up at the old house. But the young girl of thirteen dashed up the path with her tablet and pencil, returning, after the car had sputtered away again, with the telegram in her hand. Then the murmur of the telegram's arrival spun through the grove and pasture and, as quickly as it had begun, the row subsided.

"It's for Grandma," the girl said.

Henry came swiftly from the ballfield, still trembling, his face grimy with dust and sweat, his throat raspy as he breathed. "I'll take it, girlie," he panted.

"She said it's for Ma," Bertha said, glowering. "Edna, give it to Grandma. Ma, shall I read it for you?"

"Never mind—" Henry said, wiping his damp hand over his mouth.

"Edna, give it to me," Annie said sweetly, though ashen-faced.

"Maybe Ma could read her own telegram," Bertha said.

Edna looked from one to the other with the telegram crushed in her hand and did not know which way to turn. But before the others could reach her, Henry strode forward and took it from her hands. Ernestine stood silent in the middle of this alien group and looked very small, her dark wrinkled face seeming childish. Henry let the envelope flutter to the hot green floor of the grove. He was still trembling.

"Herb's coming."

The fifty pairs of eyes darted and glinted like bees under the elms and maples.

"He says, 'Arriving at four o'clock'."

"How'd he know? . . ."

"Why—I—I just sent him a post card," said Fred, whose memories were freshest, in a hurt whisper, his lips pursed and dry. He switched his eyes guiltily, drops of sweat standing on his lean forehead. "Well, what's the matter with that?" he cried, his voice louder than he intended it to be, when no one spoke.

"Herb?" Ernestine said, looking up.

Many people unthinkingly glanced at their watches and Henry's tired eyes squinted up at the sun but no one said anything.

"You wouldn't think he'd have the nerve—" Adolph said at last, and shook all his fat in a snort. A moment later he squealed curtly in his high, feminine laughter.

V

When the beer was gone, the two young men who had become rapidly acquainted, Adolph's son and Bertha's son-in-law, took up a collection of quarters and half-dollars from the men and went for more. They took Henry's Buick, without telling him. Adolph's son threw the car in gear and reversed so swiftly that they grazed the oak tree on the lawn; they guffawed and shot forward, the gears shifting from second to high with silky smoothness. They grew still drunker from the brilliant glare of sunlight on the fenders and hood. But Adolph's boy, intoxicated by this easy speed, was driving too swiftly. Only a hundred rods from the house, unaware of the bend in the road, he plunged his broad foot with all his drunken might on the brake, but could not halt the terrific speed of the Buick, and ran headlong into the great shining black Cadillac as it rounded the curve.

The Buick joggled and toppled at the thunderous impact and came to a dead stop without turning over, its front fenders and headlights smashed and one wheel rolling weirdly fifty feet down the road; but the Cadillac lurched into the air like a hurt black bull, turned turvy with a shatter of glass, leapt upright again, then tumbled sideways into the ditch. It lay on its side, its engine whirring.

They waited paralyzed inside the Buick, stricken at first only by the defeat of this great Cadillac by the smaller car, then relieved and limp at their own escape. There was no sound from the big car, shining, yet crushed like paper, in the glare. But suddenly Adolph's son gave a short choked cry and jumped from the car, followed by Bertha's son-in-law, rubbing his bruised knee. And abruptly they both understood who was in the smashed silent Cadillac.

Then almost before they could reach the overturned car the throng of people came hurrying up the road from the grove, men with distorted faces, and gasping women, surrounding the car like flies around something dead, pushing the two young men out of their way as a dozen hands reached out to wrench open the door of the sedan.

Herb was richly dressed in a flannel suit and a thin silk shirt with the initials H D embroidered on the pocket, and expensive kid shoes, with bright socks on his feet and a gay tie round his neck. He had a large diamond on his thick finger and another smaller diamond in his tie. He was crushed between the front seat and the steering wheel, slipped down from the seat though with his bloody hands still gripping the wheel. He wasn't dead; his eyes were open and looked alive and they could hear his rasping breath. He was grinning comically as they lifted him out of the car.

But he did not come home alone. On the seat beside him, slipped forward on her knees as though she were praying, but unconscious, they found a young woman of thirty, dressed in blue with a string of blue beads around her neck, her hair tumbled forward over her eyes and her head hanging to one side as though the neck were broken. As they started to lift her out, she revived, looking about her wildly with her mouth opened as though she wanted to scream. "What's the matter — what are you doing?" and she began swinging her arms, hitting the men who were lifting her out. Abruptly she fainted again, loose in their arms.

Herb came home like this: he weighed almost two hundred pounds but he was so limp he sagged in the middle like a rolled-up carpet as the five men carried him to the house, a whole procession of relatives following slowly and whispering to one another, one of them bringing his soiled panama hat. The girl, reviving again, followed behind with her lean hand held up to her head, supported by Adolph and Bertha's husband.

No one ever mentioned his name.

Ernestine waited alone on the front porch, her hands locked under her apron. Annie rushed up to her, white-faced, her eyes suddenly tired and red-rimmed. "Now, Ma," she began, "you come into the house — you don't want to see this —" But she stood silent on the porch that slanted a little to one side with age, waiting with curious, cold, child's eyes. They came staggering under his weight, breathing heavily and calling whispered commands to each other; and his eyes seemed conscious and he kept the comical grin on his mouth, as though this were a very funny deal of the cards.

They took him into one of the little blue-walled bedrooms. The woman who

came with him did not go into the bedroom but sat outside in the kitchen on an old plush sofa, her fingers absently tugging at pieces of horsehair which protruded through a tiny hole. The men who had carried him in grunted, and mopped their necks and hands, and looked stupidly at each other. They stared stupidly at Ernestine, who sat quietly on the edge of the bed with her worn brown hand over Herb's, this son of hers who had come back. She kept opening her mouth trying to speak but no words came. Henry, holding fast to the foot of the iron bedstead, somehow had expected Herb to come home looking as he had when he ran away one night twenty years ago; he kept squinting down at the big broken body with puzzled eyes, unable to recognize his brother.

After a few moments he went quietly back to the kitchen, crowded as though for a party. "He died," he said, and ran his tongue over his lip. "Just now."

Fred, leaning against the door, raised his frightened hurt eyes, pursing his mouth. "Why, what are you talking about, man?" he whispered and went white.

The two ashen-faced young men who had killed Herb shot each other frenzied glances and one of them, Adolph's son, broke into loud sobbing like a child and rushed into his father's arms. Some of the younger children, unacquainted with death, kept trying to see through the bedroom doorway but were afraid to get too close.

"Herb?" the thin young girl asked, looking at her Family Tree tablet. "Which one is he? I can't find his name—"

Then all the children were swiftly hustled out of the room and those who were not closely related, the younger people and the in-laws, and a few others who were afraid of death, left too. Only the family,

the brothers and sisters and the woman who came home with him, remained. There wasn't any sound in the room. Suddenly the woman who had come with him, her tousled hair still falling over her eyes, a small scratch on her lean young cheek, looked up; her body was slim and eel-like. "What?" she asked, staring at everyone around her. "Who are you?"

They were all watching her, except Fred who stood against the door jamb with the startled hurt look in his eyes. Henry coughed. "He was our brother," he explained.

"What?" she muttered again.

"He died."

"For Christ's sake," she said quietly, and then gaped at the bare boards of the kitchen floor, and looked abruptly sick and older.

They were all startled when Annie gave a soft whimper and burst into tears, rushing into the bedroom where her mother was alone with Herb. She stayed there only a minute and came out weak and dazed. She threw herself into Bertha's arms, sobbing but without any sound whatsoever.

Adolph tried to comfort her, patting her back. "Hey, now—" he began, but ended by repeating deep and dry in his throat, "I'll be—I'll be—I'll be—"

"Cigarette," Herb's woman said, holding out her open hand but still with her eyes fastened to the floor. She did not even blink.

Both Adolph and Henry went to her with cigarettes and matches but Fred stood unmoving, letting his hurt questioning eyes rove from one to the other of them, unable to understand. The girl held the cigarette in her mouth, her hands drooping between her knees. "You feeling all right?" Henry asked, more softly than he expected to. She did not answer but after

a few puffs stood up, raising her bare arms as though she were only going to stretch herself and even parting her lips as though for a yawn, but then rushed her hands swiftly over her eyes.

They forgot to resent her cigarette. Adolph made a sound like coughing, puffing his flabby big cheeks, and went into the bedroom. Annie left Bertha's arms and went over to put her own arms around the girl, who had begun to sob with her hands over her eyes. Suddenly the girl fainted, slipping from Annie's frail arms with a quiet thud to the floor.

Annie was helpless. "*Ach, du lieber Gott, 's ist schrecklich!*" she wailed and was on her knees, tugging ridiculously at the girl to pick her up, slipping into the German they had often used years ago.

Bertha and Henry picked her up. Bertha sat beside the girl on the sofa, quickly loosening the belt tight around her slim waist. "Get this lady some water!" Henry cried to Fred, but Fred looked at him dumbly. "Water!" he repeated. All Annie could do was drop on the sofa and rub the girl's hands.

Fred brought water from the pump outside and gave it to Henry blankly.

The girl revived, her face becoming a little green, then white.

"There, you all right now?" Bertha asked. She took the water from Henry and held it to the girl's lips. "You lay down here. You'll be all right. There's a doctor coming any minute."

The girl let her eyes glance jerkily around the kitchen, as though she were trying to recognize it.

"You'll be all right," Bertha repeated. "We're all his people. You can lie down snug here." She stood up and began pat-

ting the sofa, but the girl would not lie down. "Give us that pillow, Henry."

Surprised by the familiar ring in Bertha's voice as she said his name, Henry bounded quickly to the rocker near the window and brought the pillow for her.

"No thanks," the girl said, but tried to smile.

Adolph came out of the bedroom with his mother. Her eyes were red-rimmed. She saw the girl for the first time. "Who is that?" she asked.

"Why, it's Herb's friend, Ma," Henry said.

They all looked older and tired and Ernestine looked timeless. She looked very small, too, surrounded by her children. "Well, take her in the bedroom," she said. For the first time that day, she spoke and looked at her children directly, as though she had them back again. The daughters helped Ernestine cover the girl with quilts even though the sun shone hotly, and Henry rushed down the road to see where the doctor was, and Adolph silently ordered the peering face of his youngest child away from the bedroom window. Then they all stood close to the bedstead watching the girl, a tight circle of them around Ernestine, except Fred, the second-youngest, who still stood by the kitchen door, his eyes sunken and frightened as he watched the waiting group in the bedroom. Soon he raised his hurt startled eyes, going in to join them.

Henry thought how after the burial, up on the hill, they would all return to the new homes they had made upstate, in Ohio, Montana, forgetting again. He wondered what it was that had happened to all of them, that only a death could reunite them.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE New Literary Criticism leaps to the defense of American womanhood in the Los Angeles *Times*:

This book "Europa" is a great novel but it fairly oozes sex. It covers the periods between 1900 and the World War and the one point in common between those various periods was that the men always seemed to be discussing sex potentialities of their women friends. For them, women seemed to have no other significance. This may be true in the shot-out civilizations, but it is emphatically not true of America. . . .

I think I can honestly say that I am a man's man. I have lived my life mostly with men—and mostly with young men. Believe it or not, I have never but once heard a man discuss a decent girl in a dirty way. . . . This one exception was a public official and I am glad and happy to say that circumstances made it possible for me to reduce him to a pitiful wreck—financially, politically and socially. I kept picking the ground under him for years in spite of his bellows for mercy. It turned out to be about the most expensive remark ever made. He used to sue for peace but I was ruthless. The girl never knew. . . .

I know a very beautiful Chinese girl, who—being marooned between two races—has spent much of her life in the treaty ports and the international diplomatic colonies. She says that it is her experience that an American is the only man with whom a defenseless girl—especially if she has been unwise enough to drink—is completely and absolutely safe. If a little "crooked," her peril increases with most other men but her position becomes all the safer with the average decent American. He hurries her home to her mother. . .

SWAMI BAIRD T. SPALDING reports strange doings in India, in answer to a palpitating question in *Mind Magazine*:

Question: Will you tell us about trying to sing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here," when you were in the temple?

Answer: We were told that an inharmonious sound could not be uttered in the temple. We tried to sing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here," and no sound came forth. We then just said, "Hail, Hail, Hail," and the words rang out as though amplified a thousand times.

KANSAS

GRATIFYING literary trend as noted in a United Press dispatch from the thriving metropolis of Girard:

A marked increase in the sale of Shakespeare's plays was noted in the last 60 days by E. Haldeman-Julius, publisher, he said today.

"A check on the sales revealed that a good many people believed a certain Notre Dame athlete was an author as well as a halfback," Haldeman-Julius said.

MASSACHUSETTS

HARBINGER of returning prosperity and plenty in East Concord, as reported by the esteemed *Springfield News*:

The latter part of last week Mrs. Lillian Wiser was feeling good but Sunday there was so much company they even stayed to eat 2 or 3 tables full of them, mostly from Lackawanna and Buffalo they laughed and joked and kept a racket going and bring children to keep things stired up till this week she is so nervous and worn out, she don't know what to do with

her self can't eat and keep it down not good at all.

NEW JERSEY

SAD news for the communists, as reported by the ever-truthful *Daily Worker*:

Recruiting generally is slow in District 14, and worse, when we figure the average of recruits as against the average of fluctuation, we find that workers are leaving our Party faster than we are getting them in. . . . In Bayonne alone, where we recruited, roughly, 100 members for the last two years, we lost 120.

NEW YORK

THE distinguished publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons describes, on the jacket of *A Natural Bridge to Cross*, by Eva Burton, the recent trip of the author:

In February, 1935, she returned from seven months abroad, having gone to Palestine especially to see persons connected with the coming rebirth of Christ.

PIE in the sky as presaged by the shrewd forecasters of the clairvoyant *New Republic*:

If the Soviet Union is preserved from attack for another five years, it will dominate the world situation. The influence of its example upon the workers of the rest of the world will be decisive. There will be no need whatever for the Soviet government to utter a word of propaganda, still less to lift a finger in aggression against any capitalist government.

COMRADE Albert Bein, author of *Let Freedom Ring*, discusses his own handiwork with becoming modesty in the wealthy *Daily Worker*:

. . . . this militant trade union play, cast to perfection and directed well — this play, probably the soundest, most uncompromising and yet alluring one that has yet

sprung from America, was turned down by one organization after another — of our own people. . . . I assure you it will be many a year before another such play springs from a writer's pen. . . .

POSSIBLE successors to *The Star Spangled Banner*, from a list of *Songs of Struggle* suggested, for fireside singing in the New America, by the same happy-go-lucky publication:

Banker and the Boss
Barricades, The
Comintern
Dixie (with new words)
Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Hand Me Down My Union Card
Hunger March
Internationale
Into the Streets May First
Lenin's Favorite Song (O Tortured and Broken in Prison)
On the Picket Line
Paint 'er Red (Marching Through Georgia)
Poor Mr. Morgan
Preacher and the Slave (Pie in the Sky)
Red Army March
Red Flag (tune of O, Tannenbaum)
Rockefeller Round
Scottsboro Boys
Siberian Partisan Songs
Song of the Red Air Fleet
Soup Song
We Are the Guys
We Shall Not be Moved (Lenin Is Our Leader)
When Revolution Comes to Town (Yankee Doodle)
Workers Funeral March

THE idealistic *Herald Tribune* rushes to attack the vile canard that there may be some connection between the dispensation of vast AAA funds and the election to be held next November:

To say that the votes of the farmers can be bought is to insult the intelligence as well as the integrity of the people of the Middle West.

EMBARRASSING moment for a Great American, as described by the ever-observant *Times*:

Postmaster General James A. Farley sang, spoke, and sold the first stamps yesterday when the new postoffice branch was officially opened in Bloomingdale's department store. The program started when Weldon H. Stott, a shoe salesman and part-time radio crooner, jumped on a counter and led the singing of three verses of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the words of which had been passed out at the doors to each employe as he entered the store. Mr. Farley joined in the first verse in a rather cautious baritone. Somewhere in the second he dropped out and he stood through the third with his hands behind his back; no one had thought to give him a copy of the words.

FATE of a Japanese good-will offering of presents to the mayor of New York City when a horde of hungry job-holders were turned loose on them, as noted by the *Sun*:

Like a swarm of locusts, members of the Board of Estimate descended on the reception room. With a faultless eye for the finest pieces, they scooped up costly etchings, delicately carved fans, musical instruments, and Oriental jewelry. Assistants helped Aldermanic President Bernard S. Deutsch pile armfuls of plunder into his limousine. James J. Lyons, Bronx Borough President, grunted under the weight of a Japanese harp.

PENNSYLVANIA

A WORD to the wise from the ironic but business-like editor of the alert *Bala-Cynwyd News*:

White's Sweet Shop closed again this week. . . . For years an advertiser in this paper and a consistent money-maker, the shop has in the past year or so, under various ownerships, consistently neglected the important function of advertising.

TEXAS

A NOBLE civic pride surges through an editor's breast, as per the distinguished Breckenridge *American*:

Our city of Breckenridge has the honor of being mentioned in the famous one-volume Columbia Encyclopedia, said Superintendent N. S. Holland Tuesday. The volume contains over 900 pages, 55,000 titles, 125,000,000 words, and two towns by the name of Breckenridge. Three lines are devoted to our city, Mr. Holland said. The Columbia Encyclopedia was written by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University.

WISCONSIN

DELICATE interpretation of a New Deal edict is managed successfully, according to the alert *Green Bay Press-Gazette*:

Shipments of a consignment of Northern Tissue to Ethiopia was announced this morning by the Northern Paper Mills. Mill officials explained that they did not feel this shipment violated the president's embargo against selling "munitions of war" to combatant nations.

WYOMING

ANOTHER giant stride forward is taken in the advance of American scholarship, as evidenced by an announcement from the Animal Production Department of the University of Wyoming:

Having in mind the many abilities and special training exacted from the dude rancher, as well as the increasing personnel problems, the University of Wyoming, located in the very heart of the dude ranching country, has launched a four-year course in recreational ranching as a part of its regular curriculum. Speaking in the vernacular, the arrangement "is a natural!" . . . Through the cooperation of various departments in the University a student may earn a degree in Recreational Ranching in four years. . . . These young people will have pre-

pared themselves for a wider and fuller understanding of the things which make life worth living.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

CANADA

THE Higher Education makes its influence felt across the border, according to the celebrated Vancouver *News-Herald*:

"Cooties, cooties everywhere . . ." may well be the theme song of the Phrateres (Friendship) Society this afternoon. With the college gym the setting for their unusual party at which a cootie-game contest will be the main feature, members of the Society are in for a couple of really hilarious hours. The cootie idea will be carried out throughout, painted representatives of the species being hung about the athletic hall, and nonsensical prizes being given to the contest winners. Doughnuts and coffee will be used to revive the exhausted participants. Dean Mary L. Bollert, honorary president of Phrateres, will act as patroness.

ENGLAND

THE *Churchman's Magazine* comes very close to making a nasty crack:

Though death and disaster come to all manner of persons in whatever walk of life, yet we cannot help remembering that the Queen [of the Belgians] who was Protestant before her marriage, changed her faith to that of Rome, as did Queen Ena of Spain, to please the powers-that-be. Whether there is any significance in that fact, it is not for us to speak rashly, but we have for some time past observed what a large number of Papists who have received the special blessing of the Church of Rome have almost immediately met with disaster.

GERMANY

THE Princess Braganza, according to the New York City News Service, brings home this glowing picture of *Reichsführer* Adolf Hitler:

He has the people in the palm of his hand. It is marvelous. They just worship him. Every man you see is armed. It is a perfectly marvelous situation.

RUSSIA

HAPPY family life in the roseate land of the Soviets, as cabled to the New York *Times*:

Found guilty of murdering her 13-year-old stepson, Peter Parfenoff, who had betrayed his grandmother to the authorities when she stole from a collective farm, Christina Parvenova, a peasant woman, was sentenced to death before a Soviet firing squad by the Supreme Court of the White Russian Republic at Sekno. The grandmother, as an accomplice in the murder, was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. . . . Peter Parfenoff, as a member of the Young Pioneers, children's communist organization, had been taught that loyal Soviet children must report thefts from collective farms, even if the disclosures implicated nearest and dearest relatives. . . . The crime was committed July 28, the defendant testified, when she sent the lad to the cellar to sort potatoes. She crept up behind him and crushed his head with a rock. . . . The woman admitted she had disinterred the body after a first burial, hacked it to pieces, and attempted to burn it in the kitchen stove. The corpse of a newborn baby was found in the garret of the Parfenoff house, and it was established that, shortly before murdering her stepson, Christina Parvenova had given birth to the baby, smothered it and concealed the body in the attic.

MUNIFICENT rewards to Comrades lucky enough to be working on the Trans-Siberian railroad, as reported in a Moscow dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*:

All workers get what is described as good food, but it is rationed according to the work each individual accomplishes. The best "shock workers" get special rations and some are even allowed to order meals according to taste.

KING OF THE LOBBY

BY LLOYD LEWIS and HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

TO HIS dying day it was Sam Ward's boast that he had never paid a congressman a cent for his vote. "The way to a man's 'Aye' is through his stomach," Sam would say, patting his own with pride and affection. With devilish skill he served unpronounceable European dishes to agrarian politicians and through their appetites won their votes for the higher tariffs and financial laws which their enemies, the corporations, wanted, and which they themselves had so lately vowed to kill. Sam Ward's table, and his table talk, were fragrant with the romance which ambitious Americans wove about anything foreign or aristocratic in the period of Sam's heyday — 1865 to 1880. Outside of Virginia ham, which he carefully boiled in champagne with a wisp of new-mown hay added at certain intervals, Sam was not known ever to have devised anything particularly American in all his epicurean career. Many trips to Europe, where he was a favorite of fashionable society, kept him posted on what the finest foreign chefs were up to, and it was largely with new salads, mixed by his own hands, that he seduced the antimonopolistic senators of the Republic.

An overdose of puritanism in his youth, a titanic draught of Bohemianism in his adolescence, and the Civil War in his adulthood combined to make Samuel Ward the "King of the Lobby". His father, another Samuel, was a great banker of New York, the middleman in Prime, Ward & King, financiers of Wall Street. An austere man,

frowning upon the fripperies of society, he raised his children to be worthy of a puritan heritage which contained a couple of colonial governors of Rhode Island and various religious leaders. He filled his house, at the corner of Bond street and Broadway — far uptown in the 1820's — with paintings, but there his worldliness stopped, for he gave far more money to the building of churches on the godless Western frontier, and to the New York temperance movement. His religious scruples delayed, long past her time, the social debut of his daughter, Julia Ward, and indeed shaped her so that she fell readily in with the reform passions of the man she married, Dr. S. G. Howe, the abolitionist of Boston.

But old Ward had less luck with his eldest child, Sam. The boy, born in 1814, was his sister's idol, "master of childhood revels, handsome, quick of wit, tender of heart, brilliant in promise", and the father decided to educate him as a scholar as well as banker. After an expensive preparation in American private schools, the youth was sent to Heidelberg where he developed an amazing facility in language, mathematics, and beer-garden song. Then to Paris he went to astonish Laplace by translating that genius' *Mécanique Céleste*, and to captivate Victor Hugo with his wit and charm. Jules Jaurin, the reigning critic of the city, made him his companion. The cafés knew him and embraced him. The writers and scholars introduced him to dukes, the dukes

introduced him to premiers, and the premiers to princes. Sam came home in 1835 with a thing to delight his father, a magnificent library in boxes, but with a hedonist's love of the Latin Quarter in his heart. Around the grim American home he sang Heidelberg songs until his two sisters and younger brother nearly lost their senses dreaming of romance.

Then Ward, Senior, took him down to the office of Prime, Ward & King, and as relatives afterward said, "his brilliant and effervescent spirit was forced into the Wall Street mold with disastrous results". The boy's mind was still in Paris that first day when, at evening, his father summoned him and said, "You'll play the very devil with the checkbook, sir, if you use it in this way."

And later that same year, young Sam was further off from the long, mad evenings of Montmartre, because he was marching down a church aisle with Emily, the daughter of William B. Astor, on his arm. Nearby, his sister Julia was noting how "on the forehead of the bride shone a diamond star, the gift of her grandfather", John Jacob Astor himself.

But Emily was soon dead, and, in 1839, Sam's father too. The brakes now were off and Sam let fly at society with both barrels, feasting and dancing with abandon. He was trying to recapture Paris. Another fashionable marriage came his way in 1843, the bride being again an heiress and a queen of fashion, Medora, daughter of the New Orleans aristocrat, John R. Grymes. Sam left his father's firm, set up his own brokerage office in Wall Street, played the very devil with the checkbook, struggled, wriggled, finally let the devil have everything, and in 1848 struck off for California and gold.

Too gently bred to bend all day over a sieve in a creek, Sam set up a mercantile

house in San Francisco, made a fortune, lost it in a fire, and by 1851 was roaming again. The Indians intrigued his linguistic genius, and to win a wager he learned the Piute language in three weeks, residing with tribesmen while he studied. He liked a certain chief and invited him to take a trip to San Francisco. At a steamboat landing the chief disappeared, and Sam, returning to the village to report the loss, speedily found himself trussed while a fire was lighted at a handy stake. Just before the redskins' death dance was done, in came the chieftain, admitting that he had made a fool of himself. He said that he had never been on a steamer before and that its internal noises had convinced him of danger. "He sick — he groan so," he had said, and popped quickly over the side. A little later he had seen, from the cliffs, how comfortable everybody was on deck, and that the big canoe was evidently in good health. Then he had walked home feeling very small, and now turned Sam loose with apologies.

Sam went on, went chasing gold mines in Mexico and in South America, and in 1862 represented the United States Government in renewing rights to cross Nicaragua. Then he came home. But New York was no longer the place for an ex-banker or even a banker. Washington now was the center of everything. A war was on. Sam's sister, Julia, was famous. The past November she had visited the army camps in Virginia with her husband, who was a leader in the Sanitary Commission, the medical relief auxiliary of the Federal army. One day while Dr. Howe and the officers rode horses, Julia and her Boston pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, had followed in a carriage. All day a river of blue-clad soldiers flowed past them. Julia had sung the newly popular song, *John Brown's Body*, to the boys, and they had

taken it up to make it roll and echo among the Virginia hills. Dominic Clarke finally said to her, "You ought to write some new words to that tune."

That night, the tune had gone on swinging, clashing, swinging in her mind. She could not sleep. One grandsire, far back, had ridden and sung with Cromwell, and he rode again that night up and down the floor boards of Julia's tent in Virginia. Suddenly, as Julia afterward told Brother Sam, she "found the wished-for lines arranging themselves in her brain". She bounced out of bed, seized a candle, a pencil, the back of an envelope, and let *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* write itself.

The *Atlantic Monthly* gave her \$5 for the song. It was an immediate success.

II

But no Covenanters disturbed the sleep of Brother Sam. He was forty-eight, a little past the military age for private soldiers, and he was not equipped to be an officer. Furthermore, his eyes had never seen the glory of the Coming of the Lord. Once, indeed, he had sighed to Julia as they had walked from church after a very long sermon by Dr. Clarke: "*Le pauvre Dieu!*"

What Sam Ward did when he came to Washington in 1862 was to witness a phenomenon which many of the banking-bred class already had noted: namely, the arrival in American government of a new dispensation for the businessman. All his life Sam had seen bankers and brokers treated with what they thought was insufficient respect by the Democratic hierarchy. In early times, they had grieved for the nation's future because that demagogue Thomas Jefferson had taught simple folk that cities and bankers and large-scale businesses were dangerous, and that everybody would be not only happier but more pros-

perous with self-sufficient farms or small factories. Also Jefferson had endangered the government credit, "squandering" money on purchases of vast wilderness tracts west of the Mississippi for the use of farmers. Sam had heard his father denounce Jefferson's follower, Andrew Jackson, for similar radicalism when Old Hickory had refused a new charter to the United States Bank. With many institutions, and some states, going bankrupt in the resultant crash, Sam's father had obtained from England the loan which saved New York State's credit.

The long reign of the Democrats had been filled with talk about the people ruling, but all that this implied to the financiers was that the politicians ruled; whereas all sound and conservative men of affairs knew that with inventions increasing as they were, and with machinery improving so rapidly, the nation needed the rule of business. By the time Sam reached Washington, the Republican party had been in office for a year, and already the businessmen had discovered that the administration supported the gospel they had always preached. The era of the politician was ending: soon millionaires would be regarded by an altered electorate as the right men to sit in Senate seats where small-town lawyers once had dreamed their grandiose dreams. Fittingly enough, it was the new administration itself which introduced Ward to the fresh dispensation.

An Indiana banker, Hugh McCulloch, was Controller of the Currency, and he needed someone to court, woo, and charm congressmen, especially the Democrats who were prone to oppose the war and what the war was doing to old American institutions. Sam accepted the job, receiving what the newspapermen of Washington understood to be \$12,000 in annual salary and "dinner expenses". The hour of the lobby-

ist had come. There had been contact men galore, in the long Democratic regimes from Jefferson to Buchanan, to influence legislators, but the profession had not been established in the form which now emerged.

Joe Morrissey, a tetrarch in the twilight world of lotteries, wanted Congress to tax his business. Every business should do its part in war times, he remarked. But privately, Joe desired a tax to kill off his less powerful competitors so that he, in his ability to pay, might secure a monopoly. He hired Sam Ward — and Sam's art flowered. From his Lucullan feasts, starry-eyed congressmen staggered down the streets, feeling their paunches with pleased wonder. And quickly Morrissey was able to spread the word to rich men that this was the way to do it. Ward's reputation was made, and he soon was known far and wide as King of the Lobby. War contracts were wanted, contract-scandals needed to be hushed, subsidies were being handed out, the habits of a nation were changing, an industrial revolution was on — the lid was off.

III

Since Sam so quickly grasped the nature of his new profession, there was no way of recording the exact identities of his clients. He always denied emphatically having helped any of the concerns which swindled the government on war orders. He would have no part of any fraud, he said, and never passed money. Even some of the most cynical newspaper correspondents thought he had never given a cash bribe, for if Sam were not above it morally, he was at least too intelligent for methods so crude. Also there was this to be said for Sam: he was a genius at making people comfortable and happy. It was

not in him to humiliate men. His way was to get them to like him so much they would do what he wanted them to do. A newspaper editor sounded what was probably the average correspondent's view when he said, at Sam's death, that the man had "lived by arts which nobody can respect," but that he had "adorned a questionable life with amiability, refinement and breeding".

Charles Sumner, the august and lofty reformer-senator, said: "I disagree with Sam Ward on almost every human topic, but when I have talked with him five minutes I forget everything save that he is the most delightful company in the world." And Julia Ward Howe, who, as a battler for abolition, women's rights, and high morals, could not condone Brother Sam's profession, stood loyally by him, for she did love him endlessly. "I'm the gastronomic pacificator," Sam said of himself, and would contend, with some evidence to support him, that his principal business had been to cement the rickety friendships of big men in Washington. The enmities that died among the champagne bottles on his tables were reputedly without number, for he was always at his pacificating, and his reign lasted for twenty years.

A bitter feud between Generals Garfield and Schenck terminated at one of the small, elegantly-appointed, exquisitely-dished dinners which were Sam's specialty. "Uncle Sam", as he came to be called in the early 1870's, invited the two hostile politicians to dinner without letting either know of the other's presence. He allowed them to meet in his hallway and exchange glowers for a few moments before he made his urbane entrance. Seating them, he held their attention with anecdotes until his excellent imported vintages could take hold. And when Sam's exotic foods were melting in their mouths, Garfield, the former towpath boy,

had beamed upon Schenck, and Schenck, forgetting the hardtack he had eaten in war, smiled upon Garfield. Late that night the two guests departed, leaving their hatchets buried in the dinner debris.

"The incarnation of European luxury" was what fashionable folk said of Sam's way of life, as he darted back and forth between America and Europe. And so skilled was he in the technique of the perfect dinner that he ate nothing himself at his functions, devoting his whole time to table talk that would amuse his guests. This did not mean that he went hungry, for it was his practice to fortify himself, before company came, with a large lamb chop and a stimulating glass of Burgundy.

Uncle Sam, in his sixty-eighth year, gave a dinner to Oscar Wilde, during the American lecture tour of that twenty-eight-year-old British poet — a dinner which gave the "King of the Aesthetes" lessons in what was beautiful. "The aesthetics of the kitchen" was what Sam Ward had been saying that he practiced, and when the long-haired apostle of the sunflower and the lily came in 1882 to the home Sam had set up in New York, at 84 Clinton Place, he found the dinner table surrounded with calla lilies, with lilies of the valley at each plate, and a singer delivering a song *The Valley Lily*, which the host had written. The dinner passed into New York lore as one of the most brilliant, however small, to be given in the metropolis.

Sam Ward by then had vacated his post as King of the Lobby. With the coming of Garfield to the Presidency, Sam's star had waned, causing some observers to surmise that Garfield feared Sam would make him forgive all his enemies as he had once forgiven Schenck. Washington was not the same with him gone, for, as one newspaper observed, "a sight of Sam Ward was as much a part of every tourist's routine as

was a sight of the Patent Office". The embassies missed him, for diplomats had found him a European oasis in a strange land. He might well have lobbied for them, too, since there was no question of his friendship with such influential foreigners as the Prince of Wales, Bismarck, the Czar, Lord Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Huxley, Daudet, Robert Browning, and Sarah Bernhardt. Gladstone often entertained him, and Gladstone's secretary, Lord Rosebery, was one of his closest friends.

Sam departed from his haunts leaving behind a story which he had told so often that it had become legendary — of how he had saved Andrew Johnson's presidential chair for him. He said that through his many friendships, he had learned of the Republican plot to impeach Johnson, and had rushed to his original benefactor, McCulloch, now risen to be Secretary of the Treasury. Together they had gone to drag Johnson from a diplomatic dinner and tell him to move fast. Out of his long experience, Sam had given him the plan which saved him, the plan of hiring the most eminent counsel, half of them Republicans, half Democrats.

All the money Uncle Sam had earned at lobbying passed swiftly through his fingers, for he had lived grandly even when not supplied with expenses. It was on a gift from James R. Keene, the Wall Street plunger, that Sam was living, in 1882, when he retired to New York. Once Keene had been desperately sick and lonely when Sam had called. With his own hands Ward had taken such care of the stock-gambler that recovery had been rapid, and ever after Keene believed that only this samaritan treatment had saved his life. Quietly he bought a block of Northern Pacific Railroad stock, laid it away, and when a chance came, ran the price up, sold it, and gave the profit to Sam.

Another friendship, that with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, had often stood Sam in good stead during his career. Longfellow was not backward in telling people, "Sam Ward is the most lovable man that I have ever known", and there could be no question about the sincerity of their mutual affection. The Boston poet either did not know, in his innocence, of Sam's profession, or if he did, he held Sam's own view of it, for they exchanged letters on classic literature even while Sam was fattening congressional calves and leading them to the abattoirs of the robber barons. It was Sam's boast that his business acumen had greatly advanced the fortunes of the gray-bearded Longfellow.

"We first met in Heidelberg in March, 1856," Sam announced, soon after the old poet died in the spring of 1882. "We were great friends. I used to go up to Boston to spend Sunday with him.

"I'll tell you how he wrote *Skeleton in Armor*, one of his greatest poems. In 1839, I think it was, he rode with my sister, Mrs. Howe, and a gay party from Newport to Fall River, where there was a skeleton in armor, exhumed at Taunton and brought to Fall River for exhibition. Longfellow challenged my sister to write a poem about it. She didn't. He kept it in his mind for a year, then wrote it.

"He showed it to me, said his Boston admirers thought he ought not to publish it. They said it was not up to his standard. I read it, took it to Lewis Gaylord of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and had him give Longfellow \$50 for it. That was a large price for any poetical production in those days.

"About ten years ago, when paying Longfellow my usual Christmas visit, he read me *The Hanging of the Crane*, for which Robert Bonner of the New York

Ledger paid me \$4000. When I first mentioned the existence of such a poem to Bonner, he offered me \$1000. Longfellow declined the price.

"Longfellow was a noiseless sewing machine in his work. He translated the *Inferno* by ten minutes' daily work, standing at a desk in his library while coffee was reaching the boiling point on the breakfast table."

Sam wrote verse himself, and had, in his younger days, published a book of poems, *Lyrical Recreations*, written to tease his sister Julia when her first collection, *Passion Flowers*, appeared anonymously.

"I can do as well," he had said, and in a few weeks turned out his book.

With Longfellow gone, and with so many of his generation passing, Sam did not weaken. His nephew, F. Marion Crawford, living at the home of Julia Ward Howe in 1882, was putting his Uncle Sam into a novel, *Doctor Claudius*, and, naming him "Henry Bellingham", was accurately picturing him as "perfectly bald . . . sweeping moustache and imperial . . . superb diamonds in his shirt . . . priceless sapphires sparkling on his broad hand . . . the only man of his time who can wear precious stones without vulgarity . . . he moves like a king with a youth that bids defiance to age".

Two years later Uncle Sam, bankrupt again, came to Crawford's home at Pegli, Italy, to die, and Julia Ward Howe was writing in her diary:

"What must he not have suffered in those lonely days of wandering and privation. . . . Here was a man with many faults on the surface and a heart of pure gold beneath. . . . He is in the heaven accorded to those who loved their fellow men, for who ever coined pure kindness into acts as he did?"

A YANKEE LOOKS AT DIXIE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is many years since, a tenth-generation New Englander, I emerged from that bleakness into the more tepid air of the Middle Atlantic states. I remember the experience well. Every inch of me seemed lapped in a soft surrounding warmth. I had the keen sense of beholding a different kind of native American, even a different order of things. For the first time I saw men and women frankly preoccupied not only with life and liberty, but with the pursuit of happiness. Good food, good figures, good complexions, good clothes, all seemed to be involved in their norm of life. (Those were the days, my friends, when the brakemen on the Pennsylvania Railroad looked like Greek gods.) For the first time, too, Negroes in quantity sprawled across my vision, giving a certain laxness and lushness to the daily scene. I knew, even then, that the South did not begin until Virginia began; yet I could not but wonder if this warmth and softness crept up from the land of cotton and Cape jasmine. I began to long for a living report of the South of my own day. In a spirit of inquiry, I became Dixie-conscious.

The honest Yankee, seeking enlightenment about that proximate yet unknown land, naturally turned to Southern fiction. But in those days, it must be confessed, fiction gave little help. Even George W. Cable, who was truly an artist, had his periods of saccharinity, and the James Lane Allens, the Owen Wisters, the F.

Hopkinson Smiths—to say nothing of the lesser people—were too sentimental to be documentary. I doubt if the true Southerner can ever have appreciated the effect produced on the Northerner by the fiction of my youth and early middle-age. (I am sure he would have been appalled to know that it read precisely like the more romantic pages of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Dred*.) A book like *Balisand* rang true; but it dealt with an eighteenth-century scene. As soon as a writer approached contemporary Southern material, he seemed to walk in the false day of a Lost Cause. The heroes had a theatrical nobility which made Corneille look classically austere; as for the women, "Was a lady such a lady? . . ." one quoted helplessly under one's breath. Southern chivalry, as revealed in these pages, verged on the comic strip. Did those moldy walls, those tattered hangings, those bayoneted portraits, those dishevelled gardens, really exude so malarial a sweetness?

When I asked my Southern friends why the South had no contemporary literature worth considering, they made various answers. Often, they referred the dearth to the Civil War. I gathered that the dam-Yankees had stolen the family ink along with the family silver. Sometimes I was permitted to infer that few pens were qualified to deal with the only true civilization the United States had ever known. All of them admitted the dearth, and most

of them found one reason or another for being proud of it. Certainly I do not recall ever having heard a Southerner praise that literature. Meanwhile, the Yankee waited in vain for fiction that should show him a credible South.

In the last fifteen years the situation has changed amazingly. The literary fertility which, in my youth, had passed from New England to the Middle West, has now moved south of Mason and Dixon's line. The South has become our most articulate section. There is a vast amount of Southern fiction, fresh every month. Yet Southerners still do not like it. New Englanders who can impersonally applaud a book like James Gould Cozzens' *The Last Adam* cannot quite understand this unreconstructed touchiness. If magnolias are not what they used to be, neither are Old Stone Faces. Is not this unaffected frankness perhaps better than the old posturing? At all events, the Yankee dives into the crowd of books and emerges, I confess, bewildered.

The confusion is natural. What was once the Confederacy is composed of many human groups, and all the groups have started to speak at once. In that babel, the harsher voices prevail. There is still, to be sure, some of the old sentimentalizing. So *Red the Rose*, for example, is as sugary and unconvincing as the Southern fiction of the nineteen-hundreds. Miss Glasgow's later utterances vibrate with a sustained transcendental sweetness that has little to do with the modulations of reality. The fashionable emphasis on the Negro has been as pronounced in literature as in other fields of art. We have had our Porgys and Black Aprils and Scarlet Sister Marys, and now, in *Deep Dark River* we have our Mose Chadwick who, some critic has said, is a second Uncle Tom. (Rather hard on Mrs. Stowe, that; since

Uncle Tom can, with an effort, be swallowed, whereas the most Gargantuan imagination would retch at Mose.) A lot of the books, however, are highly realistic and fairly unpleasant. The lesser whites of Dixie have been thoroughly exploited. Mr. T. S. Stribling has for a long time been documenting the economic degeneration of a conquered community. Even we Yankees have learned that the "deep" South is something quite different from Virginia. Mr. Erskine Caldwell has presented the natives of Georgia to us with competent and devilish terseness. Stars have fallen on Alabama, and Mr. William Faulkner has been busy, for years, taking away any reputation Mississippi may ever have had. Louisiana has been letting the late Huey Long do its talking; but I hear that there is a new novel about Florida. The South, we may say, has been pretty well covered. Now, to know what a strange land looks, feels, sounds, smells like, we must still go to literature; and the Yankee, though confused, cannot be without his book-induced impressions.

II

The alien reader, after a long bout with modern Southern novels, rises not only confused but depressed. He suspects that Dixie is in a bad way. Perhaps he exaggerates the badness of that way. Possibly the true flavor lies between the old sickening sweetness and the new sickening sourness. At moments, recalling the earlier fiction in which all Southern whites were aristocrats, the perplexed Yankee wonders whether the aristocrats are all dead, or only debunked. However much he may admire Mr. Caldwell's craftsmanship, he knows that Georgia cannot be wholly populated by Jeeter Lesters. Though he has been told by *bona fide* Mississippians

that Mr. Faulkner has only to walk out of his own front gate to encounter all his characters in the flesh, he still believes that *Sanctuary* and *A Rose for Emily* derive to some extent from Mr. Faulkner's personal morbidness. Perhaps he casts back to the fiction of his own region for a helpful analogy. If he is a New Englander, he knows that the characters of Hawthorne and Mary Wilkins never really existed. Yet, even as he is forced to admit that those characters incarnated actual New England "humors", that the traits reduced to absurdity are themselves real, so he wonders if there is not more warrant for the Miltiades Vaidens, the Jeeter Lesters, the Lucas Burches, than his Southern friends admit. Are the dimness and dullness and ineffectiveness of the "nice" people portrayed in Southern fiction a matter wholly of bad art, or were the originals of the portraits perhaps rather dim, dull, ineffective folk? Undoubtedly, when the romantic heightening stopped, certain crudities emerged. On reflection, he suspects that those crudities have always been there.

He sees, that is, through the parti-colored medium of books, an "aristocracy" not too well educated, limited in culture, and partaking to some extent of the hardness of nature itself—resembling, one may say, all agricultural squirearchies. Whatever one may think of the brutalizing effect of machines, no one, I believe, will deny that a certain callousness has always gone with cultivation of the soil. Humanitarianism, one suspects, was born in towns. Agricultural civilizations, the reader considers, have never tended, in themselves, to foster psychologic sensitiveness. Neither the growing of crops, nor the hunting of foxes, nor the breeding of horses encourages it. Nor was the Southern planter helped to sensitiveness, like

his English counterpart, by the problems of agricultural laborers who were of his own stock, and freemen. He was necessarily as superior to, as alien to, his slaves as to loam and livestock. If the upper classes, in this more or less disillusioned fiction, give evidence of callousness, of naïveté in the realm of ideas, of inaptitude for mental progress, are not these traits that have always been characteristic of agrarian regimes—accentuated in Dixie by the false morality and false economics of slavery? Even in ante-bellum days there must have been as many Squire Westerns as Sir Charles Grandisons in that legendary world. Since the Civil War, conditions must have been far less favorable than before to the making of Grandisons. The reflective outsider, trying to be fair, attributes fifty per cent of the unpleasant characterization to cynicism and fifty per cent to history.

We Yankees sometimes shock our Southern friends when we take the new fiction seriously. We are willing to believe them when they say that they and their kind are not well represented, or Southern civilization quite fairly dealt with, in that fiction. In like manner Northerners know that New England and the Middle West have not been fairly dealt with by most novelists. Yet we do not deny, as I have said, that the exaggerations of Northern fiction are based on fact; that writers have but made more salient, more dominant, more picturesque, traits that are actually there. If fictional reports from Dixie agree in making callousness, bigotry, and stupidity outstanding traits of the Southern white, we need not believe in their dominance, but we must suspect their presence. It is no doubt the South's bad luck that the novelists who would paint the South flatteringly are still hampered by a sentimentality that makes them in-

capable of honest exposition. It is no doubt the South's bad luck that the disillusioned write better than the mystics. When my Southern friends complain of Miltiades Vaiden and Jeeter Lester, I sympathize. Yet the Yankee who knows the South only through literature is forced by Mr. Stribling and Mr. Caldwell to believe in Miltiades and Jeeter, because Mr. Stribling and Mr. Caldwell have fulfilled the novelist's duty: they have created convincing characters. If the South wishes to impose its legend again on the rest of the country, it must insist on its romantic novelists' learning their job.

The result, at all events, is that the white citizen of Dixie emerges thus cloudily from fiction, a pathetic yet curiously unappealing figure. Pathetic, because no one can refuse to admit that, what with the War, and Reconstruction, and the climate, and the Negro, he has had a terrible set of conditions to deal with; unappealing, because he shows an almost willful inaptitude for dealing with them. The upper classes, throughout the fiction, manifest an unwillingness to face facts that suggests a positive incapacity for facing them. They show an indifference to disturbing events that looks like real callousness. Thought, that great vivifier, seems not to be at work in Dixie.

III

It is perhaps, strictly speaking, only by minorities that one can test a culture. When, searching these novels, one tries to lay a respectful finger on the individual who is able to represent a regional ideal, one tries almost in vain. We can only hear him faintly scuttering behind the leaves, between the lines. We get, inescapably, the impression that ignorance, sloth, and bigotry prevail precisely because there

is no "aristocracy" fitted to lead the folk out of ignorance, sloth, and bigotry. The kindly, honorable people seem not only too few but too weak or too indifferent, too stiffly corseted in provincial prejudice, to make their counsels known. Indeed, even they are too often tainted by sloth, bigotry, or ignorance.

This, then, is our dilemma. We are given sentimental portraits of which the only convincing quality is a certain desuetude. On the other hand, the degenerated upper classes, the hillfolk, the tenant farmers, the Negro ne'er-do-wells, seem real. If the Southerner wants the Northerner to forget the child labor and lynchings and sharecroppers and chain gangs of the news columns, let him look to his fiction. At present, literary evidence is to the effect that citizenship in Dixie is on a lower level than elsewhere. When charm and breeding appear, they are nearly always mitigated by moral defeatism and tribal vanity—an unfortunate combination for they seem to isolate the man in an impermeable container within which eventually he, most unintelligently and unconstructively, dies.

I have not, of course, read all the Southern fiction the last decades have produced; but I have faithfully experienced, I believe, a fair cross-section of it. Moreover, I have read it wishfully. . . . In far Massachusetts, I turned mugwump at the age of ten. A slavish admirer of the great Virginians of history, I have wanted nothing so much as to be "shown" a people still stamped with their seal. For their sake I have been patient, all my life, with mocking birds, okra, and Southern accents. It is with a sickening disappointment that this particular Yankee turns at last from the fiction in which the magnolias rot and smell to heaven. It is a very depressing literature, my friends!

THE FIRST LIBERAL

BY S. K. PADOVER

LIBERALISM today is apologetic and democracy is on the defensive: in Europe the reaction of the Right and the upsurge of the Left have, between them, derided the one with contempt and destroyed the other with violence. The success of the extremists has been so complete, liberal-democracy has collapsed with such total ignominy and lack of resistance, that the defeated cause arouses scorn. For the psychology of the victors has infected the Continent and spread the virus of political violence even in the midst of long-established democratic societies.

Thus, dictatorship becomes a serious menace: for democracies are, in times of crisis, susceptible to demagogic appeals, the masses being easily flattered by crude lies and reckless promises. If a democracy has any regard for its values and its philosophy it must, ceaselessly and confidently, defend its position and not depend upon force, either of tradition or of ammunition. Liberalism, if it is to survive, must once more become a fighting creed, as it was one and two centuries ago. Hence it may not be amiss at this time to review the bold career of the foremost exponent of liberal doctrines in modern times.

He was a frail little Frenchman, who as a boy was known to his Jesuit teachers as François Marie Arouet, but whom posterity remembers by the name Voltaire. He was born near Paris at the time when the pious Louis XIV, having lost many of his teeth and some of his battles, exclaimed

reproachfully: "Thou mightest have remembered, O God, what I have done for thee!" Young Arouet, never on intimate terms with the Deity, was always to remember the frightful effect of a despotism based upon divinity.

When Voltaire was nineteen, the Sun King departed to the glory of another world, and Paris, celebrating the royal demise, "breathed again in the hope of some liberty". The crowd got drunk on wine and joy, and the ambitious young poet joined, not the drinkers, but the pamphleteers. Flattered as a wit and spoiled as a genius, Voltaire had had no chance to learn political realities and did not know that what was permissible to the Regent, who was "very fond of liberty", was not accorded to the mocking young rascal of a notary's son. As a result of some irreverent verses, Voltaire was consigned to the Bastille where he spent eighteen fruitful months, writing an epic poem.

"*Monseigneur*," said Voltaire to the Regent after his release, "I should be well pleased if His Majesty deigned to provide for my keep, but I beg Your Highness to make no further provision for my lodging."

But even the Bastille did not teach the ebullient poet to control his lively tongue. The upper-class Paris of Voltaire's time seethed with intrigues and cabals; women poisoned each other with gossip and men killed with rapiers, either of steel or of wit. Voltaire, the center of a gay circle, spent

his time rhyming and love-making. Fortunately for posterity, he never failed to joke, and the sting of his barbs aroused fury in his high-born victims. This was his salvation, for the ill-deserved punishments brought him back to reality.

"Who," the Chevalier de Rohan once asked haughtily, "who is this young man who talks so loudly when he contradicts me?"

"He is a man," Voltaire replied, "who does not drag a great name behind him, but does honor to the one he bears."

The Chevalier thereupon resorted to cudgels, commanding his flunkies to give the poet a sound thrashing in public. "Don't hit his head," the Chevalier calmly advised his henchmen, "something good may come out of that."

Voltaire's aristocratic friends laughed at the incident. Compared to a Rohan, a Voltaire was after all but an amusing clown. And when the infuriated young man announced that he was going to challenge the aristocrat to a duel, he once more found himself in the Bastille. This was the turning point in Voltaire's life: he, the pampered wit of the Paris *salons*, had experienced on his own skin the effects of feudal justice. He was now thirty-two — the period of clowning was over.

Supplied with letters of introduction from the English ambassador to France, Voltaire went to England, the land of liberty and tolerance, where, presumably, poets were not canded in public. He quickly proceeded to master the language, to study conditions, and to make friends. "England," he wrote upon his arrival, "is a land where the arts are honored and rewarded . . . where it is possible to use one's mind freely and nobly, without fear or cringing." He marveled at the absence of religious persecution, admired the dignity and culture of the middle classes, and praised

the fiscal regime under which no one was exempt from taxation. The English peasant, Voltaire observed with delighted surprise, "eats white bread, is well dressed, is not afraid to increase his livestock, nor to cover his roof with tiles". Compared to France, this was an earthly Utopia. "At the bourse of London, Christian, Jew, Moslem, treat each other as if they belonged to the same religion and call infidels only those who go bankrupt."

Much that was admirable in this new country was due to the British constitution and British rationalism. Reared under an arbitrary monarchy, as inefficient as it was bigoted, Voltaire, like Montesquieu, assiduously studied the British constitution, which guaranteed liberty without resorting to force. Through his literary friends — Bolingbroke and Swift, Pope and Congreve — Voltaire came to know the best in English thought, especially the discoveries of Newton, whose magnificent burial he witnessed, the dramas of Shakespeare ("a fine but untutored nature"), and the philosophy of Locke. "Mister Loke" made a profound impression on the eager Frenchman who digested the *Letter on Toleration* (1689), with its cogent arguments for liberty of conscience. After two exciting years of reading and observing, Voltaire returned to France, ready for the lifelong fight against unreason and injustice. "From the moment of his return," Condorcet relates, "Voltaire felt himself called upon to destroy every kind of prejudice which enslaved his country."

II

Remembering the pride and power of the English middle class, Voltaire, now acutely conscious that wealth ensured independence, set about to make himself rich. He invested his small inheritance in specula-

tive business ventures and was lucky enough to amass a fortune of more than half a million livres. Possessed of rare business acumen, Voltaire not only kept what he had won but also, by wise investments and generous gifts received from friends, continued to increase his wealth over a period of fifty years. He became the richest, and freest, literary man in Europe.

He needed his money, for he was rarely on amicable terms with the authorities. His successful plays delighted the public but annoyed the police, and his *Philosophic Letters*, a book praising England to the discredit of France, was burned by the public executioner. In imminent danger of arrest, Voltaire fled from Paris and settled at Cirey in Lorraine, at the château of the Marquise du Châtelet, a remarkable woman who became the poet's mistress and companion for fifteen years. At Cirey, Voltaire planned and executed two of his most important works, *The Age of Louis XIV* and the *Essay on Manners*, both designed as heavy artillery with which to bombard the priest-ridden regime. For, following the example of the Protestants in the sixteenth century, Voltaire realized that only ammunition drawn from history (if used philosophically) could blast away the foundations of despotism and obscurantism.

The underlying philosophy of Voltaire's "history of human stupidity" was that religion and war were the twin enemies of mankind, the breeders of fanaticism and cruelty. History, Voltaire never failed to point out, was a "list of human cruelties and misfortunes, an almost continuous succession of crimes and disasters". Hitherto, clerical scribes, in order to keep the people in darkness, had fed them with fabulous tales and written pious chronicles full of "squadrons and battalions conquering or being conquered"; they had

consistently ignored man's glorious achievements in science and art. Voltaire decided to shatter this conspiracy of neglect, to tell of things that really mattered—"the truly great men, those who have excelled in the useful and the agreeable, who have worked for the good and pleasure of posterity: the great artists, inventors, the scholars".

For years Voltaire worked on *The Age of Louis XIV*, sending sections of the book to his friends for approval. Frederick the Great, who "devoured" the manuscript, kept begging for more; "it is," the king wrote from the battlefield, "my sole consolation, my amusement, my recreation". At the same time the King of Prussia warned his friend that the work was too dangerous to publish. "Be careful about printing it. The priests, that implacable race, will never forgive you the little shafts which you hurl at them. A history written in a philosophic spirit ought never to leave the circle of philosophers." Frederick was right. A copy of the manuscript fell into the hands of a printer, and the French police were warned. Once more Voltaire had to flee from France. "I love the French, but I hate persecution," he said.

Voltaire did not immediately seek refuge in Prussia, whose king had been showering him with flattering letters for four years. Their correspondence, begun in 1736 when Frederick was still Crown Prince, inaugurated a strange friendship between the two most sparkling minds of the age. Frederick's first letter began in this fashion:

Sir: Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you personally, you are none the less known to me by your works. They are treasures of the mind. . . . I feel I have discovered in them the character of their ingenious author, who does honor to our age and to the human mind.

Voltaire was too good a bourgeois not to be overcome with joy at this mark of princely attention. He replied:

My self-love was but too flattered; but that love of the human race which has always existed in my heart and which I dare to say determines my character, gave me a pleasure a thousand times purer when I saw that the world holds a prince who thinks like a man, a philosophical prince who will make men happy. Suffer me to tell you that there is no man on earth who should not return thanks for the care you take in cultivating by sane philosophy a soul born to command.

The king who wanted to be a philosopher and the poet who wished to be a statesman were henceforth, for some forty-odd years, bound by indestructible ties of interest, self-interest, and vanity. Sometimes they quarreled; often they traduced each other; always they managed to be complimentary. Their friendship was not unlike that of a cat and a woman. The feline Voltaire would purr when tickled, but never failed to scratch when annoyed.

In 1750, after the death of Mme. du Châtelet, of whom Frederick was jealous, the lonely Voltaire took the hazardous step of making his home in Prussia, unable to resist the king's urgent invitations. Frederick gave his friend a royal reception, decorated him with a glittering order, and granted him an allowance of 28,000 livres. Voltaire was full of misgivings: he detested chains even when they were forged of gold. Frederick's character disquieted him, the king's French friends annoyed him; above all Voltaire feared the royal malice, backed as it was by a sharp sword.

Potsdam [Voltaire informed his niece] is full of moustaches and helmets of grenadiers; thank God, I do not see them. I work peacefully in my rooms, to the accompaniment of the drum. I have given up the royal dinners: there were too many

generals and princes. I could not get used to being always opposite a king in state, and to talking in public. I sup with him and a very small party. . . . I should die at the end of three months of boredom and indigestion if I had to dine every day with a king in state.

I have been handed over, my dear, with all due formalities, to the King of Prussia. The marriage is accomplished: will it be happy? I do not know in the least: yet I cannot prevent myself saying, Yes. After coquetting for so many years, marriage was the necessary end. My heart beat hard even at the altar.

The "marriage" proved disastrous. Each, the king and the philosopher, was sharp, vain, malicious — at the other's expense. Gradually the weather at this peculiar court of backbiting males became "cold and frosty". Impatient at having to correct Frederick's poor verses, Voltaire sneered at the king's "dirty linen". Frederick had something to say about "squeezing the orange and flinging away the peel". The Frenchman who loved money then began to speculate in shady transactions and the king accused him of being a swindler. Voltaire, remembering that Frederick had clipped the coin of the realm, retorted that His Majesty was a cheat. Probably neither was wrong. The final explosion came over a question of mathematics. Maupertuis, the French scientist whom Frederick appointed Director of the Prussian Academy, had disagreed with Koenig, a Swiss mathematician, over an algebraic formula, and Voltaire, whose quarrel it was not, wrote a devastating satire on the French savant. The infuriated Frederick made a savage attack on Voltaire — "if your works deserve statues, your conduct deserves chains". Voltaire left Berlin under a cloud which burst at Frankfort, where he was thrown in jail.

Upon his release, the French exile of sixty had at first nowhere to turn. He settled at Geneva, hoping to find tranquillity

in the aristocratic Protestant city; but the Calvinists proved to be no less intolerant than the Catholics. Voltaire, however, had not speculated on the bourse for nothing. With sufficient money to live like a lord, Voltaire, to make certain of an impregnable refuge, purchased two adjoining estates, Tournay and Ferney, one on the French side of the frontier and the other on the Swiss. It was a stroke of genius, this having a nimble foot in each land. "In this way I creep from den to den, escaping from kings and from armies."

He had been on the move for almost thirty years, making friends, enemies, and sarcastic comments. His renown had spread across two continents: he was read and discussed from Philadelphia to St. Petersburg. Wealth was his, and glory and genius. What more could a man ask? The world was full of cruelty and fanaticism; there was little an elderly invalid could do about it. Did he not himself advise that one should be content to cultivate one's own garden? "In this world one is reduced to being either hammer or anvil."

Perversely, the irrepressible little man chose to be the hammer. Now that he had a home of his own and had lost many of the illusions of youth, he was determined to devote the afternoon of his life to propagating light and throttling superstition. For a quarter of a century, during which time he pretended to be dying, he let loose upon Europe a flood of books, pamphlets, satires, and letters, which, sooner or later, reached practically every literate person in the Western world. Endowed with prodigious energy, he found time, among other things, to write so prolifically that today his printed works fill approximately one hundred volumes. And the tenor of his latter-day compositions was: *Écrasons l'infâme*. The infamy — religion, church, superstition — must be crushed!

Consider this puny and ailing man of seventy and eighty who, single-handed but equipped with marvelous wit, set himself to blast away the whole intellectual basis of the *ancien régime*. "Twelve men sufficed to establish Christianity, and I want to prove that it needs only one to destroy it." Lest it be assumed that his anti-church bias was an obsession, it must be made clear that Voltaire, like Karl Marx a century later, fully realized that religion is the keystone of any social system: to demolish the latter, one must discredit the former. All eighteenth-century reformers — Joseph II of Austria, Frederick II of Prussia, Pombal of Portugal — were anti-clerical. Voltaire knew that what made men contented in their misery was religious consolation, and that so long as the church was powerful there was no hope for progress, as he conceived it.

Situated in the heart of Europe — "my left flank on the Jura, my right on the Alps" — this extraordinary phenomenon of a poet turned evangelist became a colossal generator of ideas, supplying all Europe with intellectual ammunition and making a veritable cult of Reason. A stream of acid was poured over the heads of the fanatics and obscurantists, dissolving what had hitherto been held sacred. Fools were laughed to scorn and bigots lashed with whips. Nothing — no injustice, no cruelty, no absurdity — escaped the mocking eye of the sage of Ferney, and what the eye saw the nervous hand executed with the deftness of a surgeon. True, he was helped by the "light troops of the party", but, with the possible exception of the odd Rousseau, none commanded so wide a hearing, none was possessed of so implacable a purpose. More astonishing still, the champion of Ferney soon found himself without a worthy opponent; for the sapping work of the *philosophes*, headed by Voltaire,

was so thoroughly executed that the *ancien régime*, like dead Caesar, was left without a defender. And when, a little over a decade after Voltaire was buried, the Revolution (of which he would have disapproved) broke out, the foundations of the old system were so undermined that the structure collapsed even before it was seriously assaulted.

III

The doctrines which Voltaire propagated may be summarized in two words: liberty and justice. Not the liberty of the privileged to wear ruffles and dance pirouettes, but freedom of speech and of press, freedom of worship and of conscience, freedom of assembly and of petition; in short, the tenets of modern liberalism. He passionately advocated justice for all citizens, regardless of birth or position, and protested against the inhuman legal code and judicial procedure. Men, he said in words made famous in the American Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, possessed certain fundamental and inalienable rights: "Complete freedom of person, of property, of thought, of religion, of the press; the right to be, in criminal cases, judged only by a jury and according to law."

Despite his humanitarianism, Voltaire was too much of a sceptic to believe in economic equality or complete democracy. Utopias belonged in the future. At present man was incompetent and greedy. An egalitarian republic, Voltaire said, may function until "there comes a voracious and vigorous man who takes everything for himself and leaves them [the people] the crumbs". Shades of Napoleon! Some day, the unconquerable optimist hoped, science and reason would destroy prejudices and make men fit to lead a decent life. In the

meantime one must fight against intolerable conditions and help to diffuse reason, especially through the instrumentality of "enlightened" monarchs. "The happiest thing that could happen would be a prince who is a philosopher." Frederick the Great and Catherine the Great and Joseph II were all "philosophers": but they also were despots, sometimes as intolerant as priests. The aged Voltaire was losing his royalist illusions. Democracy was not the best conceivable form of government — Voltaire always kept the theocracy of Geneva in mind — but at least it was not brutal. "No St. Bartholomew, no Irish massacres, no Sicilian vespers, no inquisition, no condemnation to the galleys for having taken some water from the sea without paying for it."

I admit [he confessed in his old age] that I would accommodate myself easily to a democratic government. . . . I love to see free men themselves make the laws under which they live. . . . It is a pleasure to me that my mason, my carpenter, my blacksmith, who have helped me build my house, my neighbor the farmer and my friend the manufacturer rise above their business and know more about the public interest than the most insolent Turkish bureaucrat. No laborer, no artisan in a democracy need fear any vexations or contempt. . . . To be free, to have only equals, such is the true life, the natural life of man.

The wealthy poet drew the line at economic equality. The burning problem was to abolish tyranny and introduce reason, not to distribute wealth equitably. Man should be free to work, free to possess property, and not be hampered by antiquated restrictions or crushed by unjust taxation. "Why do those who enjoy the greatest privileges, and who are sometimes useless to the public good, pay less than the worker who is so necessary?" Excessive wealth, Voltaire realized, was

socially dangerous, but, except for advocating confiscation of the huge ecclesiastical properties, he treated the problem in cavalier fashion.

Every man [he said] is born with a rather violent propensity for domination, wealth and pleasure, and with a strong taste for idleness; consequently every man would like to have the money and the wives or daughters of other men, to be their master, to subject them to his every caprice, and to do nothing, or at least to do nothing but what is most agreeable. It is easily seen that with these handsome propensities it is as impossible for men to be equal, as it is impossible for two preachers or two professors of theology not to be jealous of each other. Equality is therefore at the same time most natural and most chimerical.

Sometimes the bright and polished pen of Voltaire was employed in malicious trifles, but it was nevertheless used consistently in the service of one dominant ideal: toleration. Herein, perhaps, lies Voltaire's best claim to immortality, especially today when intolerance has become, in most of Europe, a cardinal principle of state. Intolerance, Voltaire argued, begets cruelty, and cruelty leads to persecution and war. "The individual who persecutes a man, his brother, because he is not of the same opinion, is a monster." Persecution and war had been, for seventeen hundred years, the twin plagues of Christendom, causing untold misery. Why, Voltaire asked, are there no sects of geometers, algebraists, arithmeticians? Because, he answered, "all the propositions of geometry, algebra and arithmetic are true". Could one say the same for religious tenets or political prejudices? No, since man was formed of "frailty and error". Therefore the first law of nature was for men to pardon each other's follies. "We ought to be tolerant of one another, because we are all weak, inconsistent, liable to fickleness and

error." Shall a reed, the poetic philosopher asked, crushed in the mud by a wind, say to another reed in the same tragic position: "Crawl as I crawl, or I shall petition that you be torn up by the roots and burned?"

I shall never cease [the seventy-year-old Voltaire wrote to a friend] to preach tolerance from the housetops — despite the groans of your priests and the outcries of ours — until persecution is no more. The progress of reason is slow, the roots of prejudice lie deep. Doubtless, I shall never see the fruits of my efforts, but they are seeds which may one day germinate.

IV

In March, 1762, Voltaire heard a strange story. Mark Anthony, the son of Jean Calas, a Protestant merchant of Toulouse, was found dead, apparently a suicide. But a fanatical mob, in lynching mood, accused the father of having killed his son in order to prevent his conversion to Catholicism, and the no less bigoted court, by a vote of eight to five, found the white-haired parent guilty. Jean Calas, murmuring "I die innocent", mounted the scaffold, accompanied by a priest, a magistrate, and an executioner. The executioner crushed one of Calas' arms with an iron bar. Fainting, Calas was revived by the magistrate and had his other arm broken. Again the victim lost consciousness, was revived, and had his limbs separately shattered in four places. Then the wielder of the iron bar, with a mighty blow, caved in Calas' chest; the crushed heap of bone and flesh was bound to the wheel and torn to pieces. Finally, flames consumed the fragments. This French holiday lasted two hours.

Voltaire heard the story in amazement. He thought it was improbable — even in France — that "Calas' judges should, without any motive, break an innocent man on the wheel". Immediately he began an in-

vestigation, first inviting Calas' younger son, then an exile in Switzerland, to his house. "I found a simple and ingenuous youth, with a gentle and very interesting countenance, who, as he talked to me, made vain efforts to restrain his tears." More and more convinced that here was a deliberate crime committed by fanatics, a "judicial murder", Voltaire interviewed witnesses, wrote letters, and asked searching questions. Discouragement met him everywhere: the writer was told to mind his own business. "Why do you mix yourself up in such things?" a friendly priest asked him. "Let the dead bury their dead."

"I found an Israelite in the desert," the deistic philosopher quoted in reply, "an Israelite covered in blood; suffer me to pour a little wine and oil into his wounds: you are the Levite, leave me to play the Samaritan."

In the midst of Voltaire's investigations came the news, again from Toulouse, of the Sirvens case, almost identical with that of Calas. Murder was loose; the public fury grew daily. The families of Calas and Sirvens came to Ferney to appeal to him.

Implacably, Voltaire proceeded to obtain justice and to rehabilitate the character of the murdered Jean Calas. All his qualities as a superb propagandist now came to the fore. He mobilized public opinion in Europe against the infamous court; he deluged the judges, the royal court, the zealots with facts and appeals, with arguments and sarcasms. He wrote a series of terribly somber pamphlets, masterpieces of restrained passion. He hired lawyers and kindled the flame of indignation in the hearts of the mighty. Every friend Voltaire had in France and Europe was made to serve the cause: dukes like Richelieu, statesmen like Choiseul, beautiful women like de Pompadour, monarchs like Frederick. For three years Voltaire conducted

the battle, three years in which, he said, a smile never escaped his face but that he reproached himself as for a crime. Contributions for the victims poured in from Germany and England, for the case had become the talk of Europe. At last, in 1766, the *Parlement* of Paris reversed the decision of the court of Toulouse and the king granted the widow of Calas a compensation of 36,000 livres. Paris celebrated the victory of justice; Voltaire was a national hero.

The "defender of Calas", the "universal man", became the court of appeals for every brutal crime committed by the French authorities. "A philosopher," he said, "is not to pity the unhappy — he is to be of use to them." Voltaire gave unsparingly of his time, his money, and his unmatched talents. The victims of judicial crime whom he could not vindicate — La Barre, Montbailli, Lally-Tollendal — he avenged with scathing irony. He was no longer a playful wit but a grimly determined apostle. His ideas reverberated far and wide; they became a noble tradition for Europe, for America, for every area where men fought to "succor the needy and defend the oppressed". The concepts he forged — liberty, justice, toleration — the causes he championed, these possess a permanent value to civilization, transcending time and class.

Thirteen years after Voltaire's death, during the French Revolution, one hundred thousand men marched in solemn procession toward the Pantheon, where the poet's ashes were being transferred. The sarcophagus (which mysteriously disappeared during the Bourbon restoration) contained the epitaph:

"He avenged Calas, La Barre, Sirvens, and Montbailli. Poet, philosopher, historian, he gave a great impetus to the human mind: he prepared us to become free."

THE CLINIC

The New Deal in Stamps

BY RALPH A. BARRY

WHEN Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency, the stamp collectors of America saluted the elevation of a well-known philatelist to high position. It was believed that his love for, and knowledge of, the hobby could not but react favorably toward collecting in general. He had long been a member of the New York Collectors' Club and the American Philatelic Society, the two leading organizations of the country; his own collection, started by his mother when, as a girl, she lived in Hong Kong, is almost as old as philately itself. It does not rank with the greatest exhibits of the country, but it contains an excellent representation of Hong Kong stamps, the stamps of Haiti, with which country Roosevelt was in contact during his term as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and those of North and South America.

Thus, with a philatelist in the White House, the collectors waited expectantly for a New Deal in stamps—just as millions of other citizens were waiting hopefully on Dr. Roosevelt's promises. Now just what this philatelic New Deal was to produce has never been made clear; but when it arrived shortly after Inauguration Day, it was found to be even less satisfactory than the administration policies in other directions. Collectors at first held their breath, then they began to grumble; and finally the grumble rose to a roar which culminated in demands before the House and Senate for an investigation of the Post Office

Department. For the record, all the facts in the case are set down here.

Regarding stamps, Postmaster General Farley understood that they were affixed to letters, and perhaps he had an idea that certain people collected them. In fact, he knew that Roosevelt did, for he had autographed for the President's collection the first sheet of stamps commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Proclamation of Peace at Newburgh, issued soon after the 1933 inauguration. The sheet was ready for dispatch to the White House when Farley's attention was called to its lack of perforations. He was advised that the sheet must be punched, as it was against departmental custom to release unusual stamps. The Newburgh sheet then was duly perforated; but the incident impressed upon Farley the knowledge that there was high value indeed in rare varieties. Now the Postmaster General is nothing if not practical. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is a contractor to the Post Office Department. Farley could order what stamps he liked, and the order would be filled. If he desired rare varieties, he could have them, precedent notwithstanding. Of course, face value must be tendered by him in order to satisfy bookkeeping, but upon this payment the stamps were his property.

Thus did the New Deal become productive of numerous stamp varieties, and as new issue followed new issue, collectors asserted that special sheets of each were being autographed by Farley for presenta-

tion purposes. At first, the sheets were reported as going to President Roosevelt alone, but as time passed the name of Col. Louis McHenry Howe, the White House secretary, was added. Then Farley's own name, one sheet at first and later one for each of his three children; then the name of Secretary Ickes, the Billion-Dollar Wizard; and finally those of the assistant postmasters general. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was credited with receiving a special sheet of the Mother's Day issue when she represented the mothers of America at the ceremony attendant upon the first press run of this stamp. The names of all the recipients may never be learned, but the statement made later by Clinton B. Eilenberger, third assistant to Farley, contained in a letter to Congress defending the Postmaster General's action, asserted that a total of ninety-eight sheets, comprising twenty varieties, had been quietly presented to New Deal officials.

To one not familiar with the worth of rare stamps, the whole affair may seem of slight importance, but when it is apprehended that most of the special sheets contained two hundred stamps, and that many of these stamps were valued at \$100 or more apiece, the significance of the hand-outs becomes apparent. To collectors throughout the country, the situation was serious. Accustomed to a Post Office Department that had jealously guarded against errors in printing or unusual issues, they had not expected the New Deal to sanction rarities which would some day come on the market at high prices. But, as every one knows now, money means nothing to the Brain Trusters.

The first organization to act publicly in the matter was the Westchester County (New York) Chapter of the American Philatelic Society, which approved a resolution of protest on July 20, 1934. The matter

next was discussed with postal officials at the society's national convention in Atlantic City the following month, but no satisfactory conclusion was reached. Farley had done nothing illegal. He had paid for the stamps. The government had not been defrauded. So what of it? The case of the collectors *vs.* the presentation sheets was not yet strong enough. The philatelists would have to mark time until one of the sheets was placed on public sale.

They did not have long to wait. Apparently not all the sheets had been presented as souvenirs to officials; at least one, as was revealed later in testimony before the Senate, was given for other reasons. This sheet of two hundred Mother's Day stamps came to New York from Norfolk, Virginia, insured for \$20,000; it was deposited with the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, pending the owner's proof of title. Hugh M. Clark, treasurer of the firm, showed the sheet to a number of collectors and newspapermen. It bore the signature "James A. Farley" on the margin, but strangely enough it was dated May 18 instead of April 13, the day of the printing ceremony in Washington. While this sheet was in New York, a newspaper reporter located another in Philadelphia.

Early in January, 1935, the Norfolk Philatelic Society learned of the sheet in that city, and of the price asked for it. The society thereupon filed a protest with President Roosevelt, calling upon him to halt favoritism. To make certain that the protest did not miscarry, a copy was handed to the Associated Press. Here, at last, was a break in the news. From coast to coast the newspapers took up the cry. Farley, worried now, issued several ambiguous statements concerning the Norfolk stamps: one declaring that he personally filled a request from someone in Norfolk for a sheet bearing his autograph, and had uti-

lized an unperforated sheet so that his pen would not catch in the holes; another saying that the sheet had been dispatched to Norfolk by error. Meanwhile, as was learned later, Farley was making desperate but futile attempts to recover the sheet through the same channel which had carried it to Virginia.

The newspaper publicity had been so great that a clarifying explanation was expected from the government. But as none came, the matter was placed before Congress. At the behest of collectors, Representative Millard, Republican of New York, asked that the House authorize the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads to summon Farley. The resolution called attention not only to the Mother's Day stamps from Norfolk, but to other recent issues held by dealers at prices as high as \$250 a copy.

While the question was pending, Ickes, a well-known collector and member of several philatelic societies, in a statement to the press, asked Farley to call a meeting of those who had received the presentation sheets, and to request each individual to produce the stamps. The sheets could then be properly perforated, or called in and destroyed. Such a meeting was never held.

When the Millard resolution came up for final vote on February 5, it was tabled by 275 to 101. Touching comments during the debate were reported as follows:

Kleberg of Texas: "I do not think the Postmaster General did wrong in giving out a few unperforated, ungummed, unmarketable stamps to a few gentlemen worthy of high trust who are his friends."

Dobbins of Illinois: "I think the philatelists of the country concede to the Post Office Department a very efficient management of its stamp service, and I know that those who do not concede it ought to concede it."

Blanton of Texas, the department's principal defender: "There is nothing unusual about a man in government service wanting to keep as a memento something incident to his service. . . ."

The Norfolk sheet was held by an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the facts regarding it were revealed during one of Huey Long's attacks on Farley in the Senate on May 13 and 14, which had no connection with previous action in the House. The Senate voted down the Long resolution by a vote of 62 to 20 before the close of the session. Immediately after the vote in the House on February 5, the Post Office Department declared that duplicates of all stamps privately presented would be printed in sufficient quantities for collectors' demands, and that thereafter no sheets would be allowed to leave the Bureau of Engraving and Printing except in the form necessary for public sale.

While the collectors thus had won a great victory in preventing further presentations, it was a Pyrrhic one, as they now had to purchase a number of useless stamps. Herein it appears that the New Deal scored; for, if the Brain Trusters could not have these rare stamps themselves, they could at least make their opponents pay. The reason given unofficially for the necessity of re-issuing the stamps was that some had gone into private hands and could not be recovered. This did not apply, however, to all varieties, and there was no reason why these could not have been recalled, except that politicians never admit a wrong.

The re-issues, quickly dubbed the Farley stamps, were placed on sale on March 15 at Washington, in sets of twenty full sheets at \$190.30 each, or in blocks of four stamps of fifteen varieties at \$3.32. The first day's sales brought \$528,000, and the total for the three-month period, March 15

to June 15, during which the stamps were available, was \$1,663,717. This last figure is what the New Deal cost the stamp-collecting public, and has been cited as a fair measure of the value of the stamps Farley originally gave his friends in and out of the government service. The re-issued stamps included the special delivery air-mail, Mother's Day, Newburgh, Little America, Wisconsin, Century of Progress, and National Parks.

Although collectors have \$1,663,717 in

face value stamps to show for their money, nevertheless they were forced unnecessarily to spend this amount. And even with this expenditure the re-issues are not in many cases identical with the originals, as months afterward it was impossible to match colors. Thus the "presentation" sheets are still rare, of great value, and remain at large. Farley's little hand-out was as unnecessarily costly to stamp collectors as the whole New Deal has been to the taxpayers of America.



The Walking Laboratory of Dr. Beaumont

BY JOHN KOBLER

THE strange saga of Dr. William Beaumont and "The Man with the Iron Lid on His Stomach" is to the American medical student what George Washington and the cherry tree is to the American schoolboy. If Washington was the father of his country, Beaumont was at least the step-parent of American physiology. Modern clinicians acknowledge a certain debt to Beaumont's crude pioneering through the digestive tract with chart and thermometer; but the garish splendors of the man's temperament have never been fully appreciated. None of the sciences has produced a more fantastic relationship than that which existed between Beaumont and "that fistulous St. Martin," as the doctor called him in one of his rare moments of jocularity. There was something mildly crackbrained about the whole affair.

The two men—the young, bewildered fur-trapper and the army surgeon consumed by the heat of his ambition—met for the first time on June 6, 1822, under strange circumstances. The locale was Fort

Mackinac, where the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan mingle. The War of 1812 had been over for seven years and the fort was occupied by United States troops, whose principal business was policing the frontier. The island itself was a base of operations for employees of the American Fur Company, a number of whom were just now back from a long trek, laden with pelts. Among them was the young French-Canadian, Alexis St. Martin, who already, at the age of 18, was something of a legend in the district. He was a squat, brawny lad, a Gargantuan eater of food, a drinker of fiery spirits. He was straddling a barrel in the company's store, yarning, when the accident occurred. A member of his audience became so hilarious that he dropped his shotgun to the floor. It fired, sending a charge of wadding and buckshot into St. Martin's stomach, and fragments of clothing into his chest. His garments took fire and with a scream he toppled off his perch. A moment later he was pale and still. The first man to regain presence of mind was

an officer of the company, G. G. Hubbard, who remembered the young army surgeon at Fort Mackinac. He ran from the hushed room, and located Beaumont at the barracks.

Beaumont at this time was 37. Despite his obscure medical position, he came of an important Connecticut family. The war had roughened him and given him excellent field work, it being nothing for him to dress as many as 300 wounds in a day. As he put it: "I cut and slashed for 36 hours without sleep." After the war, he had accepted the post of surgeon at Fort Mackinac. What Beaumont was waiting for was the Opportunity which knocketh but once. It knocked loudly on that Spring morning when Hubbard gasped out details of the accident at the company's store. In a few moments Beaumont was at St. Martin's side, palpating the wound. It was just under the left breast. A large part of the side had been blown away; the ribs were shattered and cavities gaped in the chest and abdomen. Beaumont managed to extract some of the shot and bits of clothing. "He can't live more than a few hours," he said. "I'll come and see him by and by."

But when he returned two hours later he was baffled to find St. Martin breathing and conscious. The boy had suddenly become a real responsibility. Beaumont assumed it, and for ten months he treated him and restored him to health. St. Martin was, in fact, as good as new except for the hole in his stomach as big as a man's fist. His economic position, however, was lamentable. He was broke and still too weak for work. The state declared him to be a "common pauper", and ordered him to be deported.

Now it is impossible to say just when the Great Idea illuminated the doctor's brain. Undoubtedly the prospect of los-

ing his interesting patient stimulated it. In any event, the resulting proposition was startling. It must be remembered that the functions and nature of the human stomach were then profound mysteries. Virtually nothing was known about the digestive process, the gastric juices, or the physiology of hunger. A number of speculations had been ventured, such as the theory that the digestive agent was "a myriad of small worms that attacked food and reduced it to a uniform, pulpy mass". The Englishman, Dr. Hunter, an eminent physiologist of the day, had solemnly declared: "Some will have it that the stomach is a mill; others a fermenting vat; others that it is a stew pan; but in my view it is neither a mill, a fermenting vat, nor a stew pan—but a stomach, gentleman, a stomach!"

In contemplating the orifice in the unhappy St. Martin's torso, Beaumont thought he saw the solution to the whole business. As he expressed it: "No human being was ever given my opportunity." He offered the boy board and lodging plus \$150 a year, in return for which he was to lease himself as a living test tube. The terms of the contract specified that St. Martin was

to serve, abide and continue with the said William Beaumont, wherever he shall go or travel or reside in any part of the world his covenant servant diligently and faithfully . . . that he, the said Alexis, will at all times during said term when thereto directed or required by said William, submit to, assist and promote by all means in his power such philosophical or medical experiments as the said William shall direct or cause to be made on or in the stomach of him, the said Alexis, or otherwise, and will obey, suffer and comply with all reasonable and proper orders of or experiments of the said William in relation thereto and in relation to the exhibiting and showing of the said stomach

and the powers and properties thereto and of the appurtenances and the power, properties and situation and state of the contents thereof.

What made St. Martin a peculiarly valuable clinical property was the nature of the fistula created by the wound, affording an unparalleled opportunity for observing at first hand the functions of the stomach. It was two years, however, before St. Martin was strong enough to undergo the experiments Beaumont had in mind. Meanwhile he lived an easy life, dining on delicacies and sharing the doctor's every comfort. Nothing was required of him but a little housework, and when Beaumont was transferred to Niagara, he took St. Martin with him. Altogether the boy was beginning to congratulate himself. He was renowned through the Northwest as "The Man with the Iron Lid on His Stomach". Actually, he had no such thing. Beaumont had merely fashioned an adhesive flap which fitted over the fistula. It was only necessary to depress it slightly to gain access to the stomach.

In May of 1825 the experiments began, and it is doubtful whether St. Martin ever forgot the date. Beaumont kept a day-by-day record. His clipped style fails to give a fulsome picture of what the patient suffered; but the reader can easily guess. Under the entry for August 1, 1825, the doctor wrote:

At 12 o'clock, M., I introduced through the perforation into the stomach the following articles of diet, suspended by a silk string, and fastened at proper distances, so as to pass in without pain — viz.: — a piece of high seasoned a la mode beef; a piece of raw, salted pork; a piece of raw, salted lean beef; a piece of salted beef; a piece of stale bread; and a bunch of raw, sliced cabbage; each piece weighing about two drachms; the lad continuing his employment about the house.

At 1 P.M., withdrew them and examined them — found cabbage and bread about half digested: the pieces of meat unchanged. Returned them to the stomach.

As the schoolboy of today knows, any large quantities of undigested matter are apt to produce fever, headache, and acute discomfort. After observing St. Martin for twenty-four hours, Beaumont was convinced of it. On August 2 he noted: "The lad complaining of considerable distress and uneasiness . . . dropped into the stomach half a dozen calomel pills."

The experiments continued for six days. Beaumont lowered nearly everything into the boy's stomach from a thermometer to a dozen raw oysters and port wine. Now, St. Martin happened to be very fond of oysters and port, and this process of abating his hunger at secondhand was extremely unsatisfactory. Although the doctor would pass the most palatable foods under his nose — boiled chicken, fresh peas, roast beef, fruits, and liquors — he withheld them from the usual orifice. St. Martin was obliged to walk, run, lie on his side, and digest all manner of things such as tripe and pigs' knuckles. On August 8 he cracked. He slipped out of the barracks and vanished into the Canadian wilderness. The doctor's chagrin was moving. He was far more hurt than angry, and recorded in his casebook a naïve surprise.

The young man who was subject of these experiments left me about this time and went to Canada, the place of his former residence. The experiments were consequently suspended.

St. Martin stayed in Canada four years, resisting the doctor's every ruse. Due to his physiological peculiarity he was now a national oddity, a fact which displeased him. He wanted to forget everything connected with Beaumont and his painful experiments. But pickings were thin and

economic pressure finally persuaded him to accept the doctor's terms. The salary had been raised to \$400 a year and Beaumont agreed to receive St. Martin's newly-acquired wife and children. The reunion must have been touching. Beaumont was overjoyed to find that the fistula was the same and in 1829 St. Martin once more was on the doctor's operating table. The menu was better than ever, but he was given practically no chance to enjoy it.

At 3 P.M., dined on bread and eight ounces of recently salted beef [Beaumont wrote] four ounces of potatoes, and four ounces of turnips, boiled. In fifteen minutes took out a portion. . . .

Ate a full dinner of roast beef, potatoes, beets, and bread. Removed a portion. . . .

Breakfasted on venison steak, cranberry jelly and bread, drank a pint of coffee. Took out a portion. . . .

This sort of thing went on for three years, until 1831. It might have gone on forever but for the protests of Madame St. Martin, with whom it is impossible not to sympathize. A husband who passes most of his waking hours submitting to the ghoulish experiments of a fanatical doctor is hardly able to fulfill his conjugal obligations. Furthermore, Madame St. Martin was homesick. With a sigh of pity for woman's inability to take the larger view, Beaumont let them go on leave. It is an interesting commentary on St. Martin's physical vigor that he was strong enough to paddle his entire family up the Mississippi in an open canoe.

The doctor was almost frantic with impatience until St. Martin got back in 1832. From a kindly, genial youth, the doctor had become a fierce, single-tracked monomaniac. Without as much as a "How have you been, my dear Alexis?" he went to work on St. Martin for the third and last time. This, the most important series

of experiments, lasted one year, during which period the subject was shunted around from Plattsburgh to Washington and back again. Matters progressed unevenly, being frequently upset by St. Martin's unruliness. Then the doctor was forced to record sadly: "He became intoxicated in the afternoon, and interrupted the experiments."

Inevitably, there were a number of unpleasant incidents. There were days when St. Martin was stuffed with "raw, ripe, sour apples" to produce the symptoms of colic. Another stage of the experiments was enlivened by Beaumont's efforts to sting him to fury that he might study the effects of passion on the digestion. It was probably at this time that he hit upon the epithet, "that fistulous St. Martin", a taunt which never failed to infuriate. That the powerful fur-trapper did not tear the doctor to shreds with his hands is a miracle. But above all there were the long hours of starvation. These were the worst. In November, 1833, the walking laboratory kept walking — out of the barracks. Beaumont never saw him again and had to conclude the experiments, being naturally averse to shooting anyone else in the stomach.

St. Martin's history from this time on was varied. He was an orderly stationed at the War Department in Washington for awhile. When this palled he traveled around the United States and Canada exhibiting his unique wound in sideshows and before medical societies. He made considerable money, most of which he squandered on drink. In the autumn of his life he settled down on a farm with his wife and children. All this time he maintained a correspondence with Beaumont; and only once did St. Martin waver in his determination never to return. This was when Beaumont offered \$500. But

Madame St. Martin forbade it. So Beaumont, resigned at last to the fact that he could learn no more about the stomach from St. Martin, published his famous thesis, *Experiments and Observations*. It was a brilliant and stimulating book, presenting fifty-one revolutionary facts about the stomach. Such excitement was created that the world beat a path to St. Martin's door, driving him to distraction. It was suggested to Dr. Beaumont that he should take the trapper to Europe and submit him to tests by more skilled physiologists, for Beaumont never pretended to be anything more than a medical reporter. The London Medical Society offered St. Martin £400, more money than he had ever had in his life. But Madame St. Martin was not to be persuaded.

In 1853 Beaumont was living in St. Louis, a silver-haired old gentleman, honored by the community, still making futile attempts to lure St. Martin back, and enjoying a lucrative practice when death

came to him in April of that year. St. Martin's troubles, however, did not end with the doctor's passing. In many respects they had only begun. Badgered by Beaumont's would-be imitators, his constant fear was the possibility of an autopsy upon his stomach when his time came. He finally succumbed on June 24, 1887, at Joliette. His family kept the body at home much longer than is usual, so that decomposition might forestall the resurrectionists. In this they succeeded so brilliantly that it had to be left outside the church during the funeral ceremony and was buried eight feet deep.

The circumstances of the two men's deaths had a certain irony which could not have failed to strike St. Martin in his last moments. Here he was dying at the age of 83 in a gentle alcoholic stupor, without so much as a pain in his stomach; while Dr. Beaumont, the man of science, had passed away thirty-four years before, after contracting a boil on his neck.



The Truth About Shaving

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

DEMOSTHENES condemns an opponent as unsocial because the gentleman in question "never visits any of the barber shops". To have uttered words such as these, the Greek orator must have been public relations counsel to the Peloponnesian Master Barbers Association, for he erred greatly in calling unsocial anyone who sought to avoid shaving, be the idea ever so inviting. The task, each new, bright day, of ruthlessly cutting the freshly-grown stubble (and part of the face as well) is a bane, a scourge, an abomination—the true Curse of Adam.

It is small solace to know that our remote ancestors and similar primitive peoples had an even worse time of it—they usually yanked out the hairs. This they did because the face, when smooth, could be artistically tattooed in the prevailing mode. Oftimes pulling out the hairs or some equivalent was quite practical, for in combat a beard was a liability. "Shave off the handle by which an enemy can seize you," Alexander ordered his Macedonians. Even today, natives of British New Guinea take two long fibers from the husk of a coconut and attach them to

a string. Holding the fibers flat with the left hand against the area to be depilated, they twist the string with the right hand, ultimately pulling out some five hairs each time. A smooth face is said to result.

To millions of harassed males, shaving is the morning chore, and an evening one, too, for the doubly-accursed tribe of black-beards. At best the operation is time-consuming; at worst a painful affair. In any event, to obtain a clean, quick shave with the least possible irritation is not a simple matter. But since it is our prevailing mode to be clean-shaven, we may as well reconcile ourselves to it and inquire, what is the best way to shave? What razor should be used? What shaving preparations? How can we avoid irritation and possible infection?

The most essential element in the process is a good razor. In this respect, civilization has made no recent progress—the old-fashioned hollow-ground razor is still the most efficient shaving instrument devised by man. It has, of course, great potentialities for damage, and requires considerable practice to use properly. For years, attempts have been made to overcome these disadvantages, with the result that all manner of contrivances have been developed. In the main, such devices have been open razors with guards, blades that are essentially sections of such razors, and the familiar hoe-type razor with the double-edge wafer blade. It is the last named—the hoe-type razor—that is most widely used. Compared with the open razor, it is an inefficient shaving instrument, but it is relatively safe and easy to use, and this accounts for its popularity. At least the cuts are not as deep nor as serious as those received from an open razor. The blades themselves, however, leave much to be desired; it is not necessary to recount here how widely they vary in sharpness and

durability, not only among blades of a single brand but among blades in a single package, and even the two edges of the identical blade. In part this is due to manufacturing and mechanical difficulties, although a much higher level of quality *can* be reached, as evidenced by the better wafer blades made in the past and the occasional good ones to be found today.

One difficulty in producing a genuinely fine cutting edge is the quantity production manufacturing methods now in use. Formerly wafer blades were individually sharpened and honed, but today it is general practice to make them in reels of thousands. They are not only carried through the hardening steps in this form, but on to the name-stamping, sharpening, and honing processes as well. They are only broken up into individual blades before packing. Frequently the sharpening is poorly done; this accounts for the “rough” blades that cut the face so badly—the edge may not even have been honed, with the result that a number of minute projections remain.

Another factor that makes for a poor blade is the comparatively soft steel frequently used in manufacture. (Open razors are made of harder metal.) A softer quality is employed because the blade must be made to flex in its holder, but such steel cannot be sharpened, nor will it hold its edge, as well as the harder metal. Yet it is possible to make a blade so that it will flex and still retain a fairly durable edge. This can be done by running a soft streak through the middle, accomplished by a special annealing of the center of the blade. But this process is of no great advantage when the blades are made in reels. Added to these difficulties is the lack of satisfactory testing methods to determine the worth of individual blades. Of course, it is possible to know in a general way how

good a blade will be from the quality of steel used in manufacture and the care taken in processing it, but there is a variation in the finished product. "None of the many sharpness tests now in existence can be successfully correlated with actual shaving experience," says Peters, a competent investigator. In other words, despite all the "electric eye" contraptions and what not, there is no positive way of knowing if a blade is actually good until it is used—and then it is too late.

Other types of so-called safety razors have been successful in varying degrees. Generally speaking, they are efficient in direct ratio to their similarity to the hollow-ground, open razor type, while their degree of safeness and ease of use is in inverse ratio. Electric razors have appeared in recent years; they are essentially clippers and the face can be shaved while dry. Their development is still in the early stages, but they open up an interesting field of possibilities.

Proper care of the blade ensures getting the most out of even the worst one. In the case of the wafer blade—and this is likewise true of the other types—Woodward suggests lightly coating a new blade with oil and thoroughly drying it after use. This discourages rusting. When the blade or razor is of the type worth the trouble—that is, anything but the cheapest—stropping or honing will give the maximum cutting edge. It is believed that a chemical film forms on the edge of the blade, since steel when exposed to air forms an invisible coating of what is probably ferric oxide—essentially rust. This film is invisible because it measures only about 40 Angstrom units, which is thinner than the shortest light wave we can see. It is thought desirable to permit the film to accumulate for several days on the theory that it can thus be better removed; there-

fore the use of several razors in rotation is recommended.

The need of a sharp razor to obtain a good shave is obvious, but preparations to facilitate its use are of equal importance. A razor cannot be satisfactorily employed simply with water—it would pull the hairs, irritate the face, and be quickly dulled. To prevent this, agents must be employed to: (1) soften the hairs so that they can be cut more easily; (2) soften the skin and lend it pliancy so it will give before the razor, thereby minimizing abrasions; (3) provide a matrix to support the hairs so that the razor can cut them at an angle, and (4) lubricate the razor in order that it will glide more easily over the skin. These functions are more or less performed by the many shaving soaps and creams offered for the purpose, although the actual softening action is accomplished by water. Hairs are coated with a natural protection of oil. Soap is necessary to remove this coat so that water can penetrate; lather holds the water so that it will not flow away. Soap also alkalinizes the water to a certain extent, making it considerably more efficient than plain water as a softening agent.

The market offers shaving soap in tablet, powder, stick, cream, and liquid form; the choice is a matter of personal preference. Shaving tablets are the most economical, creams the most convenient. Such products should be made of suitable ingredients without the incorporation of unnecessary amounts of water or air, nor should they contain irritating substances, such as excessive coconut oil. Brushless creams are now widely used. They are not a soap but a vanishing cream. Unlike a soap, a brushless cream releases practically no alkali in the presence of moisture, and therefore may be preferred by those men with a dry or tender skin. Brushless creams are said

to hold the hairs more firmly in place, but they are frequently greasy mixtures difficult to wash off the face or razor. There are two distinct types of brushless creams, those which are an emulsion of a fatty substance in water, and *vice versa*. The two behave quite differently. In general, the older ones had water as the internal phase while the newer ones have oil. Accordingly the latter are likely to be less greasy. Sometimes shaving soaps and brushless creams contain menthol, which gives a cooling effect and which also acts as a local anesthetic. Phenol is sometimes used for this latter purpose and has the effect of "soothing" the face. This is because a local anesthetic deadens the sensations of irritation, but to some persons phenol so used is toxic. The end, however, can be accomplished by substances which are innocuous though expensive, such as chlorbutanol.

A necessary adjunct to shaving soaps is a good shaving brush. Long, soft hairs produce the most abundant lather. Badger, which is used in the better brushes, has this qualification, but cheap brushes are made with bristles that are too stiff and less satisfactory. Brushes, of course, must be sterilized to prevent anthrax. After use, the hairs should be spread and placed where they will dry quickly. Further accessories include an after-shaving lotion which can be mildly antiseptic and astringent as well as refreshing, and also a powder which should be made, at least in large part, of a fine grade of talc. Powder is soothing, protective, and refreshing, and has been known to camouflage areas where the beard has escaped the razor. In case of cuts, the area must be kept clean. Bleeding should be stopped with a hot, wet towel applied with pressure—the use of styptic pencils may cause surface infections.

For best results in shaving, the follow-

ing ceremony is recommended. At the outset, wash the face thoroughly with soap and water; this will "degrease" it. The beard should be drenched with water before applying the shaving preparation; lukewarm seems the ideal temperature although the cracker-barrel experts are at loggerheads on this world-shaking point. The hot faction insists that warm water is best for a tender skin or an excessively stiff beard. The cold delegation contends that cold water hardens the flesh and lessens the possibility of chafing. A good shaving preparation, however, will work as well in cold water as in hot. It is expedient to lather the face before stropping the razor so that during this operation, the lather will have more opportunity to soften the beard.

The plan of attack in shaving is largely a matter of personal inclination, though the top of the right cheek is the accepted take-off. Work downward with long strokes in a sloping course, meanwhile holding the skin taut with the free hand. Then, following the Biblical injunction, turn the other cheek. In shaving under the chin, care should be taken to progress with the growth of hair and not against it. The underlip, the scene of most carnage, is to be approached cautiously. Upon completion, douse the face with warm water followed by cool. Then the lotion and powder can be brought into action; a generous supply of hot, wet towels might be kept on hand to repair any havoc wrought. Those who find the whole business too much of a daily chore are advised to join the House of David.

References: No great literature of popular material on shaving exists. Occasional articles such as *Manufacturing Safety Razor Blades*, by R. W. Woodward (*Iron Age*, May 25 and June 22, 1933), and *Measuring Sharpness of Razor Blade*

Edges, by Peter N. Peters (*Metal Progress*, November, 1933), may be of interest to the layman concerned with the subject. Articles on shaving preparations are frequently found in trade publications such as *Soap, American Perfumer, and Drug and Cosmetic Industry*. A dermatologist discusses shaving methods in *Care of the Skin and Hair* (Appleton, 1930), by W. A. Pusey.



SWEET GRASS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

IT HAPPENED every year. An Indian came
 And walked the meadows they supposed were tame,
 The fields which they had hayed time out of mind,
 And found the sweet grass they could never find.
 He wove this secret of his into sweet
 Baskets that were full of Summer's heat
 And brought it back next Summer to their wives.
 They spied on him, but could not for their lives
 Find out the place, nor could their bright-eyed sons;
 The fields, for them, were ordinary ones.

They knew that they were missing something rare,
 Something like a poem hidden there
 In the very midst of common ways.
 And yet it gave a glory to their days
 To have a man who was still half a child
 Find something there so precious and so wild
 Where they had mowed and thought they gleaned it all.
 It was like hearing the faint trumpets call
 And seeing their wild geese going over high
 Between their houses and the evening sky.

THE LIBRARY

How to Debunk Abraham Lincoln

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THE LINCOLN LEGEND, by Roy P. Basler. \$3.50. 5½ x 8½; 336 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

THIS book, first of the annual crop of Lincoln tributes, falls between the stools: it cannot be of serious interest to people informed in the Lincoln literature; and yet, because it accepts many deflations of the schoolbook myths, it will offend those who still believe that Lincoln's heart was broken by the death of Ann Rutledge, and that he cast himself upon her grave at midnight to weep and pray. Basler has been convinced by Beveridge's accurate researches that the Ann Rutledge idyll originated in the neighborhood prattling of old men and women around New Salem, and, having got into print through the grace of Herndon, became fixed in the uncritical mind. After all, it is to the honor of the common people that they often love what is beautiful: and this tale of the backwoodsman, who later became President, who loved the lovely daughter of the farmer-innkeeper and lamented her death always, has indisputable beauty. But at the same time that this invention got currency there was in Herndon's book ample evidence to show that it was fiction, *i.e.*, the letters which Lincoln wrote Mary Owens offering himself as her husband. For while Ann was alive at New Salem, Lincoln was looking with hopeful eyes upon Mary, the daughter of a Kentucky banker. (At the same time he didn't have

two pairs of trousers to his name.) Further, and as bearing upon the Lincoln nature, one may look at the long letter he wrote to Mrs. O. H. Browning in which he made boorish and cruel mockery of Mary Owens when she would not accept his tenders of affection. The truth is that Lincoln loved no woman.

Basler also spikes the Nancy Hanks myth; he accepts the fact that she was illiterate and could neither read nor write. But to this day, no one knows what Nancy Hanks, who died when Lincoln was nine years old, was really like. It is known that she was the daughter of a "fancy woman" of Kentucky, whose name was Lucy Hanks, and that Lucy was indicted by the grand jury of Mercer County, Kentucky, on November 24, 1789, for "unbecoming conduct." According to what Lincoln told Herndon in 1850, Nancy was Lucy's natural daughter by a Virginia planter, Lincoln supposing that it was from this planter that he inherited his mental activity and ambition. But, instead of looking back to his mother with affection, he was extraordinarily reticent about her. When his father died, Lincoln journeyed to Coles County and put up a monument at his grave: his treatment of his mother, however, was very different. Buried though she was in the woods of Indiana under circumstances that might have moved the heart of a boy with pondering pity forever, Lincoln paid no attention to her mem-

ory. When he went to Washington to take the oath of office, he stopped at Indianapolis to make a speech. He was then within a hundred miles of his mother's grave in the woods, yet he did not visit it. Nor did he put up a monument as he had to his father's memory. The myth of Lincoln's tenderness, his brooding pity, and his magnanimity, suffers by these facts, wherever there is a mind to weigh human character.

Basler also recognizes the fact that Lincoln was not an opponent of slavery from his youth up. He gives the evidence available to show that Lincoln did *not* say at New Orleans when he was about twenty-two, upon seeing the slaver's auction block, that if he ever got a chance to hit slavery a blow he would give it a deadly sock. He even goes on to show that Lincoln was the attorney for a slave-catcher in Illinois in a suit prosecuted to reclaim a runaway Negro at the very period of his life when he was taking up with the agitation against the extension of slavery, and doing that in a way to provoke war. For Lincoln was after a political office.

The myths which Basler does accept in his book are the myths of Lincoln's unselfishness, his kindness, his honesty, and his lack of vindictiveness. All this in the face of Lincoln's anonymous journalism in which he bitterly attacked men who stood in his political path; and in the face of Lincoln's hatred of Douglas and his slanders of him; and in the face of his stump speech at Bloomington in 1856, in which he savagely twitted the South by saying: "We won't go out of the Union, and you shan't." Later, on September 17, 1859, he made an elaborate speech at Cincinnati in which he mercilessly satirized Douglas, in which he told the South there were more soldiers in the North than in the South and more resources. He was

getting ready for war, he was feeding the "irrepressible conflict" which would have pinned to death save for such words. When he became President, twenty-one states attended a peace congress and tried to prevent war. The new Republican party wanted war. Its leaders knew that war meant offices and money. The wiser ones knew that the time had arrived to destroy state sovereignty and thus realize the hope of Alexander Hamilton. Lincoln himself said that the states were nothing but counties. Later he formally denied that the states had ever been sovereign. And so Lincoln and Chase broke up the peace congress. Lincoln made war. He sent armed ships against Charleston to feed soldiers in Fort Sumter who were already being fed by the citizens of Charleston. The war cost billions of dollars, and 700,000 lives. There never was a more unjust, a more needless war. Sweden and Norway wisely demonstrated a few years ago how needless and foolish the Lincoln war was. We are living now amid its miseries and its ineradicable evils. That the war had to be, that Lincoln prosecuted it justly and is to be given eternal thanks for it, is one of the main myths that needs to be exploded. The truth is that Lincoln acted as he did because he was not fitted to lead the people of the Republic. He didn't know the history of his country, he didn't know the Constitution and the institutions of his country. He was an ignorant man and, as George Bernard Shaw recently said, he didn't know what he was talking about very much of the time.

As to Lincoln's honesty, Beveridge's work tells the story. By remitting promptly any money he collected for clients, he got the name of "Honest Abe": but as an honest intellectual, enlightened and capable of thinking, his second inaugural furnishes the material for a judgment. Yet

Basler thinks that the second inaugural allies Lincoln with God! I should say that it allies Lincoln with the desert Yahweh who set bears on the children and butchered the first-born of the Egyptians. For the implication of the second inaugural is the myth that the war between the North and the South was unavoidable, that God sent it upon America as a punishment for sin. Lincoln did not bear with the wrongs of the South with a sad, beautiful patience; he did not have to make war; his freeing of the slaves was a war measure and was intended to terrify the South into capitulation by turning loose among its people Negroes who would enter upon race butchery. These are the myths that need laying to rest.

The truth is that Lincoln was sprung from the bitterest Puritan roots of New England. He was not a "good old feller" from whom anyone could borrow a dollar. When the delegates got to Chicago and looked Lincoln over they learned that he was as good a tariff man as Seward, and as sound on the banks as Seward, and as to slavery he had never used the disturbing term "the irrepressible conflict," but had quoted Jesus Christ instead. The convention therefore acted with great shrewdness in nominating Lincoln. In him they had a candidate who could appeal to the Pennsylvania iron men, to the New York bankers, and to the Christian community.

Lincoln's works are full of letters and speeches advocating law observance and the support of the Constitution; and one of the myths concerning him is that he upheld the law and saved the Constitution. He thus furnishes an exemplar for breaking the law and destroying the Constitution, while the pretense is advanced that both are being sacredly respected. Lincoln attacked the Supreme Court for the Dred Scott decision, not in legal forums,

but on the stump, and to miscellaneous audiences. His crafty way of stating the matter was that he was not saying aught to overthrow the Constitution, he was only trying to overthrow those who had perverted the Constitution. Lincoln went farther: he said that if he were in Congress he would vote for a bill which was in the teeth of the Court's decision. That is, such a law having been declared unconstitutional by the Court, he would vote as a congressman to reenact it. And this is not all. When he became President and the Chief Justice held that the executive under the Constitution had no power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, he rode right over the decision, thus following Seward's "higher law" with arbitrary vengeance. In these days when some people are appealing to the shades of Lincoln to save the Constitution and its orderly processes of liberty, they need to be told that they are appealing to an apostolic myth. If this country accepts monopoly and war, and all sorts of "higher laws," as it has accepted them for seventy years, then it accepts that myth in its most deadly form.

Basler's book speaks of Lincoln as a mystery, and he was that. His friends in Illinois did not know him. His homely face masked a reticent, a devious, and a self-contradictory mind. His religious convictions were not known definitely. Some who knew him called him an atheist or an infidel; some said that he was really a Christian; some, like the sentimental Newton Bateman, reported that Lincoln wept and confessed in their presence that he accepted Jesus as God and as his savior. We have his inaugurals, however, in which he sounded the vengeance of Yahweh, the god of the Sinai desert. And in letters he sometimes spoke feelingly of "our heavenly father." The late Col. Ingersoll claimed Lincoln as his own as an

infidel; but any rural pastor can quote Lincoln's own words and give serious dialectical trouble to the best controversialist who makes Lincoln out as an atheist.

To Hawthorne, Lincoln was just a country store character. To Emerson he was badly mannered. But gradually as Lincoln's state papers came forth, nearly everyone who could judge of such things saw that Lincoln had a gift for words. It was not known then that he had practiced with words from his youth, and that he had written poetry, and not such inferior poetry at that. So it came to pass that he wrote the inaugurals, that he wrote telling letters to Greeley, and that he composed the Gettysburg address. It is his poetical flashes that have stayed his fame against attack. It is Apollo who has saved his fame, and made him more important in American history than William McKinley; while a considerable body of biography lifts him even above Thomas Jefferson. But be it remembered that while Apollo sided with the Trojans, Athene, the goddess of wisdom, favored the Greeks, and even Zeus at the last. There is much time ahead in which myths can be pounded to dust and blown away.



An American Sits in Judgment

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS. An Autobiography. \$2.50. 5½ x 8½; 517 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE appearance of a new edition of this unique and most notable book is an event of high importance. Privately printed by the author in 1906, the edition being limited to one hundred copies, most

of which were given to personal friends, the book was at once recognized as a work of singular distinction. Henry Adams did not agree with this opinion, his keen critical judgment and his habit of depreciating his own work making him dissatisfied with its form, if not with its content. While the matter of publication was pending, and at my urgent solicitation, he gave me permission to publish an edition of *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* for public sale. "I give you the book," he wrote me in a letter that deserves to become an historical document, and further said I was to consider it as my own, to do with as I liked. I therefore arranged that it should be issued by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin and Company under the imprimatur of the American Institute of Architects, the royalties, at Adams' suggestion, being paid over to this organization. This was in the year 1911 and the book was published in 1913.

The *Education* was in a sense a continuation of *Chartres* (as Adams always called it); therefore, in spite of the author's dissatisfaction with its state, it was also published for general sale by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1918. At once it took its place with the *Chartres* as one of the most fascinating, brilliant, and original works within the range of American literature. This was real history, vital, illuminating, poignant, and couched in a prose style that was as original and captivating as Adams himself. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that these two volumes, together with the *Letter to American Teachers*, stand easily at the front of all philosophical-historical works hitherto issued in this country.

So enthusiastic was the reception accorded the *Education* and so unanimous the chorus of admiring praise that followed its appearance, there would seem

to be little or nothing to be added on the welcome occasion of a new edition. There is, however, one point that may be used as a text, and one that has never been definitely determined. I have always been under the conviction that the *Education* was essentially a record of disillusionment. With this deduction, some of those nearest to Henry Adams, and most closely in his confidence, in no wise agree, and yet the conviction persists. Perhaps the word "disillusion" is not the one to use; it may be that "disappointment" would be exact. Born and bred in the most aristocratic circles of mid-nineteenth-century New England, Adams inherited the highest ideals from his two President grandfathers and his equally notable father. He began by seeing humanity as noble, and he regarded it, at the start, with confidence. He was disposed to take men at their own valuation; he even conceived a passionate admiration for Charles Sumner, a sentiment that in later years he regarded with a certain amused amazement.

"Amused" is a word not undescriptive of the attitude he preserved in the last years of his life, when the shock of successive disappointments had merged into a mellow shape. As he says in the *Education*: "All experience since the creation of man, all divine revelation or human science, conspired to deceive and betray a twelve-year-old boy who took for granted that his ideas, which were alone respectable, would be alone respected." Realizing with time the fact of this betrayal and accepting it, "as a matter of fact he never got to the point of playing the game at all: he lost himself in the study of it, watching the errors of the players." As he says, "The habit of doubt: of distrusting his own judgment and of totally rejecting the judgment of the world; the tendency to regard every question as open: the hesi-

tation to act except as a choice of evils, the shirking of responsibility" (this self-judgment is rather harsh and largely undeserved), tended to make him—insofar as it was operative—a looker-on, an amused and tolerant spectator of the processes of "progressive evolution . . . from Washington to Grant", which was "enough to confound Darwin". Hence he came rather definitely to realize that "average human nature is very coarse and its ideals must necessarily be average. The world never loved perfect poise. What the world does love is absence of poise, for it has to be amused". Adams had something closely approaching perfect poise, yet he could find a gentle amusement—if not education—in the progressive lack and loss of poise in the world about him which, as it was then in process of becoming, he declined to make his own. The wonder suggests itself what would have been his estimate had it been possible for him to have lived another fifteen or twenty years! In this case, at least, the word "disillusionment" could have been used with propriety. These are the last words of *The Education of Henry Adams*:

"Perhaps some day—say 1938, their centenary—[he is speaking of himself and his two dearest friends, John Hay and Clarence King] they might be allowed to return together for a holiday to see the mistakes of their own lives made clear in the light of the mistakes of their successors: and perhaps then, for the first time, since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder."

The sentiment testifies to the basic optimism of Henry Adams but, considering the date he chose for his desired avatar, it is less flattering to his faculty of prevision. At present writing, the year 1938

does not seem to hold out high hopes of being what he had anticipated. As a matter of fact, in Adams' case, "hindsight was better than foresight." Cherishing his high ideals in spite of everything, he, so to speak, "hoped for the best but expected the worst", and so somehow believed that good would come. As one dream after another dissolved, he harked further and further back into past history; through the thirteenth century to the twelfth and so to the eleventh, where, as he said to me once, were to be found the beginnings of all the great forces and agencies that were to create the Middle Ages; that period he made his own as none other has done, and by his curious power of re-creating the real past through a sort of supranatural vision. "During these so-called Middle Ages [he says] the Western mind reacted in many forms, on many lives, expressing its motives in modes, such as Romanesque and Gothic architecture, glass windows and mosaic walls; sculpture and poetry, war and love, which still affect some people as the noblest work of man"—and by his own admission, Adams was one of these. Together with the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and the other Schoolmen, and the cult of the Virgin as, for example, this showed itself at Chartres, this mediaeval art, of every kind, made up his deepest interest in the latter part of his life and served as a sort of City of Refuge for him in what appeared to be the progressive dissolution of the world of his time. Unity versus multiplicity; the operation of the centripetal against the centrifugal force, was the idea behind the two books, the *Chartres* and the *Education*. How far this ever-increasing tendency in the progress of multiplicity through the operation of centrifugal force would have proceeded by his chosen year of 1938, he mercifully could not know.

It is not easy to see how any man with Henry Adams' ancestry and inheritance, his high ideals and his sensitive and artistic soul, could have escaped disillusionment—or disappointment. His brother claimed that all subsequent members of the family have been fatally earmarked by John Quincy Adams because of his horror, dismay, and disillusionment occasioned by the fact that the people of the United States could have chosen Andrew Jackson for the Presidency. It is not necessary to accept this argument to explain Henry Adams' sensitiveness and his complete lack of sympathy with his world as he saw it going on. Adams happened to be a convinced Republican of Federalist lineage, as well as a very high-minded gentleman (as he says, of the eighteenth century, born out of due time), who saw the original Republic, as well as its society and its personnel, slipping faster and faster into an inchoate and unattractive democracy.

On top of this easy descent towards, if not into, Avernus, came a long series of baffling and, to any other, disheartening events. College in America, law schools in Germany, proved useless so far as real education—the thing he sought for all his life—was concerned. Nor was this failure to be attributed in any measure to ineptitude on his own part, for this did not exist. It was the system itself that was at fault. The preposterous and calamitous Franco-Prussian War was a shock, and the War Between the States was a devastating shock, although by inheritance he had to be as strongly anti-slavery as he was anti-State Street—the then synonym in New England for the Wall Street of a generation later. Worse still was the political *Walpurgisnacht* of Reconstruction and the post-war corruption and indecency of the Grant administrations—and

indeed of much of the period that followed until the time of his death. Supposed friends, like Sumner, for example, showed their true character of meanness and treachery. Then came the supreme domestic tragedy that, humanly speaking, seemed so gratuitous, and that completely shattered that unity in his own life he had striven so hard and so long to encompass. The wonder is not that he lost faith, but that out of this sequence of great disappointments he could have gone on to build up what is really a vital and convincing system of philosophy, the power and virtue of which it is probable that he never fully realized or appreciated. He thought (or said he thought) himself a failure, whereas he did, in actuality, achieve more along the line of creative and revealing thought (I speak under correction), than any other man of his century.

But did he lose faith? I doubt it. Perhaps it would be more nearly true to say that he was well on the way to achieving a more real and dynamic faith. Through natural science, history, philosophy, art, baffling and often bitter personal experiences, and even through the partial inadequacy of these to give an answer to his questioning, he is always going forward in search of a clearer vision of reality.

There are those, strangely enough, who suggest that Henry Adams, by reason of his uncanny power of projecting himself back into dead periods of history and actually making himself, for the moment, a part of them, wrote some things under this influence that he did not, in fact, believe. I think anyone who has read his three last and greatest books, and also his poem to the Virgin of Chartres, or known him intimately (I wish I could claim this benefit for myself), will resent and repudiate this imputation. Henry Adams, like all his line, was at least honest, some-

times even to bluntness, and, though not in his own case, to incivility. When he wrote this in the *Education*, it was not as a pose but as a cry from the heart, veiled (he never wore his heart on his sleeve) by a certain whimsicality:

Pascal and all the old philosophers called this outside force God or Gods. Caring but little for the name, and fixed only on tracing the force, Adams had gone straight to the Virgin of Chartres, and asked her to show him God, face to face, as she did for St. Bernard. She replied, kindly as ever, as though she were still the young mother of today, with a sort of patient pity for masculine dullness: "My dear outcast, what is it you seek? This is the Church of Christ! If you seek Him through me you are welcome, sinner or saint, but we are one. We are Love! We have little or nothing to do with God's other energies which are infinite, and concern us the less because our interest is only in man, and the infinite is not knowable to man."

So he had at least learned, through the strange and devious processes of that system of education that seemed to him so fruitless, the two fundamental truths of the life of man on earth: the motive power of life itself, and the wholesome limitations of the human mind. As a philosopher he could hardly have asked for more.



The Gay 'Twenties

BY ERNEST BOYD

THE STREET I KNOW, by Harold Stearns. \$2.75. 5½ x 8¼; 411 pp. New York: Lee Furman.

IN 1917, when Harold Stearns became editor of the *Chicago Dial*, which shortly afterwards moved to New York, I was startled in far-off Dublin by the dis-

covery that, for the first time since the very early issues of the *New Republic*, America had a journal of opinion which was stimulating and entertaining, as well as informative. This is a combination which seems to come easier to the English, for with the passage of time the American journalistic scene is just as forlorn as it was when Stearns made his innovation. The *Freeman*, one of the finest papers of its kind anywhere, lasted but a few years, and the *New Freeman* was just getting into its stride when it had to cease publication. At the time I was not sure that I should ever see America again, and I certainly did not foresee the birth of the two subsequent papers. I simply decided that the *Dial* ought to have a regular Irish letter. I communicated with Stearns, and supplied that letter until the paper changed hands and fell among the aesthetes who controlled its destinies as a monthly.

One night in 1920, shortly after my return to New York, I was absorbing illegal alcohol in an emporium on West Third Street, when a man who was palpably and deeply engaged in the same pursuit came up and said: "I am Harold Stearns. I liked that stuff you used to send the *Dial*." Thus began an association which was constant until the restless Stearns started upon the hegira, of which *The Street I Know* is an account. As the volume itself candidly admits, wine and women (but never song) were no small part of his life, and for the life of me I could never discover that he was deprived of either. Yet he railed ceaselessly at the cold, drab, puritan civilization of these States, and declared that there was nothing for a young man to do but to take flight to Europe. Which, as is well known, he proceeded to do, after issuing his farewell testament.

Before doing so, however, he edited a

book which I can never open without re-reading a chapter or two, entitled *Civilization in the United States*, in which thirty Americans and three foreigners demonstrated with unprecedented gusto that there was practically no civilization in this country and that it was, for that very reason, one of the most pleasant places in the post-war world. The whining aesthetes were all in Paris squabbling with waiters at the Dôme and imagining themselves as part of the now dead and forgotten Surrealist movement. New York was full of activity, intellectual and convivial, and all of us who wrote for the *Freeman* and contributed to Stearns' symposium, except the editor himself, thoroughly enjoyed our good fortune, to be alive and well, before the city became inundated with technocrats, fanatical Marxists, and earnest compilers of labor atrocity and unemployment statistics. Soon THE AMERICAN MERCURY came to enliven the scene even more, and for ten years or so New York was the liveliest center of literary life, publishers were expanding and innovating, the stage was still unbesmeared by propaganda, and Prohibition was shedding its benign and civilizing influence over men and women alike.

Harold Stearns missed a lot of this, despite my warnings that he would sooner or later tire of the small town virtues of the French, and that a prolonged course of the Deux Magots aesthetes would drive him to acute alcoholism. That, by his own confession, is what happened to him, and it is a sad tale of hand-to-mouth scraping and borrowing, interspersed with strokes of luck on the race course, which he here relates. His sordid existence as a writer of racing tips finally came to a tragic standstill when he was threatened with blindness. He pulled himself together and retraced his steps, determined to prove that

life can begin again at forty-four. For a man of his undoubted attainments, there is no reason why it should not, save that, as I see it, opportunities for minds of his type are fewer in New York today than they ever were, and the contrast between the scene he left and that to which he has returned is far from encouraging to any man, much less to one who has gone through the sufferings and trials which Stearns describes.

I should like him to have given us more of his associations before he departed for France. He is unnecessarily reticent and modest about the achievements of the *Dial*. He refers too briefly to that ramshackle house in Jones Street where he used to sit in the uncertain light, always flanked by two flagons of hot, sweet, and not very potable wine, which most of us did not consume. Mencken and Van Loon, Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford, Elsie Clews Parsons and Katharine Anthony, John Macy, Ring Lardner, Deems Taylor—a distinctly heterogeneous gathering—were received with debonair bohemianism by our always mellowed editor, who never, I think, could fathom our abstemiousness, save in the case of Van Loon, who was permitted to preach an almost fanatical teetotalism. I remember our astonishment when Lardner turned in his chapter on sport in schoolma'am English, instead of his own incomparable vernacular. I remember being in Baltimore when Mencken and I were writing our chapters, and how we raced with each other and against time to see who could get finished first. Stearns has evidently forgotten the hopes he pinned on a favorable review by Santayana, and how that, to my mind vastly-overrated pedagogue, turned and slew a number of his devoted Harvard disciples.

I wish, too, that Stearns had enlarged upon the subject of the *New Freeman*,

which was as respectable in its atmosphere as the house in Jones Street was not. Just as Albert Jay Nock always referred in its pages to Jefferson as Mr. Jefferson, so none of us ever dreamed of calling him anything but Mr. Nock. Stearns, however, electrified us on several occasions by calling him Albert, a name by which, I fancy, nobody knew him. The editorial lunches at the Liberal Club, with Suzanne La Follette gay, sparkling, and a mine of energy, Mr. Nock drawling vaguely, but never failing to turn in his quota of pungent prose, Van Wyck Brooks, shyly smiling and going through the weekly agony of having to write his charming literary causerie. It was the only consistently first-rate paper of its kind which New York has had in my lifetime, and Stearns might well have given to it and to his other literary associations some of the space which he wastes on accounts of French race-meetings.

He has preferred, however, to take as his text two lines:

The wind blows cold down every street,
But coldest down the street I know.

and so we hear little of those streets down which the winds of doctrine and argument blew warmly and pleasantly. Lewis Mumford sees him tragically as symbolizing "the bitter emptiness, the bewildered desperation of the generation that had survived the war only to face a world bent on forgetting its major political sins in lust or liquor or whatever anodyne the moment might bring".

It is true that, at the time we first met, a deep personal tragedy had crushed Stearns badly, but he had brains and abilities upon which to fall back, and which he used in such fashion as to show up sharply the pretensions of some of the more melodramatic members of that group which

Gertrude Stein did not have wit enough to call the well-lost generation. For my own part, much of this book brings back years which I shall always regard as happy, relative as that term may be. Down some of the streets we knew, Stearns, the coldest winds did *not* blow.



Concealed Savages of Tudor England

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

THE GREAT TUDORS. Edited by Katharine Garvin. \$3.75. 5½ x 8¾; 658 pp. New York: Dutton.

DR. INGE, the late Dean of St. Paul's, once uttered a singular speculation. There are, he said in effect, in every nation a considerable number of people who are concealed savages. Their savagery, very likely, is not apparent to their friends, perhaps not even to themselves; it may never be manifested in all the course of their lives. But in their hearts there is the burning desire to defile, to degrade, to destroy everything seemly, ordered, and beautiful, whether it be material or immaterial. And here, said the Dean, you have the physical basis of all revolution. The philosophic theorist, the reformer, the man of relentless logic finds out that things in general are not at all what they should be; he discovers that his country is being managed as if it were England or America, Italy or France, not as if it were Utopia or Nephelococcygia; so he writes his book or makes his speeches exposing the vileness that is, and preaching the perfection that there can and should be. He finds, ready prepared, a big congregation: for everyone of us has his complaint to make, his quarrel with fortune, his sense that his merits

have not been fitly rewarded; we are, very naturally, sure that our bad luck has come through no fault of our own, and are very ready to believe that under a juster order of things our merits would be amply rewarded. And so the reformer's gospel goes slowly sinking down through the strata of society, till at length it reaches the savages, who proceed to translate the new theory of Humanity into blood and burning, slaughter and destruction, without understanding anything or caring anything for the theorems and conclusions of the philosophic gentleman in his study; he, likely enough, is horrified at the effect of his schemes of reform. Thus, the Parisians who captured the Bastille had no relations or friends imprisoned there. Among the No-Popery rioters there were, as Charles Dickens relates, Roman Catholics. The people who tried to burn down Bristol because the House of Lords had thrown out the Reform Bill would not have received votes if the Bill had been passed. In none of these cases was there any logical motive or self-interested motive for the destruction that took place. Simply, a doctrine right or wrong, had reached the stratum of savagery, and savagery had an excuse for the destruction which was its delight.

Such, I think, is Dr. Inge's theory, and there is, no doubt, a great deal to be said for it. But I should say, before we go any farther, that I feel it is unjust and inaccurate to the true savages to bestow their name on those dark and hidden hordes which are always in waiting to take advantage of troubled and difficult times. We should not divide men into savage and civilized; but rather into makers and breakers. The deadly people are not survivals into civilization of early brutality, bestiality, and hatred of beautiful and comely things of body and spirit; they are

rather a new race than an old, a race of maggots bred in the sores of civilization.

One speaks of one's own country, remembering that most admirable maxim of Confucius: When in a foreign country scarcely venture to criticize the decisions of the meanest magistrate. And in England, the first step on the path which has led to our modern civilization, such as it is, was taken four hundred years ago, when the conscience of King Henry VIII began so terribly to burn, prick, and admonish him. The whole story of it is written in the book before me, *The Great Tudors*, and written in a way which is curiously illuminating and instructive. The great, and detestable, and the few noble characters of the age that reaches from Henry VIII to Ben Jonson, forty of them in all, have been treated in brief biographical and critical essays by forty different writers. Few noble characters, I have said; among them we can number Thomas More and John Fisher, now reckoned by the Roman Catholic Church in the sainthood. These were men who really did, in spite of every temptation, prefer God to the image which the King had set up, and persist in their choice even to the death on Tower Hill. There were also the wise and temperate Cardinal Pole, Edmund Campion, the Jesuit martyr, and the noble, exquisite Philip Sidney. And we must not forget the Protestant martyrs of Queen Mary's reign, ignorant and fanatical enthusiasts most of them, no doubt, but at least endowed with the great virtue of constancy. It is perhaps true that most of them were burned, not for disbelieving in transubstantiation, but for violent abuse of those who did believe in it: still, they were brave enough to die for their negations. Even Cranmer was brave when at the very last he found that there was no hope, and they put the fire to him. He had

courage then in his end, and his translations in the Book of Common Prayer are, as some believe, in an even nobler English than the translations of the Authorized Version of the Bible. But on the whole it is a dismal tale that most of these essayists have to tell; for I do not think that there is any story more dismal, deplorable, melancholy both in itself and its immediate effects, and also in its presage and omen for the future of our race, than a story of villainy triumphant.

We have here not only plain villainy, but also villainy complicated with the meanest and most contemptible hypocrisy. I have seen the letter written at King Henry's instance to the authorities of Lincoln Cathedral, concerning the shrine of St. Hugh of Lincoln. It first of all expresses the King's conviction that the devotion paid to St. Hugh was sadly superstitious and dishonoring to Almighty God, announces that the King's conscience can bear it no longer, and finally orders that all the gold and silver and jewels that adorned the shrine of St. Hugh shall be taken down — and deposited in the King's Jewel House. A smear of blood and grease on the page of English history, says Dickens: and the blunt phrase of this unlearned man condenses and distills all the research of the scholars. Then, the queens duly decapitated, the abbots hanged, and their goods given to the rich, the said rich fight and scheme and go on thieving and destroying through the reign of the miserable little Edward. The gloomy bigot Mary succeeds, and tries to neutralize the evil by burning people, most of whom should have been in mental homes. Finally comes Elizabeth. A glorious reign, indeed, in many ways. Shakespeare wrote in it, British navigators sailed all the seas of the world, the Armada was beaten, and the wilder the adventure the more it glowed in Eliza-

bethan eyes. And yet, there is this pity. As Mr. Peter Fleming, in his sketch of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's career, declares, the elements of most of Elizabeth's policies consisted of a mixture of buccaneering and humbug. Elizabeth coveted her neighbor's goods as violently as the late Charles Peace; but she always declared that her buccaneerings and filibusterings were done for the Gospel's sake. That was the conscience of the Tudors. Pagan Nero with his garden-close of flaming Christians is a savory object by comparison with these people. *The Great Tudors* tells for the most part a dismal story: the combination of blood and robbery with unctuous hypocrisy, and all carried out to a most successful issue: this is a tale to sadden any man. What have we to look for if such horrible iniquity prospers?

But there is this to be noted: from Henry VIII to Elizabeth the ill work was done by the monarchs and their creatures, and for clearly seen and profitable ends. The shrines were not robbed and defaced for the pleasure of destroying beauty, but in order that the gold and jewels might be safely placed in the King's Jewel House. When an abbey church fell into ruins, it might be called an accident. The country gentleman, on his way to becoming a great nobleman by virtue of stolen property, did not ruin the church because it was beautiful. The fact was that it was roofed with lead, and lead was comparatively valuable. So the roof was stripped off, and winter weather, aided by the efforts of those who found God's House an easy quarry, did the rest.

Afterwards, no doubt, in the Cromwellian age, the destructive element came to the surface. It called itself Puritanism, and perhaps believed that its fury of destruction was due to religious zeal. You smashed a glowing stained-glass window

and burned the painted and carved rood-screen, and enjoyed the work heartily; but at the same time you had the additional enjoyment of believing that both objects were superstitious, and that by destroying them you did God service. Essentially, the dark figures that ran about England in those days came from the underworld of destruction; but they put on the masks and disguises of their time. Thus, once a week they ordained a day of black gloom and horror, because their delight was in darkness. But they called this observance "keeping the Sabbath". Nearly a hundred years ago my mother lived for some time in Scotland, and always kept a vivid memory of the blinds being pulled down and the household sitting in darkness all through "the Sabbath Day." It is interesting to note how the instinctive horror of the sun and the light of day, of all the sensible beauties of the world, masquerade as religious devotion. The painted windows had all been smashed and the golden statues burnt long ago: but one could still sit in darkness and curse the splendor of the sun.



Briefer Mention

FICTION

BUTTERFIELD 8.

By John O'Hara.

\$2.50

5½ x 8¼; 310 pp.

Harcourt, Brace

New York

A novel of New York night-life during the happy days of Prohibition, this book manages to present an amazing number of unattractive characters; which is to be regretted, for there is also a good deal of first-rate writing, and more than a little lively wit in its pages. The author manages his realism too well: half-way through, the reader is tempted to give in and admit that such people are too unattractive to be followed in their seamy adventures. Mr. O'Hara has a

considerable talent but, in this instance at least, he has expended it almost entirely on photography.



EXPRESS TO THE EAST.

By *A. Den Doolard.*

Translated by *David Delong.* *Smith and Haas*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 400 pp. *New York*

A current success in Holland and Germany, this is a tragic, heroic, and powerful history of the uprising in Macedonia against the Turks in 1906 and the long bloody years which followed. It is a story of death rather than slavery, enacted with that grim passion which a peasant feels for his land. The style is brilliant, sometimes bringing to mind the prose of Undset in *Kristin Lavransdatter*. A complete and satisfying novel.



MEN AND BRETHREN.

By *James Gould Cozzens.*

Harcourt, Brace
\$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 282 pp. *New York*

This third novel from the hand of an up-and-coming young American man of letters neither adds to, nor detracts from, his reputation. In the main, it is a sound, competent job of reporting the strange goings-on of a group of New Yorkers during the course of a humid week-end in the city. Mr. Cozzens takes to task a young clergyman whose decisions on manners and morals are made from the study rather than the pulpit. To his downtown parish house are brought the problems of many people; and out of his solutions comes a strange conflict between tradition and modernism. If the conflict seems to be based upon trivial matters of human philosophy, it is only because the people themselves are made of trivial stuff. Considering their nature, Mr. Cozzens has made the most out of little. But it may be hoped that for the locale of his next book, he returns to the country of *The Last Adam*.

POETRY

THIRTY-SIX POEMS.

By *Robert Penn Warren.*

Alcestis Press
\$7.50 6% x 9½; 69 pp. *New York*

This is Mr. Warren's first book. It is unaccountably overdue. In a period when practically any volume of facile and undistinguished verse

can find a publisher, if not a market, it seems incredible that verse of such strength and originality should have had to wait so long. It is the more regrettable that even now it has to be published in an edition so limited and so expensive that only a few will be able to appreciate it. Most of his poems are direct and powerful; even the pictorial verses, the first effect of which seems to be merely visual, are surcharged with an intensity which seldom fails to communicate its excitement. Even the metaphysical conceit — a favorite device of the Fugitives group — achieves a new force in his image-crowded lines. "Kentucky Mountain Farm" and "Pondy Woods" are among the most native of recent American poems, and no less than half a dozen others attest to Mr. Warren's authority.



UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON.

Edited by *M. D. Bianchi and A. L. Hampson.*

Little, Brown
\$5 6 x 9; 157 pp. *Boston*

Emily Dickinson, assisted by her myth, remains a mystery. Even more mysterious is the "discovery" of new poems and their sporadic appearance in a succession of volumes at this late date. Here, for example, fifty years after her death, is a collection — or, more exactly, a selection — of hitherto unpublished material. Much of it is tentative; much of it, indeed, seems to be composed of impulsive sketches which the poet had not yet completed. But fully half the book is Emily Dickinson at her most characteristic. The reader can only be grateful for more of the audacious images, the astonishing concisions, and the dazzling communications — even though many of them seem communicated in code — which make Emily Dickinson one of the three great American poets and, with the possible exception of Sappho, whose fame was also aided by her legend, the greatest woman poet of all time. This edition is limited to 525 copies.



KING JASPER.

By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

Macmillan
\$2 5½ x 8¾; 110 pp. *New York*

Robinson completed this poem shortly before his death, and it seems ungracious to be less than cordial to the posthumous work of one who devoted his entire life to his art with an undeviating integrity. But admiration for the man and for most of his poetry cannot persuade one that

this is an important or even distinguished piece of work. It is not as dull as the one or two lengthy narratives which immediately preceded it, but it is, at best, a dubious allegory. Yet the book is important, not for its parable but for its introduction. In a characteristic foreword Robert Frost says a few of the most penetrating things which have ever been written about Robinson. Further than that, he says, with that genius for understatement which is his, some things about poetry which always needed to be said, now more than ever.



THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF VERSE.

An Anthology: 1925-1935. *Harcourt, Brace*
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 311 pp. *New York*

From time to time readers have asked if it were possible to compile a book of light verse that would be modern without being only of the moment, clever without placing all the emphasis on technique, and "funny without being vulgar". This collection is a definite answer in the affirmative. It is gay with a strong infusion of satire; lightly (and, sometimes, darkly) lyrical; timely in a deeper sense than the air of a weekly publication might indicate; undeviatingly intelligent and continuously re-readable. There are more than three hundred verses arranged amusingly and not too arbitrarily, including several serious, even somber, poems by Louise Bogan, Conrad Aiken, Archibald MacLeish, Frances Frost, William Rose Benét, and Raymond Holden. But more characteristic are the dexterous verses by the *New Yorker's* regular contributors. Here *vers de société* is restored to its exact meaning; this is not only social and "familiar" verse, but an appraisal of the society it mirrors. It is recorded most brilliantly by Ogden Nash, Dorothy Parker, E. B. White, the late Jake Falstaff, and Phyllis McGinley.



THE SONG OF THE MESSIAH.

By John G. Neihardt. *Macmillan*
\$1.50 5¼ x 7½; 110 pp. *New York*

For some years Mr. Neihardt has been engaged on an epic cycle of poems celebrating the winning of the West. *The Song of The Messiah* is the fourth of the series, although it will stand as the fifth and final volume. As a story it is ex-

cellent; the author has stirring and authentic material in the Indians' belief that a Messiah had come to them, a Messiah who had been murdered and rejected by the white race and who would now lead the conquering redmen against their oppressors. Their delusion was pitiful and complete; it led to the massacre and end of their hopes at Wounded Knee in 1890. This adaptation of the Christ legend in a native American setting has much to commend it. Unfortunately Mr. Neihardt's manner is not as good as his material. The long parade of unvaried couplets is monotonous in effect, and when the emotion flags, he avails himself of stock poetic properties.



TRIAL BALANCES.

Edited by Ann Winslow. *Macmillan Company*
\$2 5¼ x 8¼; 255 pp. *New York*

In this anthology thirty-two young poets, none over twenty-seven years of age, are presented, together with supplementary paragraphs by well-known poet-critics. On the debit side it should be said that the titles for the poets' groups are arbitrary and often foolish, that there are inexcusable omissions, and that most of the "critical" matter is immaterial and sometimes irrelevant — notable exceptions being the brief articles by Louise Bogan, Allen Tate, and Horace Gregory. On the credit side the collection allows the new poets more space than is usually afforded the newcomer and thus gives a fair idea of what the recent graduates are thinking. It is plain that most of them are nostalgically looking back to the tradition from which they have reluctantly freed themselves and dubiously forward to the tradition which they have not quite accepted. A few seem assured and already have attained something like distinct personalities. Among those whose verse is not only a promise but a present performance are Ben Belitt, Helen Goldbaum, James Dawson, W. R. Moses, Reuel Denney, Lionel Wiggam, Theodore Roethke, Muriel Rukeyser, T. C. Wilson, Hortense Landauer, and Alfred Hayes. The names should be noted; they are worth watching. Among the notably missing — all considerably under twenty-eight — are Nathalia Crane, Randall Jarrell, Helene Magaret, and, particularly, James Agee, who is younger than many included and more accomplished, as well as more original, than most.



THE CONTRIBUTORS

RALPH A. BARRY (*The New Deal in Stamps*) conducts a column for philatelists in the New York *Herald Tribune*. He is a member of the American Philatelic Society, the New York Collectors Club, and the Royal Philatelic Society of London.

CHARLES A. BEARD (*Minority Rule in America*), the well-known educator and historian, was born in Indiana in 1874, and now resides in New Milford, Connecticut. Among his more recent books are *The Rise of American Civilization*, *Whither Mankind*, *Toward Civilization*, and *American Leviathan*.

ERNEST BOYD (*The Gay 'Twenties*) has for some years been recognized as one of America's leading critics and men of letters. Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1887, he served in the British consular service before coming to New York City to live in 1920.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (*Sweet Grass*) lives in Aurora, New York. His recent volumes of verse include *The Yoke of Thunder*, and *Ballads of Square-Told Americans*.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM (*An American Sits in Judgment*) is not only one of America's most eminent architects, but is equally well-known as an author and critic. With Michael Williams, he was one of the founders of the *Commonweal*. His autobiography, *My Life in Architecture*, was published in January by Little, Brown & Company.

LESTER J. DICKINSON (*What's the Matter With Congress?*) is the Senator from Iowa. His name has been mentioned with increasing frequency of late as a possible Presidential nominee of the Republican Party. Senator Dickinson was born in Lucas County, Iowa, in 1873, a descendant of Nathaniel Dickinson of Hadley, who settled in Massachusetts in 1630. After serving as county attorney of Kossuth County

for two terms, he was elected to the 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, and 71st Congresses, and on November 4, 1930, was elected to the United States Senate, his term of service to expire in 1937. Senator Dickinson was temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1932.

JEROME W. EPHRAIM (*The Truth About Shaving*), a resident of New York City, is an expert on drugs and cosmetics, maintaining a manufacturing and technical service for consumer-subscribers.

MARGARET TYNES FAIRLEY (*Garden Without Walls*) was born in Virginia in 1902 and is now a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she is a member of the Cambridge Poetry Forum.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD (*A Yankee Looks at Dixie*), one of the country's best-known essayists, is a native of Brockton, Massachusetts. She is a frequent contributor of stories, essays, and verse to the magazines.

EDWARD HARRIS HETH (*Homecoming*), a young Wisconsin author, had his first two short stories published in *THE MERCURY*. Since then he has become a contributor to a number of American magazines. He is the author of *Some We Loved*, published last year by Houghton Mifflin, and is at present engaged on his second novel.

RAY KIERNAN (*Jim Curley, Boss of Massachusetts*) has been a newspaperman for many years, returning to journalistic harness in Boston upon his discharge from the Marine Corps at the close of the World War. Prior to the war, he obtained his early training in the Boston office of the Associated Press. At present he is a member of the editorial staff of the *Boston Traveler*.

JOHN KOBLER (*The Walking Laboratory of Dr. Beaumont*) was born in Mt. Vernon, New York, in 1910. After graduation from Williams

College, he engaged in newspaper work, first in this country, and later abroad. He returned to America in 1934 to write for the King Features Syndicate. He has contributed articles, dealing mainly with criminology, to various magazines.

IRVING KOLODIN (*Recorded Music*) is a music critic on the staff of the New York *Sun* and a contributor to the art reviews. His forthcoming book, *The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1935*, will be published in March by the Oxford University Press.

LLOYD LEWIS (*King of the Lobby*) has been the dramatic critic of the Chicago *Daily News* since 1930. An authority on American history, he is the author of *Myths After Lincoln* and *Sherman: Fighting Prophet*. In 1934, he collaborated with Sinclair Lewis on a play, *Jayhawker*, which was produced in New York.

ARTHUR MACHEN (*Concealed Savages of Tudor England*) is the distinguished English author, critic, and essayist. His last book, *The Green Round*, was published in 1933.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS (*How to Debunk Abraham Lincoln*), whose volumes, *Spoon River Anthology* and *Lincoln — the Man*, have brought him widespread renown, is a resident of New York City. In September, his most recent volume of verse, *Invisible Landscapes*, was published by Macmillan.

HELENE MULLINS (*O My Generation*), born in New Rochelle, New York, began to write at the age of eight and had her first story published at the age of eleven. She is the author of two volumes of verse, *Earthbound* and *Balm in Gilead*, and a novel, *Convent Girl*.

ALBERT JAY NOCK (*Progress Toward Collectivism*), one of the foremost writers on past and present problems of American government, will be a regular contributor to these pages henceforth. Among his books are *Jefferson; A Journal of These Days*, and, more recently, a particularly timely and important work, *Our Enemy, the*

State. Mr. Nock's review, *The Inevitable Rarely Happens*, appeared in the January issue of THE MERCURY.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN (*Roger Casement*), the well-known Irish writer, was born in Dublin in 1900. His books include *Midsummer Night Madness*, *The Life Story of De Valera*, and *Constance Markievicz, a Biography*.

S. K. PADOVER (*The First Liberal*) was born in Austria and came to this country in 1920. Since 1933 he has been Research Associate in History at the University of California. His recent volume, *The Revolutionary Emperor: Joseph the Second*, has been published in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin.

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH (*King of the Lobby*), a native of Chicago, joined the staff of the *Daily News* as a reporter in 1899, and is now managing editor of that newspaper. He is the author of *The Other Side of the Wall*; *Deadlines*; *The Memoirs of a Newsroom*, and *Chicago: a Portrait*.

DANIEL W. SMYTHE (*Fall of Rain*) hails from the vicinity of Haverhill, Massachusetts. He has contributed to *Poetry* and other publications.

JESSE STUART (*Toes*), a young man who has gained wide distinction as a poet, has but recently turned his hand to fiction, establishing an immediate success. Born and reared in the Kentucky mountains, he prefers to remain there, content with the ways of his forefathers. His first book of short stories, *Head O' W-Hollow*, will be published in the spring by E. P. Dutton & Company.

ANTHONY M. TURANO (*Reno the Naughty*), a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY, was born in Italy in 1894, his family emigrating to Colorado six years later. Mr. Turano was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915 at the age of twenty-one, and has since devoted his time to legal practice in the town which he describes in this issue.

The winner of THE MERCURY's \$500 essay contest will be announced in the March issue.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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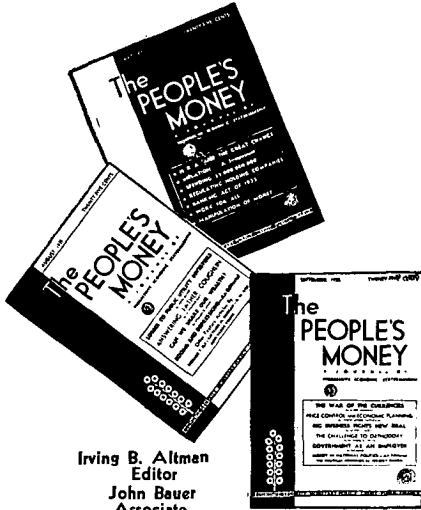
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X



Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page vii)

GOVERNMENTS AND MONEY.

By Edward Jerome.

Little, Brown

\$2.50

5½ x 8¼; 372 pp.

Boston

Here is a straightforward discussion of the realities of the world's fiscal structure, showing what Mr. Jerome believes to be the basic economic errors responsible for present upheavals in the kingdom of finance. Granted that the true function of money is to serve as a tool for the collection of taxes and the fulfilment of contracts, it should be obvious to clear-thinking people that this fundamental purpose has been perverted. In this country, for example, we have had four different systems, according to which the nation's monetary institutions have been administered. Each succeeding system, Mr. Jerome believes, has been worse than its predecessor. Yet the United States still has the wealth, power, and stability necessary to establish a standard for commerce among nations. And had the Democratic platform of 1932 been carried through, we would now be well on the road to the establishment of such a standard. But the prospects for immediate action seem poor, inasmuch as the Federal Reserve System, which according to the author is by far the weakest of the four, has been revised for the worse, and permanent checks on inflation are, apparently, not to be applied. Mr. Jerome argues for the junking of the entire system, and the setting up of a central bank with forty-eight national banks as stockholders. Then, he believes, this country will be in a better position to assume the lead in a monetary world. There is an index.



THE TWENTIES.

By Mark Sullivan.

Scribner's

\$3.75

6¼ x 9¼; 674 pp.

New York

This is the sixth volume of *Our Times*; it brings to a close Mr. Sullivan's engaging study of America from the turn of the century to the end of its first quarter. Opening with the nomination of Warren G. Harding, the work carries the reader through the days of Teapot Dome, Prohibition, and the rise of gangsterism. Harding, we are told, was a man of tolerance, goodwill, and broad sympathies; and an example of what politics can do to a decent man in modern America. The entire first half of the

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

book is devoted largely to his career. In the second half, the author devotes less space to politics and politicians, and examines in greater detail the social temper of the times, and also the literary renaissance which was launched largely as the result of the pioneer efforts of H. L. Mencken. In all that he writes about the highly-inflated Sex Age of the 'Twenties, Mr. Sullivan reveals the journalist's unerring sense of news, together with the popular historian's faculty for making what is no longer vital seem real and interesting. The work is profusely illustrated, and there is an index.

MISCELLANEOUS

HISTORIC OPINIONS OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

Edited by Ambrose Doskow. Vanguard Press
\$4.50 6¼ x 9¼; 537 pp. New York

In bringing together these vital decisions of the Supreme Court, Mr. Doskow has, at the same time, presented an epitomized history of the country. From "Marbury versus Madison" to the recent Gold Clause and N. R. A. opinions, he has selected such cases as may be considered essential to an adequate understanding of our constitutional system and its background. The book covers problems of judicial review, contracts, interstate commerce, slavery, federal power over money, price-fixing and due process, child labor, minimum wages, mortgage moratoria, and price-fixing under the New Deal. The introductory notes by the editor serve to give a general idea of the background of each controversy, the effect of the decision at the time, and its present significance. Mr. Doskow has kept his own comments objective throughout, and as a result has produced a valuable reference book for the student of American government.



THE MEDICAL VOODOO.

By Annie Riley Hale. Gotham House
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 338 pp. New York

This is another book that aims to expose the medical profession as an ignorant collection of swindlers. The author's methods are typical—sensational statements, garbled quotations from
(Continued on page xii)



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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page xi)

medical texts, most of which are decades old, and a total disregard of the statistical evidence of public health studies. As usual, too, there is the claim of "years of intensive research", though the results of this research are not evident in the book. The author's attack is most severe in the section on smallpox vaccination, which resurrects the time-worn bogey of post-vaccinal syphilis. She quotes repeated cases of syphilis which have developed after vaccination: but most of the reports were made in the nineteenth century, and what the author entirely fails to bring out is that such cases had nothing to do with vaccination, but were the result of poor septic technique. Such complications are unknown today. It is fortunate that books such as this one are soon recognized, even by laymen, for the trash they are.



THE CHINESE FESTIVE BOARD.

By *Corinne Lamb.* *Henri Vetch*
\$6 5½ x 7¾; 153 pp. *Peiping*

For the past twenty years, Corinne Lamb has been collecting Chinese recipes from all over the country. She has partaken of Chinese hospitality with princes, governors, generals, peasants, inn-keepers, and camel drivers. Now, in this book, she presents fifty choice recipes for epicures, stating the length of time required for the preparation of each dish, and also its sufficiency. She describes Chinese table etiquette, various forms of table entertainment, and gives the reader a vivid picture of a typical Chinese dinner party. There are also helpful instructions as to how to order a Chinese meal in a restaurant. The book is delightfully written, and there are illustrations by John Kirk Sewall.



THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SAILING SHIPS.

By *Howard I. Chapelle.* *Norton & Company*
\$7.50 7¾ x 10¼; 400 pp. *New York*

This splendid volume offers to the marine enthusiast the first complete history of sailing vessels and rigs in America, from the craft of colonial times down to the modern yacht. Closely interwoven with treatises on the development of ship types is a saga of America's growth and pre-eminence as a seafaring nation. Chapelle, a pro-

fessional naval architect, has spared no pains in his study; he has collated the experiences of ship designers and builders over a period of three hundred years; he presents them entertainingly, accompanied by more than two hundred plans, perspectives, and sketches, prepared by himself, George C. Wales, and Henry Rusk. No semi-technical work of modern times contains better illustrations. As an addition to any library of nautical lore, Chapelle's book is indispensable.



NASKAPI.

By *Frank G. Speck.* *University of Oklahoma*
\$3.50 6 x 9; 248 pp. *Norman, Oklahoma*

For all who are interested, scientifically or otherwise, in the American Indian, Professor Speck's excellent study of the Naskapi tribes of the Labrador peninsula is a mine of information. Much of it is new, the result of the author's painstaking inquiries in the field. Alive to the cultural drawbacks inherent in a people who for centuries have struggled to wrest a living from the most desolate of wildernesses, the author understands why the isolated Indian, whose life is a continual struggle for food, places deep faith in a spirit world of his own imagination. Like many others who have had personal contact with primitive Indians and Eskimos, Professor Speck is scornful of attempts to civilize a race that is better left to its own simple devices.



THE SUBMARINE WAR.

By *David Masters.* *Holt and Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¾; 287 pp. *New York*

With not a little sense of patriotic preachment and propaganda, Mr. Masters presents a group of true stories relating to the struggle of the British Merchant Service against the German U-boats during World War days when England faced the threat of starvation. The author has gone to great pains to collect records concerning the feats of individual seamen, and offers some hitherto obscure details of various duels fought between merchant ship and undersea raider. His purpose is to convey to the public, and to America in particular, the perils attendant upon the next World War, insofar as they apply to marine trade and the existence of nations. There are photographic illustrations, and an index.

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VICTOR



RECORDS

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xiv



An enterprise that American record-collectors have long been admiring at a distance has come nearer to their grasp with the recent release here of the first four volumes in *The Columbia History of Music through Ear and Eye*, a venture originating in England. Though this has suspiciously the sound of one of those travel books entitled *Through Borneo with Gun and Camera*, it is actually a wholly dignified presentation of musical history, in outline, through annotated phonograph records. Each volume of eight ten-inch discs is accompanied by a fifty-page booklet containing historic and descriptive material about the music and its significance, the whole edited by the distinguished English musician and critic, Percy Scholes. I have said this is a history "in outline" simply because it is an obvious impossibility to illustrate the contributions to music of Bach, or Mozart, or Schumann, or Hugo Wolf on a handful of record-sides, nor does Dr. Scholes pretend it is possible. People, however, who have been baffled by the meaning of "plainsong", or "canon", or "lied", or other of the staples of the music critic's jargon will find both prime examples of these things and a clue to their position in musical history in this set. The artists are all competent, if not uniformly of international celebrity. Musical connoisseurs will find material to interest them, also, in certain *esoterica* selected by Dr. Scholes from various of the periods. The present volumes cover: I to the opening of the seventeenth century; II to the death of Bach and Händel; III from Bach's sons to Beethoven; and IV music as romance and as national expression. Additions covering opera and twentieth-century music are planned for future release. Each album sells for \$10.

Among the year-end releases of Victor — an annual procedure whereby the shelves are relieved of a large quantity of records not issued during the year — are several items of uncommon interest. The largest group, and the most meritorious, consists of chamber music, particularly string quartets. Among them is an outstandingly fine performance of Mozart's *C major quartet* by the Budapest ensemble (RCA-Victor, three 12-inch records, \$6.50), distinguished both by the excellence of the playing and the realism of the reproduction. The Pro-Arte Quartet offers the first of the Bartok quartets — *opus 7* — a task nearer to their best abilities than the classic works in which they have been recently heard. Though this is not music to which one should be exposed without a



RECORDED MUSIC

thoroughgoing knowledge of the composer's philosophical outlook, his preference in liquors, and probably the color of his eyes, it is, among specialists, held to be an outstanding work in this generation. The quartet plays it as though thoroughly convinced of its exceptional worth (Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8.). Also from the same organization is an interesting *Concerto à quatre* by Vivaldi (Victor, one 12-inch record, \$2.), which is a remarkable example of ensemble performance, if not possessed of the musical values that one ordinarily finds in this composer's work. From Artur Schnabel and Gregor Piatigorsky comes a splendid performance of the early G minor 'cello sonata of Beethoven (Victor, three 12-inch records, \$6.50), which suggests that the two artists would be well employed in making a complete series of these works.

A revealing glimpse into the heart of a modernist, if the contradiction may be tolerated, is provided by a series of three nocturnes for piano by Francis Poulenc, contemporary Frenchman. Though Poulenc has perpetrated his share of musical eccentricity, these brief pieces display a bias toward the lush and sentimental which is probably much nearer to his essential character than all his bright irreverent mediocrities. They hardly comprise momentous music, but each contains an attractive idea poorly handled. The composer performs them well (Columbia, one 10-inch record, \$1.). Also French in its origin is a complete recording of the Chopin *Preludes*, with Alfred Cortot as the pianist. Though Cortot has not played in America for some years, he has lost neither his technical skill nor his interpretative understanding, and the performance of the preludes constitutes a fitting companion set to his earlier version of the *Ballades* (Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8.).

Among recent orchestral recordings the honors still belong to the Weingartner version of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, which was briefly noted in this place last month. A closer examination reveals that the quality of recording achieved in the final section is not matched in the first two movements. These possess neither the spaciousness nor the sonority of the excellent reproduction of the chorus and soloists. But the use of a German text for the Schiller ode is a prizeable advantage for a recording possessing Weingartner's exemplary interpretative authenticity (Columbia, eight 12-inch discs, \$12.). Richard Mayr is the excellent bass of the solo quartet, whose other members are Louise Helletsgruber, soprano, Rosetta Anday, contralto, and G. Maikl, tenor. The chorus is that of the Vienna State Opera, and the orchestra the Vienna Philharmonic. For those who have a tolerance for orchestrated piano music, Piero Coppola and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra may be heard in Debussy's *Children's Corner* (Victor, three 10-inch records, \$3.50).

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Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

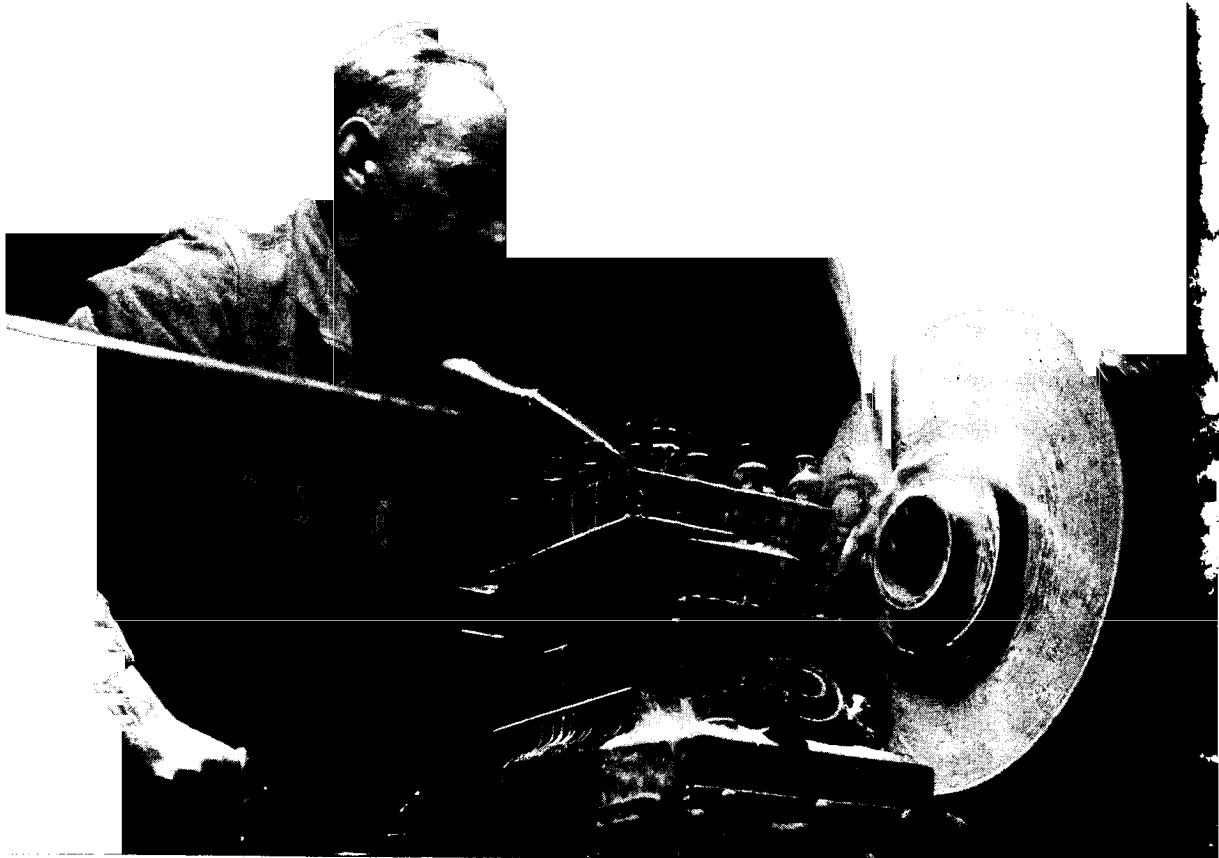
Caledonia 5-2151



(Times World Wide Photo)

This is the first of a fleet of new streamline buses, which will shortly be put into service on routes of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, as it appeared near City Hall recently. Here it was inspected by city officials and a vast throng, anxious to see this latest, most modern vehicle which will gradually replace the familiar old buses.

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN, INC.
CAMDEN, N. J.



BEHIND THE TOOLS OF INDUSTRY

WITH EVERY TURN of the giant lathe, this cylinder increases in value. As unworked metal, it is worth only a few cents a pound. But shaped, finished, as part of an automobile, a refrigerator, or a plumbing fixture, it becomes useful and valuable. Machine tools convert metal into products indispensable to you.

In factories, all over the world, G-E motors drive intricate machines. G-E apparatus controls their operation. The machines are shaping necessities for industry and for the home.

Carboloy tools, a G-E development, cut metal with unprecedented speed. Electric gauges touch polished surfaces and accurately measure dimensions less than one ten-thousandth of an inch. Copper brazing and atomic-hydrogen welding join metal parts into a useful whole. X-rays, from tubes developed in the G-E Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, N Y., probe the inner secrets of metals and point the way to improvements in material and design.

Such advances in manufacturing, made possible, in part, by G-E research, come home to you in better quality and lower cost in the machine-made products that are part of your daily life. Not only the electrical industry but every field of endeavor benefits by G-E research—research that has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric.

96-206

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

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